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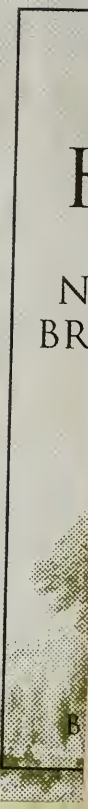

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Meliora.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

1. *Schools Enquiry Commission. Report Relative to Technical Education.* London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1867.

2. *Copy of Letter from B. Samuelson, Esq., M.P., to the Vice President of the Committee of Council on Education, concerning Technical Education in various countries abroad.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 26th November, 1867.

3. *Geological Survey of the United Kingdom: Museum of Practical Geology, and Royal School of Mines.* Seventeenth session, 1867-8. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode.

4. *The London Daily Papers, January 24th and 25th,* 1868.

5. *The Birmingham Daily Papers, January 7th,* 1868.

6. *The Manchester Daily Papers, January 15th,* 1868.

7. *The Leeds Daily Papers, February 8th,* 1868.

8. *Progress of the Working Classes,* 1832-67. By J. M. Ludlow and Lloyd Jones. London: Strahan. 1867.

WE remember nothing more remarkable in the political and social history of this country than the sudden prominence which the subject of education has acquired during the last six months. The passing, by the Conservative party, of a Reform Bill, more extensive than that which they had rejected as too sweeping the year before, to a certain degree prepared the country for other important and startling changes. Mr. Lowe, when he found that all his protests against an extension of the franchise were in vain, declared that it was then become necessary to educate our masters, and thence-

forward he should be ready to support the most decisive measures for bringing the working classes under instruction. Yet even he could scarcely have foreseen how rapidly the country would adopt his conclusion. Parliamentary Reform had been a matter of discussion for fifteen years, the education question in its present form—the claim of the whole nation upon the State to receive instruction—has scarcely been promulgated for a greater number of weeks. At the present moment it is the one prominent subject. There is not a member of Parliament who does not find it necessary to form some opinion upon it. Men who have entered the House of Commons in order to improve their position, and to advance financial projects which needed 'lobbying,' find themselves now compelled to pronounce a decision upon the most difficult social and political problem of the day. Such as these will attempt to escape the responsibility by repeating a few glib phrases about the advantages of education, and will wait for the time when their political leaders will spare them further trouble by devising a scheme which they will support as party men. It is possible that in this way they may evade a difficulty which they are certainly by no means qualified to surmount. No such evasion is possible for those of our legislators who lay claim to the title of statesmen. They are bound by every consideration which can influence them, by the duty which they owe to their country, by the necessity of laying down a clear policy for their party, by the desire to maintain their own reputation—to propound a practical answer to the great question of our time—How shall the nation be educated?

This year's problem differs remarkably from last year's. Parliamentary reform was a comparatively simple matter. It contained but two elements, extension of the franchise and a re-arrangement of the constituencies. Educational reform is exceedingly complex. Educational reformers have to determine whether education shall be voluntary or compulsory, and if compulsory, whether it shall be enforced by the parish or by the State. Whether the schools shall be supported wholly, or in part, by local rates; whether they shall be denominational or secular; whether Government shall be responsible only for primary schools, or shall be called upon to establish schools of a higher class; whether education at these higher schools shall be theoretical or practical. Closely related to these questions are those relating to the improvement of our chief public and grammar schools. How far Parliament will be able to master simultaneously all these branches of the one great subject is very doubtful.

The reasons which induced our legislators to undertake this

formidable task are manifold. In the first place there is Mr. Lowe's argument:—we must educate our masters. We have given political power to a class hitherto for the most part without it, and for our own sakes we must teach them to use that power rightly. Theoretically it would have been more statesmanlike to educate first and enfranchise afterwards, to train the sailor before giving him control of the ship. Practically it is certain that the people would never have obtained the franchise if they had waited until they had been taught to exercise it. No class likes to part with power, and the middle class was not likely to show greater self-sacrifice than any other. Moreover there is no doubt that the right use of a weapon is taught by practice. The soldier cannot learn gunnery from books alone, nor the sailor seamanship in the school of navigation. The new electors will probably make some mistakes, and suffer for them, and so learn to avoid other and more serious blunders which they would not have learnt to avoid by all the teaching of parish schools and mechanics' institutes. A further inducement to take up the question of education is to be found in the anti-social theories avowed by some of our trades' unions. It is impossible to view without alarm the doctrines propounded by some of these associations. Doubtless others, equally unsound according to the laws of political economy, were defended by the landed class and the aristocracy before the repeal of the corn laws. But there was not the same danger in their case that there is in the case of the operatives. The first trusted to an unjust law which the nation repealed; the second defy all law, and hence the urgency of enlightening them both as to political science and political obedience. Another cause which has powerfully stimulated the agitation for education is the removal of Parliamentary Reform from the political programme. We do not intend to cast any slur upon the sincerity of our political leaders when we say that they understand the importance of keeping themselves before the country. Their very *raison d'être* consists in their activity. If they have no reform to propose there is no further need of them. The party which has come to the end of its legislative repertory is already moribund. It cannot be denied that under Lord Palmerston the Whigs were very nearly falling into that state. They are now shewing signs of fresh life, and none is more noticeable than the interest which this party is taking in education. Cynics may call the new programme a mere party cry and bid for office; wise men will see in it the proof of a re-awakening to the consciousness of great responsibilities. There is still one other cause of the present educational movement. It is this cause,

and the consequences which it involves, that we propose to consider on the present occasion.

Nothing has aroused educational reformers so much as the conviction that England has fallen behind other countries in those branches of industry which require special training. The first International Exhibition taught us, what indeed we were prepared to find, that we were unable to compete with the continent in trades allied to the fine arts. In glass, china, jewellery, and articles of *virtu*, we were far in the rear of France and, perhaps, of other countries. Eleven years later, in the second of the English exhibitions, it was seen that we had made astonishing progress, which was admitted by none more fully than our former successful rivals. Last year's exhibition at Paris has afforded us another revelation, by no means so agreeable. We never felt any shame in being found less artistic than our neighbours, even while we strove to amend our short-comings. England never claimed to be the home of art. It was the *utile* rather than the *dulce* to which she devoted herself. She prided herself upon her great manufactures; her productions in iron and her machinery, and the results of her mineral wealth. She did not suppose that any of the nations of the old world would ever be able to compete with her in these. She thought that her larger supply of the raw materials,—iron and coal—would always secure her superiority. But to her dismay she began to find that countries with far more limited resources, were competing with her in the world's markets, and when, a little later, she had the opportunity of comparing her productions with those of her new rivals, she was obliged to confess what her own sons told her,—that she had been fairly distanced.

This matter was brought before the public notice under the following circumstances. Several months ago a Royal Commission was appointed to enquire into the condition of and the instruction given in the grammar and other schools of the United Kingdom not included in the enquiry of the public schools' commission. One of the commissioners, Lord Taunton, had on May 15th, 1867, some conversation with Dr. Lyon Playfair upon the position occupied by Great Britain at the Paris Exhibition. At Lord Taunton's request, Dr. Playfair embodied his views in a letter addressed to the Commissioners. In that letter he said that the general opinion of British mechanical and civil engineers and of chemical and textile manufacturers was, that their country had made very little progress in the peaceful arts of industry since 1862. They were also agreed in thinking that the great advance made by France, Prussia, Austria, Belgium,

and Switzerland was due to two principal causes—the good systems of industrial education for the masters and managers of manufactories and workshops which exist in those countries, but of which England possesses none, and the absence of those absurd and injurious trade union rules which in England compel men to work on an average ability, without giving scope to the differing powers and differing industry of the men. The commissioners were so much impressed by this letter, that they addressed a copy of it to the most eminent English jurors at the Exhibition, with a request that they would express their opinion upon it. The letter and the replies were subsequently published in a Parliamentary report, the commissioners rightly deeming that the matter was too urgent for them to delay publicity until they had completed the very extensive enquiry which, as we write, they have completed. The jurors in almost every instance confirmed Dr. Playfair's opinion. Canon Norris, formerly an inspector of schools, said that while in the matter of primary education we are well abreast of Austria, France, and Prussia, in the matter of higher instruction, of all that tends to convert the mere workman into the artisan, these countries are clearly passing us. Professor Tyndall wrote, that 'in virtue of the better education provided by continental nations, England must one day, and that no distant one, find herself outstripped by these nations both in the arts of peace and war.' Mr. Huth, of Huddersfield, wrote that he agreed with Dr. Playfair *in toto*, and that he had long been convinced it was the want of industrial education which prevented our country from making the progress made by other nations. Mr. Frankland, professor of chemistry at the Royal School of Mines, was particularly struck both by the want of progress in the chemical manufactories of this country, and the great advance made by Germany, France, and Switzerland. He thought that the managers and foremen, as well as the masters, suffered from lack of scientific training, and that this deficiency was one cause of the enormous number of futile patents. Mr. Fowler, president of the Institute of Civil Engineers, thought that the years 1862 and 1867 were too near together to permit of a comparison as to the inventiveness of England at these two dates, but he was compelled to admit that foreign nations have made greater manufacturing progress than England, since the Exhibition of 1851. Mr. McConnell, C.E., declared that our former superiority in locomotives, railway carriages, and railway machinery, no longer existed, and that, unless we adopted a system of technical education for the people, we should soon not hold our own even as to cheapness of cost.

He added, that we had too long treated our workmen as machines, and that we ought to establish mining schools in South Wales, Staffordshire, and Durham, and machinery and engineering schools at Manchester and Glasgow. Captain Beaumont, R.E., stated that the great want of England was an institution similar to the Arts et Métiers of Paris. Mr. Warrington Smyth ascribed the greater proportional advancement made by France, Prussia, and Belgium in mining, colliery working, and metallurgy to the superior training and knowledge of the managers and sub-officers. He added, 'no candid person can deny that they are far better educated, as a rule, than those who hold similar positions in Britain.' Mr. Mallet, F.R.S., wrote that he fully agreed with Dr. Playfair, that a better system of technical education for all classes connected with industrial pursuits had become a pressing necessity in Great Britain. Mr. Scott Russell, the builder of the Great Eastern, stated as the result of his personal investigation, that technical education was much more advanced in Switzerland than in England. Mr. Cooke, R.A., was so convinced of the superiority of foreign manufactures, that he urged the Executive Government, and the chief municipal bodies, to lose no time in consideration of this subject. Mr. Mundella, of Nottingham, was of opinion that while England possessed more energy, enterprise, and inventiveness than any other European nation, the superior knowledge of foreign workmen enabled them to improve English inventions. Having works in Saxony, he was well acquainted with the condition of the operatives there, and he found the contrast betwixt the work-people of England and Saxony most humiliating. It was impossible to find in Saxony a workman who could not read or write perfectly. Some of the sons of the poorest workmen were receiving a technical education such as the sons of our manufacturers could not hope to obtain. Mr. James Young, who has risen from the position of a working man to that of proprietor of the largest chemical works in the kingdom, attributes his success to his study of chemistry at the Glasgow University under Graham, and in his letter to the commissioners lamented that technical education was not more common.

Somewhat prior to Dr. Playfair's letter, two English iron-masters had travelled through the iron districts of France and Belgium, and had published in the *Times* the conclusions at which they arrived. Messrs. Creed and Williams, the gentlemen in question, strengthened the uneasy suspicion which had been in existence for some time, and which Dr. Playfair subsequently confirmed. More recently, a member of Parlia-

ment has, at the request of our government, written a much fuller report on the same subject than any which had appeared previously. It is mainly to this document, which we owe to Mr. Bernhard Samuelson, M.P. for Banbury, and principal proprietor of the agricultural implement works in that town, that the present strong interest in technical education is due. We shall, therefore, analyse Mr. Samuelson's letter, and shall thereby ascertain better than we could in any other way, the relative position of England and the Continent as regards manufacturing skill.

Before starting for the Continent, Mr. Samuelson revisited several of the manufacturing towns of the north of England, and he was even then convinced of the increasing importance of continental competition, and of the injury which had been done to English manufactures by trades' unions.

'Powerful as their organization is for good when judiciously directed, the responsibility of the officers and members of such corporations as that of the amalgamated engineers, and others of similar importance, is all the more serious when its resources are employed in sustaining such strikes as that which took place last year in the locomotive factory of Messrs. Beyer and Peacock of Gorton. Until its occurrence more than half of the engines constructed by them were exported, but since that period the foreign trade has been diverted more than ever to other countries, whose advantages are far inferior to ours. The works of Messrs. Beyer and Co. also afford evidence of the unfortunate results to the artizans of another strike: I allude to that of the iron-workers in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The necessity of obtaining materials directed the attention of those gentlemen, and of others similarly placed, to the iron works of Sweden and St. Etienne; and the importation of superior qualities of iron and steel for the construction of machinery, has not ceased with the occurrence that originated it.'

Mr. Samuelson also visited Messrs. Potter's print-works at Dinting, which produce nearly 750,000 yards of printed calicoes weekly. Here he found in force an absurd and injurious trade rule, by which workmen, whose skill varies so much that the worth of their labour ranges from 30s. to 100s. a week, are compelled to receive a uniform rate of 45s. The results may easily be imagined: on the one hand, the employès have no stimulus to industry; on the other, the employers are prevented from turning their attention to branches of the trade which would certainly prove remunerative if there were no such rule. At Oldham, Mr. Samuelson found much to please him. The dwellings of the operatives are much superior to those in most other towns. The classes in connection with the science and art department at South Kensington have done good service; nevertheless, there is great room for improvement. The education received at the primary schools is so incomplete, that when the pupils attend the science classes they are not able to understand the processes of reasoning nor the language of the mathematical sciences.

At Leeds everything connected with the woollen manufacture has stiffened into tradition and routine. The most enlightened and enterprising manufacturers are discouraged by the passive resistance of their old-fashioned overlookers and 'leading hands.' Even in those cases where improved machinery is introduced, it is not used to the utmost advantage. One result is, that the spinners and manufacturers of Belgium are exporting to this country woollen yarns and cloths valued at nearly £2,000,000 annually, produced from wools which have been imported from our colonies into England, and shipped thence to Antwerp. So great is the discouragement, that the more enterprising young men refuse to engage in the woollen manufacture and enter into other branches of industry. At Bradford all is different: the master manufacturers are of unsurpassed energy; the workpeople are free from the prejudices of their brethren at Leeds, in spite of their very imperfect education, which the masters are now earnestly seeking to improve. The lace trade at Nottingham is in an even more unsatisfactory state than the woollen trade of Leeds. Mr. Samuelson found loud complaints of the differences between masters and men. The trade in all manufactures, except cotton-lace and net, was said to be rapidly finding its way to France; and many valuable but unemployed English lace machines, costing from £400 to £800, had been purchased for half their value by the manufacturers of Calais, where Mr. Samuelson afterwards found them in full work. Never was the saying, 'the exception proves the rule,' more true than in the case of the Nottingham lace trade. There was one branch of it which Mr. Samuelson found to be very flourishing—the lace-curtain manufacture,—and it was precisely this branch which had been indebted to the local school of art, erected at a cost of £8,000. The patterns designed by the pupils in this school, are preferred, not only in England, but all over the world, to the patterns designed in France. *Per contra* the imperfect technical knowledge of the dyers employed in the hosiery trade had led to a decided preference for Germans. The French lace manufacturers declare that Nottingham 'has gone to sleep lately,' that the manufacturers there rely too much on their acquired position and cheapness of production, and do not give sufficiently close attention to details. They say that even when a good French designer goes to England, he gives way to the prevailing somnolence, and does nothing; though, when he returns to France, he is as energetic as he was before he migrated. These facts have, since Mr. Samuelson wrote, been supplemented by others brought forward at some of the conferences on technical education, which have

been held during the present year. Mr. Mundella, of Nottingham, who maintains that England is not retrograding absolutely, but only by comparison with the rapid advance of other countries, yet goes so far as to say that Macclesfield, Coventry, and Spitalfields are dying; that, with ignorant instructors, superintendents, and overlookers in England, and educated instructors, superintendents, and overlookers abroad, England has not a chance. He declares that there is not a dyer in Nottingham who understands chemistry, and that 50 per cent. of the workpeople cannot read or write. Mr. Field, the President of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, said at the same conference, that whereas he remembered the time when one-third of the hardware stores of the United States came from Birmingham alone, the present proportion is less than one-tenth; that the very machinery which the Birmingham manufacturers used came from America; and that, in spite of a 50 per cent. duty on iron, and wages 50 per cent. higher in the States than in England, it was American, not English made picks and shovels which the English miner used in the gold-fields of Australia. He attributed the great progress of American manufacturers to the fact that they put more brains into their work.

Such are the statements made by competent men with regard to English manufactures. We now turn to their account of manufactures abroad.

Beginning with the iron works, those at Creuzot are the most extensive in France. Creuzot is situated in the Blanzy coal-basin, about thirty miles west of Chalons-sur-Saone. The surrounding country is very like that of the Devonshire valleys near Dartmoor. The coal is extremely friable, and for smelting requires to be mixed with the bituminous coal of St. Etienne, which has to be conveyed thence to Creuzot, a distance of ninety miles. It is necessary also to mix the ores, and those from Africa, which are almost pure peroxide of iron, are brought by rail, thanks to the exceedingly low rates charged by the railway companies in France. The Creuzot works were founded in 1781, and dragged on a precarious existence until they were purchased in 1836 by Messrs. Schneider of Paris. They are still the property of M. Henri Schneider, president of the Corps Legislatif, of his son, and a small number of other partners with limited liability. When they passed into Messrs. Schneider's hands, 60,000 tons of coal were raised, and 4,000 tons of iron produced annually, and the works were small. They now cover 300 acres, and the workshops and forges 50 acres, and the mines yield annually 250,000 tons of coal and 300,000 tons of iron ore; and

300,000 tons of coal and 120,000 tons of ores are purchased annually. The iron works produce more than 100,000 tons of iron, besides machinery, bridges, and even gunboats and steamers, of an average yearly value of £600,000. The wages amount to £370,000, and are paid to 9,950 workpeople. Thirty years ago Creuzot was only a wretched mining village of 2,700 inhabitants. It is now a well-built town, with churches, schools, markets, public walks, and gas and water works, and contains 24,000 persons. The machinery and appliances are not different from the best used in England. It is not therefore through any mechanical inventions that Creuzot has become such a formidable competitor of our great iron works. We have seen, moreover, that the French works are at a considerable disadvantage by reason of having to bring their iron and their coal from a long distance. The cause of the success is to be found in the greater skill of the workmen. M. Schneider informed Mr. Samuelson that there was not a man employed in erecting marine engines who could not make an accurate drawing of the work on which he was engaged. What this signifies and is worth a mechanic alone can fully appreciate. The number of workmen in England who could do likewise is lamentably small, for our men have undergone no special training, no technical education. At Creuzot, on the other hand, the children who attend the elementary, or primary schools, have an opportunity of acquiring special knowledge. The instruction at these schools extends over nine years, and includes French literature, history, geography, natural philosophy, the chemistry of metals, algebra, geometry, mechanical and free-hand drawing and modelling. The more promising boys are sent to the secondary and higher technical schools, and many of them afterwards fill responsible positions in the technical management of the works. The other boys are drafted into the works, and employed according to their capacity, as draughtsmen, clerks, or simple workmen. Education is not compulsory; but no one is admitted into the works who cannot read and write. Boys rarely enter the works before they are fourteen, and women are employed only after seventeen, and only upon such light work as dressing ores. Every person is paid immediately by the proprietors, and generally by the piece or by the ton. The system of contracts with middle-men, which is common with us, is unknown at Creuzot. Tables, showing the actual daily earnings of every man, are suspended in the workshops, so as to be open to the inspection and to stimulate the emulation of all. During fifteen years there have been at Creuzot only nine cases of crime which would be considered felony by our law.

Three policemen form the entire preventive force. Drunkenness is rare, and as a consequence frugality is the rule. How far it is so the following figures will prove :—

Deposited with Messrs. Schneider by 540 employés	£97,500
Freehold property belonging to employés	212,000
„ „ „ former employés	130,000
„ „ „ strangers	94,000
	£533,500

St. Etienne and the coal-basin of the Loire are generally considered the natural seat of the iron and steel manufactures of France; but though there is an abundance of bituminous coal, the iron ores are so sulphurous that their use has been almost abandoned. The ores chiefly smelted are brought from the south of France, the Pyrenees, and Algeria. The coal contains more ash and less heating power than any except the Scotch. There is a royalty of 1s. per ton, payable to the government and the landowners. The wages are one-third lower than with us; but this advantage does not counterbalance the great drawbacks of dear fuel, imported iron ores, and great distance from the sea. In spite of these disadvantages, one of the firms at St. Etienne is, by a simplification of the Bessemer process, supplying one of the great French railway companies with 20,000 tons of steel rails at a price below their prime cost in England. At these works a most careful chemical analysis of all the raw materials and products is made daily, and is one of the conditions of success. All the managers have been pupils in some of the technical schools. Boys are not admitted into the schools until they are thirteen years of age. Prior to that they are educated at the elementary schools, upon which the company have spent £4,000. Mr. Samuelson visited the famous steel works of Krupp, at Essen, in Westphalia. These consume nearly 1,000 tons of coal a day, which is raised at 5s. a ton. Nearly 8,000 men are employed, and produce 60,000 tons of steel annually, or more than twice the entire product of steel from the United Kingdom. All the heads of the technical departments are pupils of the various polytechnic schools of Germany. The commercial staff includes a jurist, by whom all contracts are settled and legal questions determined. Forty years ago, Mr. Krupp, then fifteen years of age, employed one journeyman, and he himself travelled about seeking orders. Mayer's works at Bochum are almost as large as those at Essen. There the most delicate moulded castings are made; and steel bells, costing half the price of those made in bell metal, are manufactured. Steel disc railway wheels are cast there in a

single piece, and are to be found on every German railway. There are no trades' unions in North Germany; but the Reichsrath has passed a law permitting their formation. Here, as elsewhere on the continent, the workman invests his savings in the purchase of his house, with perhaps a little farm of five or six acres. Mr. Samuelson is convinced that the iron manufacture of Westphalia will increase beyond all precedent, except that of our own Cleveland district, so soon as the great oolitic deposits bordering on Friesland are brought into proximity with the Westphalian coalfield by the completion of the projected railways. In Belgium Mr. Samuelson found education deficient; but the employers were awakening to this, and establishing schools for the teaching of geometry, mechanics, metallurgy, and the theory of mining. Turning to other manufactures, we find the same favourable report of those of foreign countries. At St. Etienne, for instance, there is a school of design, and the silk manufacturers produce their own patterns.

Statements like these which we have dwelt upon — the almost unanimous opinion of competent judges—that England is shewn by the Paris Exhibition to be behind other countries, and the investigations made by Mr. Samuelson during his continental tour last Autumn, have called so much attention to this subject, that public meetings have been held in various parts of the kingdom to consider what can be done for the promotion of technical education. Manchester, Birmingham, Nottingham, Halifax, and other towns have had 'Conferences' between manufacturers and professors, and in London a very important meeting was held at the Society of Arts, which was addressed by Earl Russell, Earl Granville, and other distinguished men. The Government have also issued a series of twelve questions to our representatives abroad respecting the provision made in every country for technical instruction. We need not, however, wait for their replies. Already a large amount of information has been supplied by gentlemen who have inquired for their own satisfaction, and have published the results of their inquiries for the public benefit.

Mr. Samuelson's letter to Lord Robert Montagu, before referred to, gives the fullest information. We learn from him that in France there are two classes of schools, primary or elementary, and special or technical. Primary instruction may be either public or private; if private it may be imparted by any person giving satisfactory proof of capacity. Every commune is bound to support at least one primary school, except in those cases where very small and poor communes unite to support a school between them. The school fees vary from 1s. 2d. to 2s. 6d.

a month; but the poor are taught free, and the ministers of religion and the mayors of the communes have power to remit the fees. The number of children educated in the public primary schools, in 1866, was a little over 3,500,000; the cost of educating them was £2,164,000. Of this amount less than £500,000 was contributed by the State, and £1,674,000 was paid by the inhabitants, either in the shape of school fees, or in that of communal taxation. The results, as a whole, were by no means satisfactory. Out of 594,770 children who left school in 1866, 80,995 could neither read nor write, and 114,071 were unable either to read or else to write. Some of the schools are models of excellence, especially the Ecole St. Nicolas, which educates and teaches a trade to 1,800 pupils. It consists of two schools—one in the Rue de Vaugirard, near the Luxembourg, and the other at Issay, in the suburbs of Paris. The second is a preparatory school for the first, and receives children at seven, and educates them until they are ten, and then they are transferred to the Rue de Vaugirard. Here they may be placed as apprentices in the workshops forming part of the school buildings. The apprenticeship lasts four years, and the boys are taught by masters who follow their respective trades for profit. All the boys are boarders, and pay £14. 10s. per annum for board, education, and clothing during the first three years; in the fourth year this payment is defrayed by the master. When Mr. Samuelson visited the school there were 700 boys in it, and 140 apprentices in the workshops. He was especially pleased with the boys' drawing. Those in the workshop were being taught the manufacture of bronze ornaments, that of musical and optical instruments, carving in wood, and modelling in clay. Besides the primary schools for children there are others for adults. These have increased to the most remarkable extent. During the Winter of 1863-64, the number of adult classes was only 5,623; these had increased in 1866-67 to 32,383. The entire number of adult scholars was 829,555, of whom considerably more than a third were absolutely illiterate on entering. They were taught drawing, book-keeping, natural philosophy, geometry and land-surveying, history and geography, and singing. Geometry was by far the most popular subject. Passing to the secondary, special, or technical schools, we find that technical instruction was introduced into the lycèes and colleges of France about fifteen years ago, and that there is now scarcely a town of importance in France which has not its lycèe or college. The most eminent of these are the Ecole Turgot and the Collège Chaptal. The first is only a day school, and is intended for the sons of

small tradespeople; the second is for those of the wealthier inhabitants, and receives boarders. At the Ecole Turgot there are 800 pupils, 100 of whom hold exhibitions from the municipality. The school fees are only £6. 12s. per annum, but are sufficient to defray all the costs of the school, the buildings being rent free. The instruction extends over five years, one for the preparatory division, three for the ordinary course, and a fifth, or supplementary year, for those pupils who intend to enter the Ecole Centrale, or some other of the higher schools. If Paris had a dozen schools like the Ecole Turgot they would all be filled. The instruction does not include classics, but does include English and German. Church history is taught, and in the third year dogmatic theology. The secular instruction consists of French literature, history, geography, bookkeeping, free-hand and geometrical drawing, singing, the theory of music, mathematics, spherical geometry and trigonometry, and a complete course of natural history. Chemistry and natural philosophy are not begun until the second year. Subsequently, natural history is taught in its application to the arts and commerce; the courses in natural philosophy and chemistry are completed, and analysis is practised in the laboratory. At the Collège Chaptal the fees are higher, viz.—£10 and £14. In a little over twenty years the institution has saved £48,000, and spent it in the purchase of ground and the erection of buildings. A remarkable peculiarity in this college consists in the visits paid by the boys to industrial works during the six weeks preceding the vacation. They take notes and dimensions of the machinery and erections of the works inspected, and from them execute plans and elevations. Entirely distinct from these are the technical schools proper. These are, as a rule, subject to the ministries of the department which the kind of education given in them is intended to subserve. Thus, the Ecole Polytechnique is under the control of the Minister of War; the School of Naval Engineering under the control of the Minister of Marine; the three schools of arts and handicrafts at Chalons, Aix, and Angers, the Central School of Arts and Manufactures, and the three great agricultural schools, are subject to the Minister of Agriculture, Commerce, and Public Works. The Ecole Centrale is probably the most celebrated school of applied sciences in the world. It was founded as a private undertaking by four eminent men of science. Its pupils include some of the most famous engineers and manufacturers. M. Chevalier has said of this institution: 'If the Central School did not exist it would be necessary to create it as the complement of the treaties of commerce.'

The three provincial schools at Chalons, Aix, and Angers, above mentioned, will serve as types of the technical schools of France. The course occupies three years. The pupils rise at 5-15. Five and a half hours daily are devoted to theoretical studies and seven hours to manual labour. The students are classed in three divisions, according to the years of entrance. Pure mathematics occupy a large portion of the teaching of the first and second years. In the third year the pupils are taught industrial mechanics, more especially the construction of steam and hydraulic engines, natural philosophy, the elements of chemistry, particularly with reference to the materials employed in engineering. The lessons in drawing proceed upwards from the elements of linear drawing to combined views of machinery, plans of workshops, &c. The number of pupils in the three schools is 900; all are boarders, and the charge for board and instruction is £20 per annum, which is far from defraying the cost. Most of the pupils are the sons of mechanics, small tradesmen, or persons holding minor Government appointments. A large proportion, probably one-half, hold exhibitions obtained in competitions founded by the communes or by private persons. The competition for them is very keen. Of 465 pupils who left the three schools in 1862-63, 188 were foremen and workmen, earning from 3s. to 3s. 6d. per diem; 165 were draughtsmen, earning from 3s. 3d. to 4s.; and 47 were marine engineers. It is rarely that the pupils at these schools continue workmen. They rise rapidly, and form excellent 'raw material' for intelligent foremen and sub-managers of works.

Mr. Samuelson visited also the schools of Germany and Switzerland. In those countries education is nominally compulsory; but this term is really a misnomer. The parents consider the attendance of their children at school a privilege, the children consider it a pleasure. The lessons consist of animated exercises and conversations, in which pupils and teachers join with equal zest. In Prussia every child between six and fourteen must attend school; but after twelve, and on proof of a certain amount of elementary knowledge, children may be employed in labour on condition that they continue to attend school for a certain number of hours weekly. Throughout Switzerland, and in nearly every German state, the cost of primary instruction is borne by the communes. Scarcely anywhere is instruction given gratuitously, but the fees are extremely low, varying from ¾d. per month in Canton Berne to 10d. in most Prussian communes. The secondary schools are the Gymnasien, Real Schulen, and Gewerbe-Schulen. In the first the training is purely literary

and scientific. In the second there is less Latin and there are more modern languages taught than in the first, and physical studies are carried further. In the third the modern languages, history, and science occupy a still larger share in the curriculum. Mr. Mundella's account of the schools in Saxony is well worth quoting. He told the conference at Birmingham that the best building in every Saxon town was a school, that more than one-sixth of the population attended the public schools, and besides there were a large number of children in private schools. There are no people in Saxony who cannot read and write well. At the Peoples' School in Chemnitz, he found children without shoes and stockings, whose parents were earning only half the wages made by English artizans, who could not only read and write well, but had a good general knowledge of geography; knew, for instance, more about England than many English children knew, and were such ready reckoners that they converted instantly English pounds, shillings, and pence into Saxon, French, and German currency. He was 'utterly humiliated and appalled at the contrast between English and Saxon children.' After the peoples' schools came the preparatory schools, where youths are prepared for the technical schools. In Saxony, teaching is reduced to a science. Finished scientific men are sent out of the polytechnic institutions to apply art and science to manufactures. At the polytechnic school in Chemnitz, a town one-eighth of the size of Birmingham, 378 persons went through a course of technical instruction in one year, and it was obliged to refuse 40 per cent. of the applicants. The subjects taught were mechanics, chemistry, cotton and woollen spinning, weaving of tissues, dying and bleaching, building and architecture, botany and agriculture. There were museums, with models of all descriptions, large botanical collections, and an immense laboratory. Fifty-four of the scholars were overlookers in manufacturing establishments, and they had to pay only 15s. for a half year's instruction.

Though England is lamentably behind continental countries, it must not be supposed that she has done nothing for technical education. It is now just over thirty years since the first School of Art and Design was established (1837), in accordance with the Report of a Parliamentary Committee published the previous year. The new undertaking languished until 1851, when the Exhibition aroused English manufacturers to their deficiencies, especially in the patterns of goods, wherein they competed with the manufacturers of France and India. The establishment of the 'Department of Practical

Art' followed in 1852, and in that year there were twenty-one 'Schools of Design' opened with 4,868 pupils. Arrangements were subsequently made for art teaching in other schools, and in 1855 the number of art pupils had increased more than six-fold. In 1864 the number was 110,638, which was slightly diminished in 1866. The good effects of these schools were clearly seen in the Report of the Delegates of Parisian Workmen to the London Exhibition in 1862. The delegates declared that in several departments of art manufacture the progress made by England had been immense. The claims of science, as a branch of education, were not recognised until some years after the recognition of the claims of Art. The two are now united in the much abused 'Science and Art Department,' which has its head quarters at South Kensington. The science schools do not number ten per cent. of the art schools, but they increased from nine, with 500 pupils, in 1860, to 220, with 10,231 pupils, in 1867. The most valuable of these institutions is the Royal School of Mines, in Jermyn-street, London. This school holds its classes in a large building erected as a museum, in connection with the Geological Survey. It was established in 1851, in consequence of the memorials which were addressed to the Government by the leading representatives of the mining interest. They urged that, although the annual value of the mineral produce of the the country was four-ninths of the total amount produced by the whole of Europe, the miners and metallurgists of the United Kingdom were unable to obtain that instruction in the theory and the practice of their calling, which had long been carefully provided for their foreign competitors in the mining colleges of France, Belgium, Prussia, Saxony, Austria, Spain, and Sweden. The Government listened to these memorials, and made use of the nucleus which already existed in the officers' laboratories, and the collections of the Geological Survey. The officers of the Survey became for the most part the Professors of the School of Mines. On their appointment a stipulation was made that each should deliver annually, and free of charge, a lecture to working men. They have done far more than is required of them; and men of the eminence of Professor Tyndall, and Professor Huxley, have gladly given a whole course of lectures gratuitously. These courses are indeed the most satisfactory incident in the history of the institution. On the morning upon which tickets are issued there is quite a crowd of applicants, real working men, or their wives or children applying on their behalf. If the lecture room held 6,000 instead of 600, it would probably be filled. The men who

are so fortunate as to obtain admission are most attentive listeners. Many of them take notes, and we have heard of an amusing instance of sharpness, in which a working man corrected a mistake made by a learned professor in working out the binomial theorem. The school has not been valued as it deserves to be by the class for whom it is especially intended. It is true that some gentlemen, either from love of science, or because they are owners of mine property, attend the classes and submit to the examinations, and work as hard as though their livelihood depended upon their industry. But the large and important class of mine agents have made little use of the institution. And yet the attractions are great. In the first place the fees are very low. For instance, while the sum of £40 will entitle the payer to attend all present and future courses of lectures, in the case of mine agents and managers the fee is only £20. Then there are eight Royal Exhibitions of the value of £50 per annum, entitling the holder to free admission to all lectures and the laboratory for three years, on condition that the holders attend the lectures regularly, and pass the examinations required for the associateship of the school. One free admission is granted yearly to the Cheltenham college, and to the Mining Schools at Bristol and Truro. The Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, has established two scholarships of £30 each, tenable for two years; there are two Royal Scholarships of £15 each; and, besides all these, there are medals and prizes of money. Nor does the School of Mines cease to care for its students when they have finished their curriculum. There is not one student of any distinguished merit who has not had the opportunity of receiving employment on the Geological Survey, either in Great Britain, India, or such of the colonies as are being surveyed. Nevertheless, as we have said, mine agents do not avail themselves, as they ought, of the privileges offered to them.

This fact throws grave doubt on the proposal so strongly urged during the last few weeks by Mr. Samuelson, Mr. Mundella, Professor Levi, and others, that Government should establish technical schools in various parts of the country. Mr. Levi suggests a very large scheme. He would have technical schools, with workshops, collections of tools, instruments, museums, and libraries, and agricultural schools, with farms and gardens, in the principal towns of the kingdom; schools in relation to weaving, dyeing, and mechanics, at Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow and Belfast; mining schools at Truro, Newcastle, and Glasgow; navigation schools in London, Liverpool, and Greenwich; agricultural schools in Bedford

and Warwick; and schools of metallurgy in Birmingham and Sheffield. Mr. Samuelson would begin with Manchester, where Owens College seems to offer the nucleus of what is wanted; and he would have 'science teachers' trained at the school of mines, a larger capitation grant given for instruction in the more difficult scientific subjects, and would make, as one condition of Government assistance to a scientific school, the stipulation that a perfecting school should be affiliated to it. But Mr. Bright, in a recent speech at Birmingham, has reined in these rapid goers. He maintains, and the *Times* has endorsed his opinions, that if these schools are wanted, they will be established without the help, or at least without the initiation, of Government; and that the wealthy manufacturers of Birmingham and Manchester and other large towns ought to be able to find the money at once. We confess that these arguments do not seem so unanswerable to us as they did to the editor of the *Times*. It must be remembered that education differs from trade. The supply must, in a great measure, precede and create the demand. Men do not know how ignorant they are until they have begun to acquire knowledge; and, so long as they are ignorant of their ignorance, they will not take any steps to remove it. The Paris Exhibition was the first lesson given to our manufacturers—the lesson which told them how little they knew. But who will deny that it would have been more satisfactory to have acquired this knowledge at home, and earlier, so as to have avoided the humiliation which last year's revelation brought us? Then, again, with reference to Mr. Bright's second argument, that the manufacturers are wealthy enough, and should be spirited enough, to establish technical schools without Government aid, we may remark, that to establish schools is one thing, to render them efficient is another. For this purpose there must be well-trained teachers, and these can be best secured through the intervention of Government. There is no reason why the principles already in force with regard to our present primary schools should not be applied to technical schools. For this cause we hail with satisfaction the recent memorandum, announcing that the Committee of Council on Education will make special payments and bonuses in order to encourage the departmental schools of art. This is a step, though a short one, in the right direction.

LEGISLATION ON THE SUNDAY SALE OF INTOXICATING DRINKS.

1. *The General Licensing Act.* 1828.
2. *The Metropolis Police Act.* 1839.
3. *The Lord's Day Sale of Liquors Act.* 1848.
4. *The Forbes Mackenzie Act.* 1853.
5. *Report of the Select Committee on Public-houses.* 1854.
6. *The Sunday Beer Act.* 1854.
7. *Reports of the Select Committee on the Sunday Beer Act.* 1855.
8. *The New Sunday Beer Act.* 1855.
9. *Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners on the Scottish Licensing Laws.* 1860.
10. *The Scottish Public-house Amendment Act.* 1862.
11. *A Bill for Closing Public-houses on Sunday.* 1863.
12. *A Bill for further regulating the Sale of Fermented and Distilled Liquors on Sunday, in England and Wales.* 1867.

UNDER the date of 1641, the parish books of St. Giles, London, contain an entry of £1. 10s. paid as a fine by the landlord of the 'Catt,' for permitting tippling in his house on the Lord's Day. The Long Parliament, first known as 'the correcting Parliament,' had not long been assembled, and had given orders that some of the social abuses which had accumulated along with the arrears of political grievances, should be taken vigorously in hand. The laws against tippling and Sabbath desecration were called into a vitality not pleasant to hardened trespassers; and we may presume that Sunday tippling, as a combination of offences, would be strongly dealt with. The old Anglo-Saxon abstinence on Sunday from all ordinary labour, may have embraced the alehouse as well as the baker's shop; but there is reason to believe

that, in the case of the alehouse-keeper, the restriction had dwindled down to a suspension of business during the hours of Divine service; nor could this measure of decorum be relied upon—for Sunday profits had ever a charm for vintners and victuallers—unless the parish churchwardens and constables were intent upon their duty. It is impossible to say how far the famous Lord's Day Act of 29 Charles II., c. 28, (1677), was intended to arrest the tide of Sunday intemperance which, along with other forms of profligacy, had rolled in upon the nation with the Stuart Restoration. The wording of the Act was stringent enough to close every alehouse during the whole of Sunday; for it provided that 'no tradesman, artificer, workman, labourer, or other person whatsoever, shall do or exercise any worldly labour, business, or work of their ordinary callings upon the Lord's Day, or any part thereof, works of necessity and charity alone excepted;' and the application of this prohibition to the common sale of intoxicating liquor seems less capable of being explained away, as among the few exceptions named is included 'the dressing and selling of meat in inns, cookshops, or victualling houses, for such as otherwise cannot be provided.' Whatever may have been the purpose of the Legislature, it is not probable that this Act effected any very marked or permanent change in the general management of alehouses and taverns on the Lord's Day; and we know for a certainty that, amidst the changes through which the Licensing system passed during the next century and a half, no restriction on the Sunday drink traffic was incorporated with it, except the traditional interdiction of selling during the hours of Divine worship. Public morality, during that extended period, remained at a low ebb, and it was something gained that by the 21 George III., c. 49, (1782), public-houses were not allowed to be used for Sunday debates. No advance was attempted even in 1828, when the Licensing Acts were consolidated in the 'Act to regulate the granting of licences to keepers of inns, alehouses, and victualling-houses in England,' 9 George IV., 61; nor is the Sunday sale of liquor referred to at all in that statute, except in the appended schedule of the licence to be granted, where, among other provisos, it is required that the licence-holder 'do not keep open his (or her) house except for the reception of travellers, nor permit nor suffer beer, or other excisable liquor to be conveyed from or out of his (or her) premises during the usual hours of morning and afternoon divine service in the church or chapel of the parish or place in which his (or her) house is situated, on Sunday, Good Friday, and Christmas Day.' Eleven years elapsed, and the infatuated legislation which

raised up the Beershop system had borne its grapes of gall and apples of Sodom, before any effort was made to apply a check to the traffic which kept possession of the whole of Sunday, limited only by three or four church-going hours, and in thousands of places limited by only half that length of time. Scarcely a village or hamlet was free from the corrupting influence of shops, open when all others were closed, into which the idle and careless were drawn, the earnings of the week dissipated, and the mind debauched by the filthy conversations carried on by the graduates in vice. In large towns the evil assumed a more glaring form, on account of the keener competition of rival publicans, and the more expensive attractions, both external and internal, which had begun to prevail, the artifices of a struggling selfishness, reckless of every other interest but that which was bound up with selling and getting gain.

The disorderly state of the streets in London, just before the commencement of morning service, grew at length so scandalous and offensive, that a remedy was seen to be imperative; and such a remedy was provided by the insertion of a clause in the Metropolitan Police Bill of 1839, 2 and 3 Vic., c. 47. This truly memorable clause, the 47th, reads as follows :—'No licensed victualler or other person shall open his house within the Metropolitan Police District for the sale of spirits, beer, or other fermented or distilled liquors on Sunday, Christmas Day, and Good Friday, before the hour of one in the afternoon, except [as] refreshment for travellers.' (A similar provision, to apply to the City of London, was inserted in the 2 and 3 Vic., c. 94, s. 26; and by the 5 and 6 Vic., c. 44, s. 5, the sale of intoxicating liquors, up to one o'clock on Sunday, in river steamboats, &c., was strictly forbidden.) The debates, as reported in Hansard, make it appear that no opposition was offered to this clause; no objection is named, and no division was taken upon it. Some other clauses dealing with drinking and drunkenness did not pass without discussion, one of the principal opponents of restriction being the notorious Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, who stated that he had recently dined with three thousand publicans. It has been said that the 47th clause took the publicans by surprise, but this can scarcely have been the case, since they found honourable members willing to represent their dislike to other points, and to divide the House on behalf of their clients. It is more probable that the Sunday abuse was too flagrant to be defended, and that the more astute advised concession on one point with the hope of making a stouter resistance upon others. The honour of the parentage of this Sunday clause, has been variously awarded. Years

afterwards, Lord Monteagle, in the House of Lords, claimed to have suggested it in 1839, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, as Mr. T. Spring Rice, shortly before he was raised to the peerage. The name of Mr. Hawes, M.P. for Lambeth, has also been associated with the authorship; while the late Bishop of London is known to have believed that he had much to do with this admirable stroke of legislation. The Bill in which it was embodied was a Government measure, and though Lord John Russell was then Secretary of State for the Home Department, Mr. Fox Maule, the Under-Secretary of that Department, piloted the Bill through the Lower House. The beneficial effects of the provision were so undeniable and gratifying, that in about two years the Town Council of Liverpool secured its insertion in an Improvement Bill promoted by them, and similar action was taken by the municipal authorities of Manchester and Newcastle-on-Tyne. The results in all cases afforded unqualified satisfaction; and the statistical returns, evidencing a marked decrease of Sunday intemperance, were collected by the British Temperance League, and made the groundwork of an appeal for legislation more complete in principle and more general in application. The agitation thus commenced, led to the presentation in the session of 1845 of petitions bearing nearly 200,000 signatures, and in 1846 the renewed agitation succeeded in sending up an array of petitions still more numerously subscribed. Men of great eminence, such as Lord Cottenham and the Bishop of St. David's, avowed their sympathy with the movement, but for want of a competent leader nothing was done in either House until 1848, when the Earl of Harrowby, in conjunction with Mr. Wilson Patten, agreed to bring the question before Parliament, in the definite form of 'A Bill for Regulating the Sale of Beer and other Liquors on the Lord's Day' (11 and 12 Vic., c. 49). The preamble set forth that 'Whereas the provisions in force within the Metropolitan Police District and in some other places in England against the sale of fermented and distilled liquors on the morning of the Lord's Day, have been found to be attended with great benefits,'—therefore it was ordered that such sale in every other part of England and Wales should not be permitted till half-past twelve on Sunday morning, 'or before the usual time of terminating worship in the principal place of worship of the parish or place.' The second clause repealed the existing regulation that forbade beersellers to open till one o'clock. The third clause prohibited the opening of any public-house or beershop for the sale of any article whatsoever until the time allowed for selling liquor. The fourth clause restricted coffee-shops from opening till five

o'clock on Sunday morning. The fifth clause empowered constables to enter all drinking-shops whenever acting under superior orders; and the sixth clause inflicted a fine not exceeding £5 for each offence against the law, every separate act of sale to be deemed a separate offence. The first reading of the Bill took place June 2nd, 1848. On the second reading Lord Brougham eulogised it as 'a useful and safe Bill,' but moved it to be referred to a small select committee. Lord Campbell said that as the main provision had acted most admirably in London, 'he could see no reason for deferring legislation.' Lord Kinnaird added a few words in support. On July 11 it was read a third time in the Lords. The first reading in the Commons took place July 13th, and the second on the 19th. In Committee Mr. C. Berkeley moved the omission of all the words before half-past twelve,—in fact, the rejection of the Bill, but his motion was defeated by 59 votes to 24, and a similar motion by Mr. Milner Gibson was also lost by 58 votes to 25. The Bill was read a third time and received the Royal Assent, August 14th. The operation of this measure realised all the expectations that had sprung from the excellent working of the local acts, and the whole kingdom was put into possession of corresponding benefits, which no other species of legislation could have possibly conferred. Encouraged by this success, the friends of temperance renewed their efforts, and claimed that the second half of the Sunday should not be deprived of the protection accorded to the first half. The Sunday evening was still in the hands of the liquor vendors, and with few exceptions they used the legal permission to make the closing hours of that day a carnival of dissipation, with disastrous consequences to the comfort and purity of myriads of homes. Five years, however, passed, before any response came from Parliament to the agitation sustained outside; and it was not till 1854, when a Select Committee on public-houses, which had sat in 1853, was re-appointed (Feb. 24th, 1854) as before, under the Chairmanship of the Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, that the subject assumed a practical shape. The Committee's attention in that session was extensively occupied with the subject of Sunday closing, and after evidence from a large body of witnesses, including working-men and publicans, the Report of the Committee was drawn up by the Chairman, and finally approved on the 13th of July. About one-sixth of the Report was devoted to an analysis of, and comments upon, the evidence given on Sunday closing, and among other observations it was said, 'The testimony is universal that a great amount of drinking takes place on Saturday night and during the hours that the houses are

allowed by law to be open on Sunday. * * * It is important that those engaged in the trade should be made aware that there is a rapidly growing conviction abroad, and spreading even into their own ranks, in favour of closing throughout the entire Sunday all places for the sale of intoxicating drinks.' The Report concluded with a series of resolutions, one of which was couched in these terms: 'That with the exception of the hour of from one to two p.m., and of from 6 to 9 p.m., all places for the sale of intoxicating liquors shall be closed on Sunday, and that on week-days all such houses shall be closed from 11 o'clock p.m. to 4 a.m.' This 'resolution' was carried unanimously at the final meeting of the select committee, attended by the chairman and nine other members. Not a moment was lost by Colonel Wilson Patten to gain legislative effect for this important recommendation; for on the same evening, July 13th, a bill framed in its precise terms was introduced into the House of Commons and read a first time. It was at once printed under the title of 'A Bill for further regulating the sale of beer and other liquors on the Lord's day,' 17 & 18 Vic., c. 79, and was afterwards commonly described as the Sunday Beer Act. The second reading was taken July 17th, but, on July 22nd, the third reading, Mr. H. Berkeley opposed it as a specimen of class legislation, and as a great hardship to excursionists, and he concluded by declaring that 'he could not consent to a bill which proposed to inflict so much injustice on the community.' Mr. Wilson Patten defended his bill, and expressed his confidence that 'it would be found a beneficial and not an oppressive measure towards the poor.' Mr. Laurence Heyworth said that 'the demand for such legislation sprang from the poor, and he believed that a bill for closing public-houses and beershops during the whole of Sunday would meet with the acquiescence of all the respectable and intelligent portion of the working-classes.' Lord Dudley Stuart denied that the bill exhibited partial legislation as against the wishes and interests of the poor, and he appealed to the success of the more ample measure which had been in operation in Scotland for nine months. Mr. Bankes doubted whether the bill went far enough. 'It was the only subject upon which the public had manifested unanimous opinion during the present session.' Mr. W. J. Fox repeated the objection about excursionists. Mr. Henley was glad the bill was likely to become law. Mr. Crawford feared the vice of drunkenness would take a more secret form. A third reading was then taken without a division. To conciliate the Licensed Victuallers' Association, Mr. Patten had consented to allow the sale of drink up to 10 p.m. instead of

to 9 only, as at first proposed; but the Earl of Harrowby who had been entrusted with the bill for the House of Lords, was persuaded by the friends of the trade to consent to other alterations, extending the time of sale to half-past 2, instead of 2, and from 5 to 11 in summer, and 5 to 10 in winter; but no liquor to be drawn after 10 p.m. These proposed amendments were stated on the night of the second reading, July 25th, when Lord Brougham, the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Clanricarde, and Lord Alvanley, offered remarks on the bill, the first two noble lords speaking in its favour. Lord Campbell also gave it as his opinion that the bill 'would be of great service to men belonging to the working-classes; but the good it would be to women and children would be incalculable. He was not at present inclined to recommend the adoption of the Maine Law, although, perhaps, we might come to that; but he felt bound to say that he went all the length of the proposed Act.' When the bill was read a third time, July 28th, Lord Shaftesbury reminded the Peers, that the demand of the country was not for restriction, but for the closing of public-houses during the whole of Sunday, and he urged their lordships to render their assistance in carrying out the improvement so ardently desired. He deprecated Lord Harrowby's amendments, except the extension from 2 to half-past 2. The Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield) concurred. Parliament could not compel the people to be religious, but it had the power of removing from them strong temptations to violate the precepts of morality and religion. He did not think it any hardship to the working man to shorten the hours of drinking, and it must be remembered that the less time they gave him for drinking, in the same proportion would they enable him to spend more time and money on his wife and children, besides removing from him the opportunity of contracting habits of intemperance.' The Marquis of Clanricarde had no objection to see public-houses closed in the large towns, but did not want excursionists to be deprived of refreshments. On a division, the amendment for allowing the sale of liquor from five to six was negatived by a vote of 24 to 15, and the other amendment—allowing the houses to remain open till eleven in summer—was negatived without a division. The Bill passed a third reading without further debate, received the Royal assent, August 7th, and came into force on the following Sunday, August 13th. It has been represented that this enactment was premature, not sufficiently deliberate, and not supported by opinion 'out of doors.' But the opposite is the truth. During the whole of 1853, and the first six months of 1854, a wide-spread public agitation had been sus-

tained, and some very large meetings had been held. At one in Manchester, held in the open air, attended by many thousands, only one hand was held up against the resolution; and at Leeds, a town's meeting in the Cloth Hall, reckoned to consist of 20,000 persons, and presided over by the Mayor, had decided by a very large majority in a similar manner.

During the session of 1854, petitions to the number of 2,182, bearing 415,027 signatures, had been sent up to the House of Commons, asking for the entire suppression of the liquor traffic on Sunday, one of which was subscribed by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. J. B. Sumner) the Bishop of London, and 160 Ministers of the Established and Dissenting Churches; and the only counter petition was from Stafford, with 1,208 names. A deep impression had also been made by the statistics of Sunday drinking that had been collected in regard to several towns and boroughs, particularly those having reference to Manchester, showing that 151 spirit vaults, 259 public-houses, and 1,027 beershops, a total of 1,437, had been watched, and the Sunday visits paid to them found to amount to 214,818; thus distributed: by men, 120,122; by women, 71,111; by children, 23,585; which would give an aggregate of 70,000 persons, allowing three visits, on an average, to each person. Applying this estimate to 74 public-houses and 545 beershops not watched, the number of visits would have been raised to 307,354. It had also been estimated by one observer that on the evening of the census Sunday in 1851, the number of persons present in the churches and chapels of St. Marylebone, returned at 17,805, was less by 2,000 than the number present in the drinking-shops of that Metropolitan parish. The Select Committee were undoubtedly struck with the testimony of several working-men, who volunteered their evidence in favour of Sunday closing; and scarcely less so by the statements of several London publicans who kept their shops closed on Sunday, and testified that they found no real difficulty in supplying their customers with beer on Saturday fit for Sunday's use. When the Select Committee agreed to recommend an extension of the law of 1848, so as to limit the sale of liquor on Sunday to the hours of 1 to 2 and 6 to 9, they did so with the full conviction that less than this could not be awarded to the public demand for the whole-day closing. The law had not been in operation for more than a Sunday or two before its beneficial results were recognised on every hand, and acknowledgments of the fact were freely made by magistrates and police-superintendents in different parts of the kingdom. An active party among the publicans, however, were animated by an implacable

hostility to the measure, and several Members of Parliament were nothing loath to aid them in an opposition, the sordid origin of which ought to have excited the utmost disgust. Mr. Berkeley received the unequivocal dishonour, though otherwise intended, of leading a Parliamentary attack on the measure, which was everywhere reducing the work of the police and promoting Sunday sobriety and quiet; but, in the face of these notorious facts, the policy to be adopted was not easily framed. The thought of introducing a repealing Bill was abandoned when it was found that the Government would not lend its help. At length, on June 26th, 1855, Mr. Berkeley made a desultory speech, and concluded by moving for a Committee of Inquiry into the Act of 1854. The opinions he expressed were strongly opposed by Mr. Patten, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Henley and other members; and Sir George Grey used these emphatic words: 'I believe if universal suffrage could be acted upon in reference to this question, it would be found that the desire of the people would be that the public-houses should be closed throughout the Sunday.' It was only on the understanding that the proposed inquiry should be full and impartial, that the motion was agreed to; but of the 15 gentlemen named next day to constitute the committee, nine were known to be opposed to the existing law, and Mr. Berkeley, its bitter enemy, was soon after nominated as the chairman. Still the friends of the Act were not unwilling to encounter even these enormous odds, on the faith of the solemn promises made that the inquiry should be fair and complete, confident as they were that the evidence in favour of the Act, if properly represented, would render it impossible for even so biassed a tribunal to recommend a relaxation of the law. The committee began to take evidence July 5th, and continued to do so on the 10th, 13th, 17th, and 19th, and on the 20th the evidence taken was reported to the House. On the 24th the committee sat with closed doors, and instructed the chairman to prepare a report, although only twenty-six witnesses had been examined, all of them but one residing in London! On the 26th the chairman's report was submitted, which, after stating that 'the advanced period of the session rendered it impossible to carry the inquiry to its full extent,' proceeded to affirm that the Act of 1854 had been 'attended with unnecessary inconvenience to the public,' and recommended a modification of its provisions. Sir J. Pakington moved as an amendment the words—'This committee has not yet received sufficient evidence on the effect produced by the Act of 1854 to make a satisfactory report to the House in the present session;' but for this amendment no vote except Sir John's

own was given, all the other eleven members present agreeing to the chairman's report. So unexpected was this decision that several witnesses were in London who had been summoned for the 26th, and sixty pounds for expenses incurred in answering the summons of the committee, were paid to witnesses who were not called upon to utter a single word. The opponents of the Act of 1854 now pushed on their assault without any further effort at concealment of their object. On July 30th a Bill embodying the suggestions of the report was read a first time; next night, after a short discussion, it was read a second time; and next night (August 1st) it went into committee of the House, and a motion for committing it that day three months, moved by the Marquis of Blandford, was rejected by 62 votes to 10. On August 3rd it was read a third time in the Commons, and, on the *same* night, a first time in the Lords; and on the 6th the Peers assented by a majority of 25 to 16 to allow it to be read a second time by suspending their standing orders, which forbade any bill from the Commons to be read a second time in the Lords after July 23rd. Next night (August 7th) it passed through committee, and having been read a third time and received the Royal assent, it came into operation on Sunday, August 19th, under the title of 'An Act to repeal the Act of the 17th and 18th years of the reign of her present Majesty, for further regulating the sale of beer and other liquors on the Lord's Day, and to substitute other provisions in lieu thereof.' This Act, 18 and 19 Vic., c. 118, is still the law of England and Wales, and by its provisions the sale of intoxicating liquors is permitted on Sundays between one and three p.m. and between five and eleven p.m., an increase of two hours and a half on the period allowed under the Sunday Act of 1854, which it repealed. Comparing these hours with the terms of the report of the Select Committee of 1854, we perceive that whereas that committee advised the limitation of the sale of liquor to four hours on the Sunday (1—2 and 6—9 p.m.), the law as it has stood since 1855 allows the drink traffic eight hours, or double the length of time recommended in 1854.

The question then arises — whence arose the relaxation? Did the Inquiry of 1855 discover reasonable ground for extending the hours of public-drinkselling on the Lord's Day? The Select Committee of 1855 raised the plea of 'inconvenience;' but, as only one witness from all England and Wales, outside London, was examined, and he was strongly favourable to the Act, it is clear that the 'inconvenience' could have affected only the people of London; and when we look

farther into the complaint on this head, it is seen that this 'inconvenience' related almost exclusively to the annoyance felt by a part of the summer excursionists, because they could not get 'refreshments,' *i.e.*, gin and beer, at the public-house, on their return to town after ten o'clock. Therefore, because some excursionists wanted to resort to the public-house after ten o'clock on Sundays in the summer, all the public-houses of London must be open till eleven, summer and winter; and because they should be open till between ten and eleven, they must be open between five and six; and because they should be open those hours in London, therefore all drinking-shops in England and Wales must be open on Sundays between five and six and ten and eleven all the year round! On such reasoning as this did Parliament proceed when it consented to pass the Bill of 1855; yet to speak of 'reasoning' in such a connection is an abuse of terms. The true key to the law of 1855 is offered in one word—panic. Under the influence of panic, consistency, fair play, and solemn promises were all set at nought. And whence the panic? On the Sunday preceding the first meeting of Mr. Berkeley's Committee, the notable Hyde Park disturbances began, and were continued for several successive Sundays. It may be confidently affirmed that but for the moral cowardice with which these disorders had infected Parliament, Mr. Berkeley and his coadjutors would never have dared to break off the inquiry, or have induced Parliament to legislate in the spirit of a Report that was an insult to the great social and moral interests at stake. And even as to these 'Hyde Park riots'—as they have been grandiosely styled—why should their occurrence, coincidently with the sittings of the Berkeley Committee, have led to the course pursued and the legislation proposed? An answer to this question is furnished by every newspaper writer who chooses to enlarge on the 'unpopularity' of Sunday closing—the argument running as follows:—'Because the mob made an uproar in Hyde Park against the Sunday Act of 1854, any similar Act will be unpopular through all coming time.' It ought to follow, if this argument has any point, that every cause against which a Hyde Park mob protests is 'unpopular,' and that Parliament is to take its cue as to what legislation is in accordance with the national opinion, from any riotous demonstration of the scum and ruffianism of the capital.

But is it the truth that the Hyde Park riots arose out of, and were directed against, the Sunday Act of 1854? The affirmative could never be asserted by any one who had taken the slightest trouble to become acquainted with the facts. The supposition is destitute of the faintest shadow of reality, and

belongs to the class of statements which almost justify the sarcasm of the statesman, who, when assured that a certain matter was an historical fact, replied that he was then certain it was false. It is difficult to believe that those who charge the Hyde Park riots upon the Sunday Act of 1854, can be so ignorant of contemporary events as not to know that they originated solely in opposition to the Bill on Sunday Trading introduced into Parliament by Lord Robert Grosvenor (now Lord Ebury), on the 19th of April, 1855. That Bill was read a second time by a large majority, and was entirely free, as the author was careful to state, from any allusion to the sale of intoxicating drinks. The 'riots' were known to have been organised at the East end of the town by persons engaged in Sunday morning trading, and from first to last the rioters, who hooted and pelted the aristocratic *habitués* of Rotten Row, raised no cry against the Sunday Beer Act, though the Select Committee was then sitting. How eagerly that Committee would have hailed such expressions of hostility from the denizens of Hounsditch and Whitechapel, may be inferred from the tone of their own proceedings; but not a word upon this subject was stated in their Report. Lord Robert Grosvenor, daunted by the 'riots,' surrendered his Bill, and the disturbances ceased; but Mr. Berkeley and his friends adroitly made use of *the panic that had seized Parliament on all questions of Sunday legislation,* to stop their inquiry and press forward the compromise they drew up. They would gladly have proposed an unconditional repeal of the Act of 1854, but fearing that even a panic-struck Parliament would refuse to stultify itself so grossly, they were satisfied with upsetting the former Act, and re-enacting a prohibition of the sale of liquors from three to five and eleven to twelve p.m. The testimony of the witnesses, few and selected as they were, formed no ground for the slightest relaxation of an Act affecting the whole of England and Wales. Mr. Berkeley, and a majority of the Committee, were intent on showing that the Act was oppressive and injurious by the prosecutions and magisterial division of opinion it had occasioned on the *bonâ-fide* traveller question; by the complaints it had elicited from the sober part of the community, and especially excursionists; and by the increase of illicit drinking. But the only semblance of a case made out was in reference to the excursionists, and even as to them Mr. S. Norwood, of the South Western Railway, testified that "the railway public had become pacified," and the testimony of other railway officers was more hearsay than direct. The London magistrates gave no sanction to the theory that illicit drinking had increased,

and Sir R. Mayne explicitly said 'The opinion of the superintendents is that there is not more drinking in unlicensed houses than there was formerly.' That the Act of 1854 had diminished intemperance and its attendant offences, was clearly shown by the statistical tables of Sir R. Mayne, Mr. Harvey (Chief Commissioner of the City of London Police), and Captain Meredith, the Superintendent of the Wilts Police, the only provincial witness examined.* There was a mass of similar evidence in store had the inquiry been proceeded with. It had previously been ascertained, in reply to circulars addressed to mayors, &c., that, of 191 towns, of which 115 were parliamentary boroughs, the operation of the act had been favourable in 128 towns, including 74 parliamentary boroughs, and strikingly favourable in 36 other towns, including 24 parliamentary boroughs. Of the remaining 27 towns, the authorities of 12 reported that there was 'no difference;' and from 15, the reports were of a doubtful complexion. An inquiry worthy of the name must have resulted not only in a confirmation of the Act of 1854, but an encouragement to extend its provisions to the other hours of the Lord's Day. That Mr. Berkeley performed the part of an advocate, and not that of a judge, was perceptible to all, and in some instances he exceeded even the license which a courteous advocate would have observed. That he was acting as the mouthpiece of the Publicans' Defence Association was notorious, and the presentation of a testimonial of plate to him towards the end of the next year took no one by surprise. So palpably did the whole affair unfold itself, as got-up by a section of the drink trade from interested motives, that their solicitor during the inquiry, afterwards stated in a letter, 'I am now convinced that the agitation was not a genuine popular movement, but arose from, and was promoted by, the persons immediately interested in its success.'†

* Sir R. Mayne's statistics of drunken charges embraced the first six months of 1854, compared with the same term of 1855:—13,814 and 12,333, a decrease of 1,481. For the Sundays of these terms 3,224 and 2,076, a decrease of 1,148. For the Mondays of the terms 2,542 and 2,441, a decrease of 101. Of the actual decrease of 1,481 charges, the decrease on Sundays and Mondays was 1,249! Mr. Harvey's return embraced the eleven months preceding and succeeding the Act, the total committals for drunkenness being respectively 2,809 and 2,817, an increase of 8, but the Sunday charges were 314 and 178, a decrease of 136, or nearly one-half. The chief increase counterbalancing the Sunday decrease was in the Saturday charges, but Mr. Harvey disclaimed any connection between them and the Sunday restriction. Captain Meredith's return for the years ending June, 1854, and June, 1855, gave as the charges against drunken and disorderly persons and for common assaults as 516 and 311, a decrease of 205.

† Arising out of this Committee of Inquiry was an action for libel entered by Mr. Berkeley against the United Kingdom Alliance, on account of statements in the *Alliance News*, attributing his conduct to venal motives. These statements were, in

This demonstration of what might be expected from a 'Select Committee' of the House of Commons, nominated for a purpose, was attended with one good result. 'A Bill for the better Regulation of Public-houses in Scotland,' had been introduced into Parliament, February 22, 1853, and had become a law (16 and 17 Vic. 67). This Act, commonly known as 'The Forbes Mackenzie Act,' though Lord Kinnaird had more to do with its preparation than Mr. Mackenzie, made various changes in the licensing system of Scotland, as settled by 'The Home Drummond Act' of 1828 (9 Geo. IV., cap 58)—and in regard to the sale of liquor on Sunday, it brought back a state of things which had existed prior to the passing of the Act of 1828. At that time all sale of drink was illegal according to the common law of Scotland, but as the terms of the license appended to that Act followed the English phraseology of interdicting the sale of liquor during the hours of Divine Service, it was held by the High Court of Justiciary, in 1832,

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point of fact, extracts from other newspapers, but the opportunity thus furnished of inflicting damage on the Alliance was too good to be lost. The libels could not be technically justified, yet the committee of the Alliance allowed the action to come on for trial in the hope that a full exposure would be secured of Mr. Berkeley's shameful partiality and the mockery of justice in which he had been conspicuous; but the leading counsel of the Alliance was suddenly taken ill, and the other counsel consented at the last moment to take a verdict of nominal damages—£5, instead of £5,000, as estimated by Mr. Berkeley—but one, of course, carrying costs. These costs were, however, subscribed by the friends of temperance throughout the country, so that the funds of the Alliance did not suffer. Few, if any, supposed that Mr. Berkeley's championship of the publicans was prompted by a desire to make money, but it is impossible to read the minutes of evidence without blushing at the grossness of the partisanship evinced. As early as the twenty-eighth question he is found asking the first witness, 'Are *not you aware* that since the passing of this Act greater resort is now made by the young and dissolute to places, such as brothels, where liquors are sold all but publicly?' thus assuming as fact one of the points the committee was appointed to investigate. Of another witness he inquired, 'As we have statistics to show that one man in 5,000 is a drunkard, is not the legislation, which punishes the 5,000 to get at the one, objectionable?'—here assuming (1) that every 4,999 men, not drunkards, wished to go to the public-house on Sundays; (2) that to prevent them so going was a punishment; and (3) that legislation should never act so as to be deemed a punishment by those whom it affects. The primary assumption that only one person in 5,000 was a drunkard was made in the face of a Parliamentary Return giving the number of apprehensions for drunken and disorderly conduct in England and Wales in 1851 as 70,097, one apprehension to every 260 persons, or (taking the average of four commitments of each person) one person drunk to 1,040 not drunk, and that in a single year, and including in the ratio not only men but women and children! Even more audacious was the statement made by Mr. Berkeley to Mr. Harvey, Chief Commissioner of the City of London Police, 'The committee has examined Sir R. Mayne, and from the statistics he laid before us, it appears that taking the population of London the police cases in London are one in about 32,000,'—the fact being that the police cases of drunkenness alone, had been shown by Sir R. Mayne to amount to a yearly average of at least one in a hundred of the population, or one person drunk to 400 sober, men, women, and children; so that Mr. Berkeley's perception of the evil, included just one-eightieth of its real extent!—and on such 'appearances' he asked Parliament to legislate in favour of the Sunday drink traffic.

that these terms limited the prohibition to these hours, and allowed the sale of drink during the rest of the day. The English Act of 1848 did not apply to Scotland, and, therefore, between that year and 1853, the condition of Scotland in relation to the Sunday traffic was even worse than that of England, except where the licensing magistrates had made the issue of licences conditional on a promise to keep shorter hours. The Forbes Mackenzie Act did not directly refer to the Sunday, but the schedule of license contained the following proviso :—'And do not keep open house or permit or suffer any drinking in any part of the premises belonging thereto, or give or serve out any liquor before eight of the clock in the morning, and after eleven of the clock at night of any day, and *do not open his house for the sale of any liquors or sell the same on the Lord's day.*' The adoption of this schedule closed the public-houses of Scotland from eleven on Saturday night to eight on Monday morning. The Act came into operation May 21st, 1854, and the moral consequences were striking and gladdening in the extreme; but 'the trade' there, as in England, looking to the till, raised an outcry of injustice and oppression. The success of the Berkeley committee seemed to point out a strategy which might be equally fatal to the Sunday closing feature of the Forbes Mackenzie Act, and Lord Melgund, after failing to obtain a select committee in 1858, renewed his efforts in 1859; but a counter proposition for a Royal Commission was carried without a division—a result due to the prudent fear of the friends of the Act that a Select Committee sitting in London, and probably composed of active enemies of Sunday closing, would copy but too faithfully the precedent set them by the English Committee of 1855. The Royal Commission, presided over by Sir George Clerk, commenced its sittings August 1st, 1859, and continued them down to October 10th, taking evidence in the principal towns of Scotland, and examined nearly 800 witnesses. The Report was then agreed upon, making, with the minutes of evidence, two goodly volumes, issued in the spring of 1860. The Sunday closing question was carefully gone into by the Commisioners, whose judgment was thus expressed :—'Evidence was adduced to us from all classes of persons, of the benefits which have arisen from a return to the former practice on this subject. The improvement in large towns has been most remarkable. Whereas formerly on Sunday mornings numbers of persons in every stage of intoxication were seen issuing from the public-houses, to the great annoyance of the respectable portion of the population on their way to church, the streets are now quiet and orderly, and few cases of drunkenness are seen. The

evidence of the public authorities proved that while there has been a considerable diminution in the number of cases of drunkenness and disorder since the passing of the Act 16 and 17 Vic., c. 67, the change has been more marked on Sunday than on any other day of the week. Employers of labour and workmen themselves were unanimous in testifying to the great improvement that has taken place in the regularity of the attendance at work on Monday morning; and many publicans examined before us, expressed themselves as grateful for the existing law, regarding the cessation of business on Sunday as a boon of which they would not willingly be deprived. It was alleged by some of the witnesses, that the improvement to which we have referred is more apparent than real, and that the persons who formerly resorted to public-houses on Sunday, now either purchase a bottle of spirits on Saturday evening, which they consume next day at their own houses, or obtain drink to as great an extent as before at unlicensed houses, or, as they are termed, "shebeens," the number of which is stated to have greatly increased of late years. There may be some truth in these allegations. But we did not obtain any evidence to prove that the practice of drinking to excess in their private houses prevails to a greater extent among the lower orders now than it did formerly. And with regard to 'shebeens,' while the evils arising from them, and the remedies by which these evils may be met, will form the subject of remark hereafter, it may be noticed at present, that to attribute to them anything like the amount of intemperance which the closing of public-houses has put down, is to ignore the evidence already referred to as to the decrease of Sunday convictions, and the increased regularity of attendance by the labouring classes at their work on Monday. Any individual cases of inconvenience brought under our notice as having arisen from Sunday closing, were so inconsiderable in number and importance, as compared with the great and general benefit arising from the present state of the law, that we are not disposed to recommend any alteration with regard to it.'*

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* Among the almost immediate effects of Sunday closing in Edinburgh was the rescinding of a resolution to erect a new prison at great expense, the diminution of prisoners rendering the old prison accommodation sufficient! One charge, persistently circulated, and caught up by English newspapers that would not inquire for themselves, connected the Forbes Mackenzie Act with a great increase in the consumption of spirits. The fact, however, was, that in the four years ending December, 1853, the consumption was 28,736,071, and in the four complete years, under the law, ending December, 1858, it was 22,270,369, a decrease of 6,465,702, or annual average decrease of 1,616,425 gallons, with an increasing population! Driven from the position of an increased consumption, the next device has been to refer the decrease to the additional duties imposed on spirits, undoubtedly a leading cause, but not the exclusive means, of the diminished consumption.

To remedy some defects in the working arrangements of the Forbes Mackenzie Act, and especially to enable the police to cope with the 'shebeen' nuisance, the 'Public Houses Amendment (Scotland) Act,' 25 & 26 Vic., c. 35, was passed in the session of 1862.

No organized endeavour was made in England to retrieve the ground lost in 1855, till the winter of 1862-3, when the Hull Association for the Closing of Public-houses, undertook the charge of a national agitation. In Liverpool and other towns a canvass was undertaken by voluntary committees, to ascertain the direction and pressure of public sentiment, and in every such case the returns brought to light a preponderance of opinion in favour of the prohibition of the sale of strong drink during the whole of Sunday.* On the 17th of March, 1863, Mr. Somes, M.P., for Hull, moved for leave to introduce 'A Bill for closing public-houses on Sunday,' the scope of which was to render illegal all sale of strong drink between eleven o'clock on Saturday night and six o'clock on Monday morning. Leave was granted on a division of 141 votes to 32. On the 3rd of June the second reading of the Bill was moved by Mr. Somes, and supported by Messrs. Pease, Horsfall, Baines, Lawson, Adderley, Newdegate, Hunt, and Sir H. Cairns. Speeches more or less decidedly opposed, were made by Captain Jervis, Messrs. Seymour, Clay, Martin, Packe, Berkeley, Sheridan, Sir S. M. Peto, Sir J. Shelley, and Lord H. Vane. On a division, the second reading was supported by 103 votes, and resisted by 278, a majority of 175. The numbers, *pro* and *con*, were about equally composed of Liberals and Conservatives. This exhibition of parliamentary sentiment oddly contrasted with the state of public feeling, as represented by the petitions presented; the Bill being supported by 5,393 petitions, bearing 903,987 signatures, and opposed by 231 petitions, bearing 216,017 names. In the session of 1864 Mr. Somes moved for leave, on the 6th of May, to bring in a Bill to close all public-houses and beershops between eleven p.m. on Saturday and six a.m. on

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* A few particulars are appended. Liverpool: For the total closing (householders) 44,149; against, 3,330; for closing, except two hours, 6,417; neutral, 6,639; total canvassed 60,235; number of inhabited houses in Liverpool, 65,814. St. Pancras Parish, London: Total adults canvassed, 53,324; favourable to entire closing, 26,544; opposed, 19,014; neutral, 7,766. Sheffield: For total closing (householders), 13,152; against, 6,031; for being open two hours, 613; neutral, 2,256; total canvassed, 22,052. Hull: The part canvassed being that where chiefly the working classes reside; for total closing, 11,428; against, 952. Rochdale: Houses canvassed, 4,700; adults favourable, 10,456; unfavourable, 1,017; neutral, 1,719. Birkenhead: Working men (householders) favourable, 3,204; on the contrary, 186; other classes favourable, 1,356; on the contrary, 236.

Monday, except between one and two and eight and nine on Sunday. The motion was supported by Messrs. Pease, Clay, and Horsfall, but opposed by Mr. Roebuck, Sir W. Jolliffe, Sir G. Grey, and Mr. Packe, and leave was refused by 123 votes to 87, a majority of 36. A Conference in Manchester, held on the 26th of October, 1866, resolved on the promotion of a 'Central Association for Stopping the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors on the Sunday,' and from that time to the present the movement has been carried on with renewed energy, and with a greater hope, perhaps, than at any former time, not only of regaining what was filched away in 1855, but of procuring for England the benefit of a measure resembling that which Scotland has enjoyed since 1854. In 1867, Mr. J. A. Smith, M.P., brought in a Bill to prevent the sale of alcoholic drink for consumption on the premises during the whole of Sunday, except where some article of food was sold in the present legal hours; and also to prevent the sale for consumption off the premises, except between half-past twelve and half-past two p.m., and between eight and ten p.m. This Bill was read a first time; but the second reading, though repeatedly postponed, could never be discussed, owing to the pressure of other business. During the session of 1867, 3,707 petitions, bearing 407,307 signatures, were presented to the House of Commons, 2,754 of which, with 301,235 names, called for the stoppage of all sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday. The other petitions (953) and signatures (106,072) were in support directly of Mr. Smith's Bill, the passing of which was opposed by seventy-nine petitions, with 103,537 names.* On the 28th of November, soon after the opening of the session of 1867-8, Mr. Smith obtained the first reading of a Bill, to which the names of Mr. Baines and Mr. Bazley were attached in addition to his own, that somewhat differed from the measure of the previous session. If passed, it would render illegal the sale for consumption off the premises from half-past two to

*In the same session Major O'Reilly brought in a bill for Ireland resembling the English Bill, except that the time of opening in the evening was limited to a single hour, eight to nine, and not eight to ten. This Bill was to be read a second time, July 2nd, but the want of Government support enabled its opponents to refer it to a Select Committee, which was a virtual defeat. The case of Ireland is singularly hard. Previous to the passing of Mr. Serjeant Perrin's Bill in 1833 (3 and 4 William IV., c. 68), a penalty of £5 was attached to the sale of spirits on any part of Sunday. That bill legalised the sale of drink after two p.m. and until eleven p.m., and became at once a fruitful source of misery and vice. The Corporation of Dublin petitioned against it on that account in 1834. By their ecclesiastical influence the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel and Leahy and the Bishop of Ferns have excluded from their diocese the sale of drink on Sunday, with the happiest results. The petitions from Ireland in support of Major O'Reilly's Bill were 560, with 61,342 signatures, and in opposition to it only three petitions, with 4,625 names.

eight, and from ten to twelve, thus permitting this kind of sale three and a half hours instead of eight hours as at present, while, as to sale for consumption on the premises, the prohibition would be absolute, except that, *within the Metropolitan Police District*, any person licensed to sell fermented or distilled liquors might sell them 'to a person lodging in his house, or to travellers, or to persons *bonâ-fide* taking a meal at his house during the time of such meal.' The Committee of the Central Association and the Temperance societies long engaged in the Sunday Closing agitation, have not concealed their regret that Mr. Smith did not introduce last session, and this, a measure of pure and simple prohibition of drinkselling on the Sunday; and they have determined, wisely, we think, to maintain their own platform, and to phrase their petitions in accordance with the only issue which they can regard as satisfactory to the country, and to the great social and moral interests invaded by the Sunday liquor traffic. If Mr. Smith finds that his expectation of winning Parliamentary support by the modified scheme he offers is not realised, he may pursue a bolder policy, and commit himself to that popular breath to which Cabinets and Parliaments are accustomed to defer. This measure being avowedly not final, it may awaken as much opposition from the liquor vendors as though its terms were more stringent; and there is, at all events, good reason for combined exertion, and a rivalry of personal effort, on the part of all who desire to free their country from the stigma attached to it, by tolerating an open tap on the pearl of days when trades the most harmless and useful are content to be at rest.

Since the foregoing was put in type, the debate on Mr. Abel Smith's Bill, in the House of Commons, on March 18th, has resulted in a formal second reading, with a resolution referring it, and the whole question of the Sunday sale of intoxicating liquors, to a select committee. The same course had been previously adopted with Major O'Reilly's Bill for Ireland. Such an inquiry, if thorough and impartial, is the greatest boon that can be expected from a timorous parliament awaiting its dissolution, and will lay the foundation for legislation in advance of any that has been yet secured.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE POOR-LAW IN THE METROPOLIS.*

PAUPERISM and poor-law administration have acquired a notoriety of late that they are not likely soon to lose. Two winters ago various disclosures were made, indicating much mismanagement on the part of the poor-law authorities of the metropolis. The in-door management in the workhouse infirmaries was examined into by several gentlemen, and this led to the introduction of Mr. Hardy's bill of last year. A no less important branch of the subject—the treatment of the out-door poor—remains to be dealt with. It is to this branch of the subject that 'London Pauperism' is mainly directed. The author has collated the results of extensive personal experiences amongst the pauper class, and has brought forward a mass of statistical information from which he has deduced his own conclusions. The whole is presented in a very readable form, and is worthy of a careful perusal.

The writer begins by describing the system of charity in operation amongst the Jews. The greater part of his information on this head is new to general readers, though the liberality of wealthy Jews is well known, and is attested by many munificent monuments of charity in the Jewish quarters of the metropolis, and the comparative happiness and comfort exhibited in Jewish streets cannot have escaped the observation of any curious wanderer in his peregrinations through the east end of London. The Jews have a Board of Guardians of the Poor, which was established in the year 1859. Prior to that date private charity was entirely relied on, and the Jewish Board of Guardians is the result of the co-operative union of all Jewish charities, which are administered upon enlightened and uniform principles. The immediate cause which led to this organisation was the pressure put upon the various charities by a large influx of destitute Jews from different parts of the continent. The organisation is a voluntary one, and all Jews are expected to take part in the work of charity. The board appoints, for the details of work, 'the Relief Committee,' 'the Visiting Committee,' 'the Work

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* *London Pauperism amongst Jews and Christians.* An inquiry into the principles and practice of out-door relief in the metropolis, and the result upon the moral and physical condition of the pauper class. By J. H. Stallard, M.B., London; Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London; late Physician to the Great Northern Hospital, the St. George's and St. James's Dispensary, &c.; author of 'Workhouse Hospitals,' 'The Female Casual,' &c., &c. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co., 66, Brook-street, W. 1867.

Committee,' and 'the Medical Committee.' The advantage of having a separate body of gentlemen to administer relief, to visit houses and oversee the use made of relief, to appoint and give out work, and to dispense medicines and medical aid, will be seen at a glance. Each case of distress must necessarily be investigated by two committees, and in several cases by three or all four of them. With respect to the work of the Relief Committee, which 'is formed by three members of the board, selected in rotation,' Dr. Stallard says :—

'The cases are not hurried over at the rate of two or three per minute, as at the Strand and Bethnal Green; the object is not to save the pocket, but to relieve the poor. What is the cause of destitution? is the first question. Is it not susceptible of permanent relief? is the second. The nature of the distress is looked into minutely, and the applicant is only dismissed with an order for grocery and bread when nothing else can be effectually done. The test of destitution is applied by the board, and is not thrust upon the miserable applicant by an offer of the workhouse. Complete investigation is regarded as essential to efficient charity; and the character of the applicant, and the nature of the distress having been laid before the board, every case is judged upon its merits, and relieved, so far as the means of the board permit, according to its deserts. The officers keep a complete record of the particulars of every case and the relief which has been granted from time to time. Imposition is all but impossible; and if a few idle persons are now and then relieved, the board do it with their eyes open, and with the conviction that, idle as the applicant may be, he is suffering nevertheless from want, and they believe that the small amount of charity will not be altogether thrown away. When the board was first instituted, many attempts were made to impose upon its generosity, but almost invariably without success. Inquiry revealed the imposition, and ended in the refusal of relief. At that time 13¼ per cent. of the applications were positively refused; but now impostors rarely apply, and the refusals have diminished to 4·6 per cent. This shows conclusively that in the operations of the committee a due regard is paid to the interests of the contributors to the funds, and that the idle poor no longer seek to impose upon the kindness and credulity of the board. Some record of refusals should also be kept by the officials of the English poor-law. A pauper applies to the relieving officer, and is sent away without relief, and none of the circumstances are either reported or preserved; even the Board of Guardians should report refusals of relief, for they give some conception of the character of the poor, and, better still, of the care and discrimination which is exercised in their relief.'

Assistance is often given by the Jewish Guardians in the shape of payment of rent, and of loans of money. The former method of relief is prohibited by the poor-law, owing to the abuse of it under the old poor-law system, which will be noticed presently. The latter is allowed, but only in cases where the money might have been given outright, it being in the discretion of the guardians to declare that any relief is administered by way of loan. This, as Dr. Stallard points out, is practically nearly the same thing as the total prohibition of a loan of money, and, he asks, 'Why should not such a system (i.e. the loan system,) be generally introduced? Surely it cannot be objected that the Christian poor are less honest than the Jews! Surely, what the Jews do, we can do.' And he goes on to contrast the 'English system,' in 'its miser-

able and short-sighted narrow-mindedness, with the wisdom and philanthropy of the Jews.' This is a specimen of the comparisons which Dr. Stallard draws, with wearying repetition, between what he is pleased to call the Jewish and the English systems of relief. Yet, the cases are by no means parallel. We are comparing, be it remembered, the administration of the private charity of a sect with that of the necessary provision made by the country for its indigent poor. In the one case the funds of a charity, in the other the proceeds of taxation, are being administered. It has been the opinion of some men, that when the State undertook to make provision for her destitute poor, she undertook a work not at all suitable to the province of Government, but one which should have been left to the operations of charity. Whatever be the merits of this opinion, it is useless now to discuss the question, for here we find the poor-laws in operation; their existence is now a necessity, and this being so, it remains to be seen what should be the principles which should govern their administration. On this subject Dr. Stallard quotes from the Report of the Poor-law Commissioners the following apposite remarks with reference to the treatment of the pauper:—

'Unless the condition of the pauper is, on the whole, less eligible than that of the independent labourer, the law destroys the strongest motives to good conduct, steady industry, providence, and frugality among the labouring classes, and induces persons, by idleness or imposture, to throw themselves upon the poor rates for support. But, if the independent labourer sees that a recurrence to the poor-rates will, while it protects him against destitution, place him in a less eligible position than that which he can attain by his own industry, he is left to the undisturbed influence of all those motives which prompt mankind to exertion, forethought, and self-denial. On the other hand, the pauper has no just ground for complaint, if, at the same time that his physical wants are amply provided for, his condition should be less eligible than that of the poorest class who contribute to his support.'

No one can doubt that the principle here enunciated is economically correct. But then it runs in an entirely different groove from that of the principles of charity. The proper effort of charity is to benefit and to raise the individual, and to make his position as 'eligible' as possible. The operations of the Work Committee of the Jews well illustrate this. In their very laudable and successful efforts to supply their poor with the means of earning a decent livelihood, they have adopted the plan of letting out sewing machines, the cost of which is paid by the hirer in small weekly instalments, the machine becoming his own property when its actual value has been thus paid for. This is strictly a work of charity. One of the economical results of it is that, 'for every machine employed, ten feeble workpeople may be dismissed, have their work cheapened, and their wages lowered.' 'Of course,' as

Dr. Stallard says, 'all this' work of the Jews 'is impossible and illegal under the poor-law system. It is evident that the Jews are stealing a march upon the Christians around them,' for so 'long as the principle of non-interference is strictly carried out, the Christian poor must labour under the greatest disadvantages.' No doubt they must; but this is an argument for the adoption of an extensive system of Christian charity among the Christian poor, and it supplies no reason why the poor laws should be strained from their original and proper purpose, and made to do the work of private charity. It does not even follow that the same results which attend the Jewish system would attend that system when universally adopted. The Jews have a background of Gentile poverty with which they can compete, and on which they fatten successfully. If this background were taken away, and, still more, if it were bristling with competition, a very different result might follow for all concerned. Dr. Stallard anticipates this objection, but meets it only by the enunciation of the general and unadopted rules of political economy. The well-considered reasons which govern the main principles of the poor law are so weighty and so sound that we must have arguments which rest upon stronger foundations than these before we consent to overturn them. A confusion between the proper domain of charity and of the poor laws pervades the whole of the book, and many of the suggestions in it will consequently be found to be utterly impracticable. Thus the labour of those gentlemen whom we may be allowed to call the relieving officers of the Jews is of course supplied voluntarily, and Dr. Stallard, laying great stress upon this, actually recommends us to adopt the same plan in the administration of the poor laws. Some little difficulties, it is true, suggest themselves, in the form of human selfishness and a few other trifles, but these Dr. Stallard gets over in a characteristic way, by the consideration that a Christian is not more selfish than a Jew, or at all events ought not to be so. If we mistake not, the verdict of all practical men will be unanimous that such a system, even if desirable, is simply impossible.

In making his comparisons, Dr. Stallard is led into some inaccuracies. With reference to expenditure he says:—

'We have in round numbers £800,000 as the annual amount expended in relief by the Metropolitan Poor Law authorities. Of this, only £530,000 reaches the backs and stomachs of the poor, or is applied personally to their relief and maintenance, all the rest is disbursed in salaries, rations of officers, workhouse loans, and interest, and other expenses incidental to relief. Considerably more than a million of money has been spent in building workhouses, and the interest, and the loans repaid amount to £48,000 a year. The trustees of Islington are about to spend £70,000 in a new building, the mere interest of which would give nearly sixpence

a week to every pauper in the parish. The salaries of workhouse and other officers and their rations amount to £103,107 per annum, and other expenses to £118,180. Altogether, administration costs forty per cent., and only sixty per cent. of the money placed in the hands of the guardians goes for the purposes of relief, properly so called; and, after all, where are the advantages resulting from the costly workhouse system? In one union 700 inmates of all ages and characters are huddled together, without order, comfort, or classification of any kind whatever. Four paid officers superintend them all, and lock them up at night. At another, a feeble but unsuccessful attempt is made at classification, and forty-five officers are employed to nurse and superintend less than a thousand inmates. If half the money spent in workhouses had been judiciously expended in raising the standard of education and physical comfort amongst the body of the poor, pauperism had not increased 50 per cent. as it has done in the metropolis during the last seven years. And now let us examine the cost of administration under the Jewish system. The total expenditure in the year 1864 was, in round numbers, £3,670. The rent of premises averages about £200 a year. The salaries of officers, including those of the medical men, who find drugs, &c., for the use of the sick, is £536, and the cost of advertising, stamps, and stationery, chiefly required for the purpose of raising the necessary funds, is under £150, so that we have a total of less than £900 expended in administration, or about twenty-four per cent. If, instead of the expensive and complicated workhouse machinery, we were to administer the English poor rates on the system adopted by the Jews, we should at once effect a saving of £78,000 a year,—a sum more than sufficient to give every pauper, man, woman, and child, threepence per week all the year round.'

We have extracted the whole of this passage, in order to give Dr. Stallard the benefit of the effect produced by a combined attack upon poor-law principle and poor-law practice, aided by complaints of the gross mismanagement and heavy expenses of officials, and a lax statement of comparative accounts, all jumbled together in confusion. Yet upon what principle Dr. Stallard excludes the money spent in building workhouses, and the '£48,000 interest and loans repaid' annually, from the sum which 'reaches the backs of the poor,' we are unable to divine. Paupers must be housed as well as clothed and fed. Dr. Stallard informs us that the Jewish Board of Guardians spend a certain amount of money in paying the rent of their poor. Does he exclude these sums from the relief actually given to the poor, and include them in the 24 per cent. cost of administration? We presume not, in which case the above comparison falls to the ground. It may even be actually found that the Jewish administration is the more expensive of the two, and, but for the fact of the labour of some of the Jewish administrators being voluntarily supplied, it would appear in all probability that this is the case. Be this as it may, it is beside the main question to inquire, what the per centage cost of administration may be. A low per centage cost of administration might be owing to increased pauperism, or to want of care for the paupers. If we double the number of the paupers, it will not follow that we shall have to double the cost of administering to their wants. On the other hand, if we increase our care for the paupers, we may

have to increase the number of officers to look after them (as would certainly have to be done in the case of the four officers whose miserable position is described above), and, consequently, the per centage cost of administration.

Having said thus much as to the difference between the principle on which the Jewish charities are administered, and that which should guide us in the administration of the poor-law, we do not wish to be understood as endorsing the practice of the poor-law system, or even all the principles enunciated by the Poor-law Board. We have only attempted carefully to draw the distinction between the theory of poor-laws in general and that of charity.

We now come to the consideration of the practical working of our present poor laws, and we are fully sensible that in certain respects, and within the limits that we have sketched out, a great many hints might well be taken from the enlightened administration of the Jewish charities. Thus, while for the reasons above given we should be compelled to reject the system of lending money, which the Jewish Board of Guardians carry out so successfully (according to the latest report, Dr. Stallard informs us, it was estimated that 'only $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of these loans had been lost'), still we might well take a hint from the Jewish system, and 'insist upon education to the young as a preliminary condition to relief.' We shall have a word or two more to say upon this subject later on. Most valuable, too, is the boast of the Jewish guardians that 'instead of repressing and driving away the poor,' they do all they 'can to tempt them to come for help before they are completely pauperised.'

The system of education in the United States bears upon this matter. There, in the great cities, an officer is actually appointed to hunt out children, bring them in from the streets, and compel them (under threat of imprisonment in a reformatory) to attend the common schools. This system is found most efficacious. In the same way, the Home for Homeless Boys in this country has been instrumental in educating many boys brought in by an officer especially appointed for that service. The seeds of pauperism need to be taken out at the earliest stage. Our object should be to prevent and forestal pauperism, for, if once allowed to take root, we cannot get rid of it, it will grow up in rank luxuriance in one form or another.

It is here that our poor-law system most conspicuously fails. Relief is too often given with so sparing a hand that temporary distress is turned into permanent pauperism. This is a penny-wise-and-pound-foolish policy, the evil effects

of which are unfortunately not felt at the time the mistake is committed. That, under it, pauperism is increasing with alarming rapidity may be inferred from the fact, amongst others, that the 'number of paupers relieved in the metropolis on the 1st of January, 1859, was 72,538, and on the same day in 1866, 111,019;' while from the latest returns we have the number relieved on the same day in 1867 given as 138,706. This is an increase of 90 per cent. in eight years.* We are now feeling the ill effects of former mal-administration, and, as the system is continued, the accumulations of these evils are each year assuming more terrible proportions. Dr. Stallard certainly brings a true bill against our poor-law system in this respect. His description of the process of the allowance of out-door relief at Bethnal Green is, we fear, but too true of most of our metropolitan unions :—

'The poor assemble,' he says, 'in a large room, well warmed and admirably adapted for the purpose; in fact, the building in which the guardians meet would lead to the supposition that relief was conducted on a noble scale. The board room is splendid, and fitted up with every comfort; indeed, these offices, which have cost £8,000 at the least, seem totally inconsistent with the surrounding poverty, and negative the idea that there is any real difficulty in obtaining money from the ratepayers. Each pauper is called before the board in turn, the relieving officer reading rapidly his report of the case. Scarcely has the applicant appeared, and often before he reaches the bar at which he is appointed to stand, he is pushed out of another door, with the order, "Come here again to-morrow at nine o'clock;" and he goes away utterly ignorant of what he is to get. The statement of the relieving officer can, as a rule, be heard only by the chairman and vice-chairman; and only in exceptional cases does any other member of the board take part in the proceedings. Now and then a discussion arises as to a case of settlement, or as to relieving women with illegitimate children out of the workhouse; but the amount of relief is never discussed with a view to its efficiency, and is determined by a scale the liberality of which may be described by the fact that, on the week ending March 7, 1866, 1,481 individuals were relieved at a cost of £57 19s. 3d., or rather more than 9¼d. each for the whole week. Often the applicant makes a vain effort to be heard, but there is no time for investigation. The whole proceeding is a sham. The guardians leave investigation, such as it is, to the relieving officers; and it is generally understood that the poor can do nothing but tell lies and practice imposition, in order to obtain relief.'

It should here be observed, in all fairness, that some of these recipients of relief may not have been in total destitution: irregular labour, in some of these cases, helps to supply a means of livelihood; so that we can hardly draw any positive deductions as to the relief being insufficient in quantity, in the case of every one of these individuals. But what shall we say of the careful investigation into each case of destitution? What discrimination can be exercised here? In some cases the money spent will be worse than thrown away on the idle and dissolute rogue; and, what are the chances that a respectable applicant will be relieved? Again, as

* See the latest report of the Poor-law Board.

to the quantity of relief; in many cases where this relief is given, the family is perfectly destitute; as, for example, in cases of sickness of the head of the family on whom all are dependent for their daily bread. What is to be done in such cases with relief on the above scale? There is certainly a better chance of dying on it than of living on it.

For the reasons above given, and for various others, the amount of relief per head does not give us a perfectly accurate notion of the working of the system. But let us take an example, promising that it shall understate rather than exaggerate matters. Here is a family consisting of husband and wife, and four young children. The father, on whom all are dependent, becomes sick, and the family is left perfectly destitute. In some (we fear in too many) of the poorer unions, the value of the relief given to a family so circumstanced does not exceed, nay, does not come up to, 5s. per week, and there is no provision for the payment of rent. Letting this last matter alone, the sick man is to get well again, and his family are to be supported, on 5s. per week. What are the chances of the man's recovery? And, supposing him to recover, what likelihood has his feeble half-starved frame of being able to do its usual work? What are the odds of a relapse? And, supposing the poor wretch to die, what does his widow receive? In some unions she gets two shillings per week and four loaves of bread; and on this, (the widow's scanty earnings being, in too many cases, barely sufficient to pay the rent), the children are to be fed, clothed, and educated. Is the thing possible? What is the result? Education neglected, children half-starved, in rags, in filth, thus they all grow up unable to work through ignorance, sickness possibly helping on the work of destitution. So things go on from bad to worse, until, unable to fight the battle, sooner or later all are taken into the workhouse, there to cost from 6s. to 7s. per week each for the rest of their lives. This is no fanciful sketch: instances of the kind can be abundantly supplied by those who know the poor. A false economy pervades the arrangements of the poor-law guardians with respect to out-door relief. We assert, without fear of contradiction, that the system of minimizing the amount of out-door relief which prevails in by far the majority of our metropolitan unions, does not save the rates, but, on the contrary, accumulates a most extravagant expenditure upon them. And then, to look deeper into the subject, what does it cost the country in disease, in corruption, and in crime? The statistics of this cost will never be published, for they can never be known.

'In St. George's, Southwark, there are,' says Dr. Stallard, '646 children

dependent upon widows, deserted women, single women, or those whose husbands are in gaol. Altogether there are 912 persons who have to live without the assistance of any adult male helpmate, and the relief to the whole group is £34. 18s. 1d. per week, or exactly 9d. per head. Inquiries have just been completed by the relieving officers as to the earnings of women so placed, and the average of the women is 3s. 7¾d. each per week. Furthermore, nearly all the children earn a little, which is estimated at 5½d. each per week. Combining the women and children together, the average earnings amount to 1s. 2d. per head per week, so that the total income per head, including the parish allowance, is 1s. 11d. per week. But this estimate is by no means of itself a fair statement. The number above named form 266 families, who must have at least a room each, which will average say, half-a-crown per week. The parish allowance, therefore, barely pays the rent, and the women and children have to provide food, clothes, firing, and every other requisite on 1s. 2¾d. per head per week.

'In this one small parish there are 1,000 children who are not half fed, and whose mothers have literally no money to provide clothes and other necessaries. That this process of slow starvation is common to the whole class of pauper widows is attested by all who are intimate with the habits of the poor. The masters and mistresses of ragged schools describe the children as crying for hunger, and as often falling from their seats from sheer exhaustion.' And Dr. Stallard justly asks, 'Can anyone wonder that a woman should be driven to dissipation and immorality by the daily cry of hungry children, whose wants no amount of labour will enable her to supply? Under the present system the only method of obtaining food and education is to desert the children utterly, in which case they would be sent to the admirable paupers' schools at Mitcham, where the cost is 11s. 3d. each per week.'

In support of his assertions, Dr. Stallard adduces many examples, detailing the treatment of individual cases of poverty in the various metropolitan unions. Readers conversant with poverty will recognise them at once as taken from the drama of real life, and will agree with us that they imperiously demand the careful consideration of all men of education. One of the chief obstacles to poor-law reform is the ready assent which the public give to all the accusations that are brought against the poor-law authorities. There is a wide-spread belief that all guardians are hard-hearted ruffians, that all workhouses are 'black holes,' where paupers are locked up all their lives and kept at starvation point, and that all relieving officers and workhouse officials are impudent rogues or cruel monsters. This feeling is not the result of deliberate investigation, and is co-existent with the most deplorable ignorance as to the actual working of the poor-laws. We therefore hail the appearance of the book before us as an aid in bringing to light facts which should be universally known.

In considering the poor-law question, it should always be remembered that the mother of the poor-laws is sheer necessity. They are not to be upheld on any other grounds. They are not, strictly speaking, matter of charity; they are merely the result of a conviction that it is necessary in this country to make provision for the destitute poor. It follows, that the quantum of provision must be measured by the same standard

of necessity, and hence, poor-law authorities ought not to be required to do what it is not necessary to do, in furtherance of the objects for which the poor-law is established. The old notion, that the poor should be made as comfortable as possible under the poor-law system, was sufficiently exposed and refuted by the Poor-law Commissioners in 1834. Under the former system, out-door relief was given as a rate-in-aid of wages. Perfectly able-bodied labourers, well capable of earning their own bread, had their rent paid by parish overseers. And this merely had the effect of reducing the wages of the poor. Allowances were then given in aid of wages, and a gigantic system of fraud and corruption sprang up, under which the independent labourer actually stood at a disadvantage, as compared with the pauper; the farmers refusing to employ those whom they were not compellable by law to support. The main results of this were the inducing of well-nigh universal pauperism among the labouring classes, whilst the rates pressed so heavily on the land that, in the year 1832, many lands were found to be actually thrown out of cultivation in consequence. As an instance of the state of things then prevalent, we may cite the case of a parish in Leicestershire, the rates in which had risen to such an extent, that there was * 'a general opinion that the day was not distant when rent must cease altogether, and the (then) present system must ensure, and that very shortly, the total ruin of every individual of property in the parish.' To destroy this system, very strong measures were needed. They were applied by the Legislature, and the present poor-law system is the result of the labours, and embodies the major part of the suggestions of the Poor-law Commissioners. So far as the destruction of the former system is concerned, this measure has certainly been a success; but so far as the treatment of the poor is concerned, we have leaped from one extreme to the other, and the prohibitory system now in operation is almost as bad as the lax corruption of former days. Ill-judged parsimony has taken the place of ill-judged prodigality, and has produced a very similar result. Before the year 1834 there were but few workhouses, and the use of them being entirely confined to the aged and infirm, by far the greater part of the funds were expended in the form of out-door relief. The commissioners recommended the building of workhouses on an extensive scale, and the application of what is called 'the workhouse test' to all able-bodied poor on their application for relief;

* Report of Poor-law Commissioners, p. 65, quoted in the Encyclopœdia Britannica. Title: Poor-laws.

that is to say, they said to each applicant for relief, 'If you want relief, come into the house.' Nor did this system stop with the able-bodied; for, the idea of a workhouse test once having been started, it became applied indiscriminately to all classes of poor. It was thus thought that the insolent beggar would be thrown off unrelieved, and that only the deserving and really distressed would come in. At this stage, however, it was found simply impossible to continue this system. It was discovered that, in many cases of temporary distress, the able-bodied must be relieved at home, and that as the workhouses were full to suffocation, there was no longer any room for all the sick and aged therein. Moreover, it was found that many of these classes could be relieved at home at a less cost to the rates than in the workhouse. The system was then relaxed, and out-door relief is now supposed to be given in cases of temporary distress, sickness, loss of work, widowhood, and old age. But this relief it is entirely in the discretion of the guardians to give or to refuse; the system of 'the workhouse test' still remains, and many boards of guardians use it most indiscriminately, applying it in circumstances in which it should not be applied at all. Instead of giving the poor sufficient relief in time, they refuse to give it, and thus repel them, and, throwing this test upon them, drive them to complete destitution, and thereby rear up generations of paupers, the burden of whose support will rest upon future ratepayers. The discretion of the guardians, with reference to out-door relief, is apparently exercised in the most haphazard way. It is utterly impossible to discover that it is governed, for the most part, by any particular rules or principles. Relief will be given, and taken away, and given again, without any apparent cause for the change. A man in regular wages will be relieved for sickness for a few weeks, and then, while he is still sick, the relief will be cut off, and he will be 'offered the house.' We recollect a case of this kind. A man in the regular employ of a railway company, earning 18s. per week wages, fell ill of rheumatism in the joints. He became quite destitute, applied to the board of guardians, was relieved for a few weeks during the winter, and then, just as spring was coming on, and the man was hoping for recovery, relief was cut off, and he was 'offered the house.' Here private charity stepped in, and within four weeks the man had recovered, and was earning his full wages. What his chances of recovery without such aid would have been, we leave our readers to judge for themselves; but his recovery was certainly not due to his treatment by the poor-law authorities. One cannot comprehend upon what principle the case was so

treated. If it were a suitable one for relief at first, the relief should have been continued; and if, on the other hand, the man was a fit subject for the house, he should have been 'offered the house' at first. The guardians are actually guilty of the absurdity of relieving a man during the winter, when he cannot work, and they cut off the relief just as there is a chance of his recovery. This is the kind of thing that is always going on, nor can we be surprised at it, when we consider how little attention is paid to the circumstances under which the relief is given.

The Poor-law Commissioners seem to have thought that the offer of the workhouse furnished the parish officers 'with an unerring test of the necessitous condition of the applicant,' and relieved them 'from a painful and difficult responsibility,' and they looked no deeper into the matter. We have now to judge of the result of the application of this test, and on this head Dr. Stallard asks, and we think with truth, 'Has this unerring test sustained the ordeal of actual practice? Does it afford the public "the gratification of knowing that, while the necessitous are abundantly relieved, the funds of charity are not wasted on idleness and fraud?'" That, in the administration of out-door relief, some general test should be applied, no one at all conversant with the habits of the pauper class, will deny. The evidence brought before the Poor-law Commissioners on this point is in itself conclusive. But the workhouse test is one which simply excludes the respectable and decent poor from that relief which would keep them from becoming permanent paupers. To say to a respectable labourer, in temporary distress from sickness or any other cause, 'If you want relief, you can come into the house, we will give you nothing out,' is preposterous. A man in regular wages, unable to work for a few weeks, or it may be, months, is asked to give up house and home, get rid of all he has, and come into the workhouse. What chance will he ever have of ever getting out again? If he should get out, he will have to begin the battle of life over again from its very beginning. Can any one blame him if he begs rather than go into the workhouse? Nay, are not the rate-payers very much indebted to him for so doing? If, on the other hand, the same test is applied to an insolent pauper, he goes into the house readily enough, to be discharged in a little time; to him it is all the same, he is in and out as often as he pleases, and he employs his time between—we will not enquire how. When in the house, says Dr. Stallard, 'The master sets him to some trifling work, which he muddles over or neglects; and if the labour is greater than he chooses, he

takes his dinner, and gives three hours' notice to leave the house,' and in a day or two 'he will return to his parish for relief, and be admitted to the workhouse as before. At Greenwich such a case was,' he says, 'pointed out to him, as having been admitted and discharged many hundreds of times in the course of the last year or two, without any other effect than entailing endless trouble upon the officials, and contaminating the whole establishment with his incorrigible idleness.'

We must acknowledge the fact that, for many purposes, the workhouse test has completely failed. The test we would wish to see applied is that of respectability, of education, and of cleanliness. We do not mean that we would exclude from relief those who were not able to show a clean bill in these matters, but we would make these things necessarily go hand in hand with relief. Our object should be, whilst supplying necessary relief, to save the rates, and to diminish pauperism. To secure these ends we must insist upon cleanliness in the pauper's home, and upon the education of the pauper's children. These conditions should be strictly enforced. Their irksomeness to the drunken vagabond would be excessive, whilst, to the respectable poor, there would be no hardship in them. In the workhouse these conditions are enforced, and they ought to be so out of it. It has rightly been observed by Dr. Stallard, that no paupers are sent from the paupers' schools. Paupers are the children of helpless widows with families of young children, who are relieved, as in Whitechapel, at the liberal rate of from one to two shillings per week, and one loaf of bread for each child. If the ratepayers were only fully alive to the accumulations of pauperism that are bred here, if the country, if the legislature were fully sensible how extensively seeds of crime are fostered here, the system would not be allowed to go on for a single day.

Dr. Stallard extracts from the report of the Poor-Law Board the fact that there were relieved on the 1st of January, 1866, in thirty metropolitan unions, having a population under 2,000,000, no fewer than 5,539 widows, having 13,615 children under sixteen dependent upon them, and that the estimated number of children thus situated for the whole metropolis was 18,300. It is impossible, as he points out, to estimate from this statement what may be the real number of widows and children actually dependent upon the rates; for, although we may assume that the average number remains the same, the individuals are constantly changing. According to Dr. Stallard's calculations, the actual number of children under

the above conditions, who are relieved during the year, would be about 60,000; and he estimates, taking all classes together, that there are in the metropolis no fewer than '150,000 children whose parents are in a state of chronic indigence requiring occasional relief.' Bearing in mind the usual scale of relief, it must appear clear that the greater number of the widows at least cannot pay for the education of their children, and that many, if not a great majority, of the other classes must be in a like predicament. Yet there is absolutely no provision made by the legislature, or the poor-law authorities, for the free education of these children. Here, then, in the metropolis of our 'most Christian country,' in the centre of civilisation, and under the wing of our humane and Christian laws, many thousands of children are being brought up with no further provision for their education than the efforts of private charity such as ragged schools and kindred institutions are able to make. Instead of marvelling at the exhibitions of youthful depravity, the wonder should be that we have not more wickedness and crime. We must not persuade ourselves into the belief that these things can be safely allowed to go on. The evil is assuming such formidable proportions that we are left no choice in the matter, we must either grapple with it or succumb to it.

This is not the first time that the mal-administration of the poor-laws has threatened great danger to the country. Under the former system the poor were idle and depraved; nor was this the worst form of the evil. In the year 1832, during "a period of great prosperity, we find that portion of England, in which the poor-laws had had their greatest operation, and in which by much the larger expenditure of poor-rates had been made, the scene of daily riot and nightly incendiarism."* Meanwhile, the condition of the independent labourer was deplorable in the extreme. This state of things had existed, with more or less intensity, during the greater part of the reign of George III., and the matter seriously engaged the attention of the Legislature during the administration of Mr. Pitt. In the year 1796, and in two succeeding sessions of Parliament, Mr. Whitbread brought forward a bill, the object of which was to fix the minimum rate of wages throughout the country. The bill was supported by the leader of the opposition, the celebrated Mr. Fox, and was opposed by Mr. Pitt in a full, clear, and conclusive speech. At the same time, Mr. Pitt † gave it as his opinion, that the administration of the

* 'Encyclopœdia Britannica.'

† See 'Parliamentary Debates,' Vol. 32.

poor-laws was responsible for the deplorable condition of the poor; and he considered that it was necessary to bring it back to principles more in conformity with the original object. He made a variety of suggestions and comments, many of which are in unison with the plan actually adopted nearly 40 years afterwards by the Poor-law Commissioners. One part of Mr. Pitt's scheme, which he put into the form of a Bill,* though it was never actually before the House, was the establishment of schools of industry throughout the country. In them the children and able-bodied paupers were to be taught trades, and thus put into the way of earning their own livelihood. The scheme, Mr. Pitt informs us, was fortified by the authority of no less men than Sir Matthew Hale and Mr. Locke. Well had it been for the country if it had been adopted. There is no doubt that Mr. Pitt saw far into the future; he perceived beforehand the accumulations of pauperism which unchecked ignorance was to bring upon the country; he went straight to the root of the evil; idleness and ignorance, he tells us, were the origin of the disastrous state of things then; and surely they are the origin of a disastrous state of things now. The greater part of Mr. Pitt's speech would be equally applicable to the present, as to the then state of things. He might have been speaking to-day instead of 70 years ago, and his enlightened suggestions should yet be considered. But what has become of all this valuable scheme? Where is the provision for the industrial school? The workhouse is the school of industry: unavoidable idleness is its chief feature. Let us look at the waste of human life and energy; let us walk up and down the long dreary wards; observe the listless faces of the inmates; count their numbers; ask their histories; and then come to the conclusion, if we can, that the country is doing the best it can for the poor.

Whilst we advocate an amended system of out-door relief, we do not wish to be understood as advocating the giving of relief in this form only, and the abolition of workhouses. The workhouse is in many cases the best and the proper form of relief; but we would have guardians of the poor make a careful investigation into each case that is brought before them, and make the relief sufficient for the purpose for which it is intended. The scale of relief is now, as we have shown, too often so low as to be a mere mockery. Whilst agreeing heartily with what Dr. Stallard says on this head, we think he stretches the point too far, for he seems to launch out into a crusade against all workhouse relief whatsoever. We cannot

* As to heads of Mr. Pitt's bill, see Appendix to 'Eden's State of the Poor.'

and do not complain of a genuine offer of the asylum of the workhouse to poor who can best be relieved in that way. The duty of guardians is twofold,—to do their very best for the poor and for the ratepayers. The indictment we bring against them is, that they apply the workhouse test not as a genuine offer of relief, but in order to cast off and repel the poor; and we say that in so doing they are neglecting their duty both to the ratepayer and to the poor. The poor are too often, to use their own language, 'threatened with the house,' and if the needy were to accept the offer, the ratepayers would plainly perceive the neglect of their interests. As it is, the neglect of the interests of the poor is, in most cases, the only neglect apparent. But this state of things most assuredly tells upon the rates in time, for nothing can be clearer than that, if we keep needy families in destitution, we shall breed pauperism.

Dr. Stallard, whilst showing the large increase of pauperism of late years, brings out another very ugly fact, namely, that in the poorer unions the relief per head has been gradually decreasing, very much in the same proportion that the number of paupers has been increasing. He gives us, in a tabular form, the statistics of Poor-law administration in St. George's, Southwark, in which the two facts appear side by side. We might, from this, estimate that in 22 years, from 1843 to 1865, the amount of relief has been halved, while, at the same time, the amount of pauperism has been doubled, as has also the annual expenditure. The chief cause for the diminution of the amount of relief appears to be the pressure of the rates in these unions. The separation between the east and west of London becomes every day greater. The poor congregate in one end, and the rich in the other. In the poorer unions the poor are left to take care of themselves, and, in many cases, those who are themselves but one step above the pauper class are impoverished by the payment of very high rates. Things move in a vicious circle; as pauperism increases, rates increase, whilst ability to pay the rates diminishes and consequently the amount of relief diminishes also. Dr. Stallard draws attention to this matter, and his remarks on it are very just. Perfect equalisation of the poor-rates all over the metropolis is, he shows, a necessity. One difficulty, above all others, presents itself on this branch of the subject. Granted a general equal rate, what provision shall be made for its administration? Will the ratepayers of Paddington consent that their funds should be administered by the guardians of Whitechapel and Bethnal Green? We think not. Dr. Stallard boldly faces this question, and his suggestion is this, that there should be a paid and responsible executive:—

'A small representative central board, presided over by an inspector of the Poor-law Board, as the lieutenant of the poor-law minister. The number of this board should be limited, to fix the responsibility upon the individual members, to make it strong in administrative power, and to give it efficient control over all the local authorities, whether paid or otherwise. The board should have a paid secretary, medical officer, and architect; and its duties and expenditure should be defined and controlled by the president of the Poor-law Board and the auditor whom he appoints. In the next place this board must divide London into a sufficient number of districts for the administration of out-door relief, placing each district under the control of a poor-law magistrate, who shall occupy the same relation to poverty as the stipendiary magistrate does to crime. The cases are parallel; the remedy should be the same.'

But this is begging the whole question. Are the cases parallel? Historically they are not, socially they are not, and we are at a loss to know in what respects they are. All social questions are 'of the deepest importance,' all 'involve the prosperity, happiness, and moral condition of every class,' and, of course, every difficulty of administration needs 'the highest administrative capacity for its successful management.' The proposed new magistrate would be directly responsible to the central board 'for the efficient relief of the poor, and the judicious expenditure of the rates,' and Dr. Stallard thinks that 'with a responsibility thus positive and direct there would be ample guarantee that the duties would be carried out to the satisfaction of all ratepayers, both rich and poor.' The duties, however, would be somewhat perplexing, for the magistrate would 'be directed to put himself in association with local philanthropy and charity, the resources of which are to be exhausted before the public funds are infringed upon.' We must confess we should not envy the position of this official. He is to be mixed up with the jealousies of local charities, and the reformed administration of the poor laws is to be ushered in by directing its officer to forage up the proceeds of local charity before he proceeds to touch the compulsory rates with which he is appointed to deal. Whether this scheme, even if it could be carried out, is likely to forward Dr. Stallard's professed object of inducing a 'uniformity in the administration of out-door relief, and a proper consideration for the wants of the poor,' we leave our readers to judge for themselves. What is to be done with the present Boards of Guardians, we are hardly able to make out. It is not proposed 'to abolish them as they already exist.' They are to meet weekly as they do at present. They are to be a 'board of real guardians of the poor,' who are to 'sympathise with their distresses, and speak out for them when they are too sensitive to expose their wants.' They are 'to co-operate with the magistrate;' and thus, 'acting harmoniously together, the Board of Guardians and the poor-law magistrate will inform each other of the duties they respec-

tively undertake. The one will recommend and the other will have power to provide all that the poor require.' We do not propose to weary our readers by pointing out the extravagances of this scheme, but we have a word to say with reference to the proposal for the appointment of a poor-law magistrate. It is the favourite remedy in our days for every abuse to appoint a stipendiary, a 'responsible officer,' an inspector, whose business it is to see that the abuse is no longer carried on. We pay these officers good round salaries, and then we imagine that the abuse is at an end. Yet we appeal to experience to say whether this method has invariably proved a success. What do our inspectors of nuisances do, at least in the metropolis? Even in this very matter of the poor-laws, what has the poor-law inspector been about, all these years? How came it that the abuses lately made public in workhouse infirmaries sprang up under his very nose? There is more money wasted by the country on inspectors and sub-inspectors than we care to inquire. It is always assumed that an inspector is an intelligent man who is sure to do his duty. If this were so, we should not hear of the abuses we see now.

The Poor-law Board must undertake a more direct supervision of all the local authorities in the metropolis. For this purpose it must appoint competent inspectors, as, indeed, within the last few months it seems to have been doing. All this is a necessity; but let us go no further. We cannot approve of the scheme for the appointment of a poor-law magistrate; for although we do not believe, with Dr. Stallard, that volunteer agents could be found who would act satisfactorily as overseers of the poor, and look after the minor details of relief, still we do believe that there are many persons both willing to act and capable of acting as guardians of the poor. They fail now, it is true; and why? One reason is that the law asks them to perform impossibilities. 'There are,' says Dr. Stallard, 'at the present moment considerably more than 5,000 persons in the receipt of relief from the Greenwich Board of Guardians. Upwards of 800 cases have to be considered weekly. The board divides itself into two sections, and works hard and rapidly for more than three hours.' What wonder that 'entire absence of consideration is shown towards the circumstances of the applicants!' Put the guardians in charge of districts that they can manage, of parishes instead of unions, of districts sub-divided into workable portions, and we believe they will be found capable of performing the work. Another cause of the failures of the guardians lies in the *personnel* of which the boards are for the most part composed. But whose

fault is that? We cannot pass an act of Parliament to compel the rich, the intelligent, and the educated to come forward to act as guardians of the poor. Under these circumstances it is hardly good taste to rant about guardians being 'petty shopkeepers' and so forth, however much we may deplore that such is the fact.

As the principle of the unions of parishes must, for most purposes, be overturned by an equalization of the rates, there cannot be any objection to going back to a system similar to the old parochial system for the purposes of administration. The fund derived from the equal rates must necessarily be collected under the direct supervision of the Poor-law Board, which will have to make its allowances to the guardians of the different districts and parishes; and the local jealousy which one union might have of the administration of its funds by the guardians of another, would dwindle to a minimum and disappear, when the particular funds could not be traced. We claim for this plan the merit of feasibility. Let us adhere to the principle of local government as long as possible, assured, as we are, that it is far more economical, and that, in the particular case of the administration of the poor-laws, the local knowledge brought to bear, even by 'petty shopkeepers,' is of greater value than at first-sight may appear. Another consideration, which should make us hesitate before appointing stipendiary officers, is, that when we are once saddled with them we can never, if we wish, come back to the voluntary and honorary system.

The whole subject of the administration of our poor-laws is clouded over with difficulties, which, to a thoughtful mind, make the consideration of it most interesting; more especially as the daily increasing importance of the subject, from whatever point of view we like to look at it, can hardly be exaggerated. It is to be hoped that a reformed parliament will give its earnest attention to the matter; but we hardly venture to anticipate that this will be the case, before the public shall be aroused from its apathy on the subject.

AUNT LUCRETIA'S EXPERIENCE IN LIMITED LIABILITY.

THERE are many lovely places around the town of C——, which, big as it is, and dirty as it is, has managed to rise up, like a great unsightly mushroom, in the midst of a country of much natural beauty; and by its collieries and drains to

plough up and defile green pastures centuries old, and sparkling streams older still. 'God made the country and man made the town' was often in my mind, when, clear away from the smoke and dust, I had gained some heathy knoll or swelling pasture, and looked backwards and downwards on the brick-and-mortar fungus that grew so rapidly, and threw out its spawn of collieries and cottages so plentifully on all sides, as rejoicing in its strength and fertility. But that great fungus, strange to say, had work to do of a tolerably noble kind—and did it—and the great sky over head that was perhaps weary of looking down so long upon the unbroken quiet of grass, and trees, and budding daisies, in the self-same spot for ages, smiled upon the dirty town and received its smoke into its bosom not ungraciously, trying to arouse in it some sense of fitness and beauty by the sight of its own ever-changing clouds, that, formed of the most shapeless and ragged materials, contrived nevertheless to look admirable and beautiful.

Yes, the town had work to do, of a black, grimy sort, mostly, digging deep down into the earth for materials for light and warmth, a strange backward way of proceeding whilst there were the bright sun and the clear atmosphere from which to procure them and store them, so much more easily, as it would seem; yet, after all, a necessary sort of way for the times in which we live, and the half-knowledge of things and uses that we possess. At first, the digging down had been so imperative that the opposite process of building up had been little attended to, and rows of rough miners' cottages, shaky and ill built, were all that were thought of, and people housed above as they could, that they might work below all the more. But in forty years or so, which was the time that C—— had been progressing from a sleepy village among elms and buttercups, to a great straggling town among coal-pits and steam-engines, there was money enough and there was time enough to think of something better; and, gradually, houses that had been put together by a journeyman bricklayer, and then contrived by a builder, came to be designed by an architect, and to assume important and well proportioned aspects. So as C—— promised to build with the years more and more houses of this kind, and churches and chapels also, an architect naturally took up his abode in it, opened an office, furnished with tables, and drawing boards, and plans of churches and public halls, furnished also with one or two young men to sit at thesesame tables and use the square, and the rule, and the compasses, and produce grand elevations and elaborate, if not strikingly new, 'details.' This architect's work was part of the tolerably noble sort of work that I said before was performed

at C——; and, as I was one of the workers, I may perhaps be allowed to say, that two of us,—Cornelius Haythorn and myself, Anthony Crocket, with the help of our master, did as much as in us lay to improve and beautify the overgrown, rumbling, smoky town in which we dwelt. I liked my work, and my work liked me, for from a small pale lad of fifteen, rather given to grumbling, I was growing up into a decent sized youth of nineteen or thereabouts, with healthily coloured cheeks, and a cheerful temperament.

I said that there are many lovely places around the town of C——. One of these was always pleasant enough in my eyes; it was in the centre of a tiny hollow, not worth styling a valley, so I will call it a dimple of green land, that came upon you just as you entered the last twist of a spiral lane that had 'natural selection' enough in it to wander in and out among the fields as though to see what each of them was made of. Here, in this dimple, under the shadow of a couple of sycamores, and under the shelter of a high-pitched roof with dormer windows of a particularly drowsy aspect, lived my maiden aunt, Lucretia Crocket, and it was my delight once or twice a week on summer evenings to stroll out after tea from C——, and putting my head under her roof-tree, to sit talking with her of my office, and my prospects in life, not very bright ones at present in the money way, or of her office and her prospects in life, or rather possessions. Her office I did not consider quite so important a one as my own,—but then it was a thousand times more cheery and snug. Not that we were not thoroughly respectable and that sort of thing, at Mr. Palladio Plumber's; our office desks and tables were models of architectural propriety, not to say luxury; our floors were matted as thickly as a church aisle, and our walls were hung with framed perspectives of vast orphan asylums large as palaces, and of grandly spired and windowed churches, not like Melrose Abbey to be seen but by moonlight, but courting the broadest of daylight to display their pictured fairness of proportion, the clever drawing of Plumber, Haythorn, and Crocket. But I am not now writing of our office; I am writing, or intending to write of Aunt Lucretia's little drawing room, with its modern bay window facing the midsummer sunset, and its mullioned early English ditto, letting in the noonday brightness—though *I* did not see it much at these times. When I usually came to it, early shadows were stealing over the dimple in which it stood and across the garden, and shutting up the eyes of the dormer windows, and sending the birds to bed in the ivy that clustered about its north gable, and giving the 'elevation' generally an air of repose and hush

that I rather liked, especially as it helped to conceal one or two notable defects of the old house, where a former ambitious proprietor had tried to castellate and wing an otherwise interesting gabled cottage. I was once savage enough to say that I should have liked to have winged him with my double-barrelled rifle, when he did it. Castellate a gabled cottage! Think of the enormity! When I went inside, I was almost sure to find Aunt Lucretia peacefully knitting in her arm chair at a huge counterpane that she intended to give to my mother to put on her best bed—it was exactly like one she had on her own, which had been my mother's admiration for years, excepting the border, which was after a design of mine from an antique guillochis. On my entering the room she would raise her head, smile, and ask how I was, bid me be seated, and after a quarter of an hour's backward and forward talk, now of past times and now of prospects, she would say, looking towards an open book on the table, 'I think we left off where Ulysses met Nausican, or where Quentin Durward arrived at Liege with the Countess; or where Adam Bede heard his father's ghost at the door'—whichever it might be; and I would lift up the book and read to her for an hour or so, while she knitted quietly at the guillochis, or laid down her work to listen the better, when a passage of great interest occurred. After the reading, came supper, and a pleasant talk over the meal, interspersed with anecdotical reminiscences of the day by me, which sometimes made her laugh, and sometimes cry out in astonishment, either result being equally delightful to me. To make Aunt Lucretia think me and my compeers at the office, or elsewhere, the most wonderful young men that ever existed, was, I am afraid, rather too tempting a task for me. After supper, I had a walk back by moonlight or starlight, and sometimes by no light, but by a thick soundless darkness that was only curious, not disagreable, since I knew every inch of the road home to Mr. Plumber's. Now and then I was able to get to Aunt Lucretia's earlier, on a Sunday, or at some holiday, when I would be invited to tea, and then we had a walk together, she and I, through her garden, and then she would describe to me every flower and shrub, with its time of immigration and history since, and with an absorbed love for each that made her sometimes forget that I might not care as much for a marigold as she did. When the garden had been gone through we would walk across fields and lanes to the church on the hill,—not C—— church, but one much older, with the chancel window full of glorious old stained glass, with Norman pillars and arches in the nave, and with a beautiful gothic

porch. About this old church we would walk, or Aunt Lucretia would sit on the stile, or under the great yew tree, while I would sketch bits of its exterior, and talk to her the while of my architectural hopes—how I expected to build churches some day, as beautiful as this might have been in its first days of perfection; how I should become famed, save money enough to go abroad—to Belgium and Italy, there to study for still higher honours and achievements. My visit to Italy was always the last converging point of my dreams and hopes. I must get fame and money first, for, alas! I had no money, absolutely none, to begin the world with. And Aunt Lucretia would say gently, but rather sadly, 'All in good time, Anthony—all in good time! perhaps the way will come for you to go abroad; if not, you must struggle upwards as so many have done before you.' That was true, and I was prepared to struggle. When Mr. Plumber and I were free of each other, I was to go to a London office, and take a situation for improvement, for some year or two, and then—what?—One of those strange but fortunate chances would be sure to befall me, as they had befallen all men who had risen, and I should be able to swim on my own account on the great ocean of life, buoyant and successful, of course. This was what hope said, but hope did not always speak, and when doubt came, the weight that brought down hope's shuttlecock as surely as ever it was sent up—doubt told me quite another story. Want of money with doubt, meant want of patrons; want of opportunity for the display of talent, want of talent itself, perhaps: want of everything desirable for a young architect on commencing the world. And as I spoke to Aunt Lucretia without let or hindrance, and just as naturally and as wildly as I would, the tales doubt told, went to her ear, as surely as the hopes, and she learned to sigh for me and with me. She was ready to sympathize with me at all times and on all occasions.

I had another Aunt, a widow, who was not so ready. It is true that in conjunction with Aunt Lucretia she had found the money to article me to Mr. Plumber, and to her I was indebted for half my pocket-money, but I should as soon have thought of talking confidentially to my drawing-board about my future, as of doing so to Aunt Kezia. I once, indeed, named Italy to her in one of my moments of abstraction, but was quickly roused by the scornful exclamation of 'Travel to Italy—Cobwebs!' by which I knew at once and for ever that she utterly repudiated the notion, and would have none of it. Now, where other people would say 'Pish!' and 'Pshaw,' Aunt Kezia always said 'Cobwebs,' an expression she had gathered in her life-long warfare with those untidy adjuncts to the

interior of a house. I can safely say that such a thing never had time to be woven in her primly kept mansion,—a spick-and-span new brick house, with square front, ditto back and sides, Venetian blinds and patent shutters, a mile or two further out from C——than dear Aunt Lucretia's, so that I had a good excuse always ready for my seldom visits;—but still, the word 'cobweb' was ever at hand to be employed with withering emphasis when she met with anything obnoxious to her ideas of propriety and right. At my mother's, let me whisper it, we sometimes called Aunt Kezia, Aunt Cobwebs—(she never reads magazines, so that she will not see this confession) and it is no wonder that we were tempted to do so, for she thought us both cobwebby enough, and did not hesitate to say so. But Aunt Lucretia received more than her due share of the appellation; her open, unsuspicious, sympathizing nature was exactly the reverse of the shrewd, cautious, cold temperament of Aunt Kezia, who thought every man a foe, 'till she had proved him to be a friend, just the reverse of Aunt Lucretia, who was ready to see a friend in every face 'till she found to her cost, over and over again, an enemy or a wrong doer.

One quiet dewdroppy evening in May, I was, as usual, on my way to the cottage in the dimple, and with me I had a rather formidable looking roll of 'double Elephant,' which I carried in my right hand with a comfortable feeling that it looked professional, and which contained on its inner side an ambitious design for a church, thought out and executed by myself in my leisure hours. It was a master piece of a church, in my opinion, and had several very striking features about it, quite original ones, and had niches and statues enough distributed over its exterior to give it a very rich and relieved air. I was taking it to Aunt Lucretia, that she might judge from her own observation of what her nephew was capable, and that she might once more echo with me the wish of my heart—Italy. I had just read the 'Stones of Venice' in a fever of enthusiasm. I wanted to see those 'stones,' and to compare them with my church, so fair and glorious on paper, which I fondly thought would not quite shame Venice even,—but how could I truly tell that, unless I went to see? Swinging-to the garden gate and striding joyfully over the garden path, I entered the well known house, impatient till I could spread out my plan before one who, I felt sure, would appreciate both it and me. Aunt Lucretia was in her usual easy chair, but instead of her knitting, she had in her hand a large printed paper, which she seemed to have been attentively perusing. She put it down as I came in, and her eyes were brighter,

and her cheeks redder than usual as she looked at me benevolently over her spectacles, and said, 'Well—Anthony.' My cheeks too were redder than their wont, but it was with the pleasurable excitement I felt at the prospect of showing her my design. She glanced a moment at the long roll of paper in my hand, and then said, '*You* have a paper, too, I see. Well, my dear, we will look at yours first, and then you shall see mine.' So I spread out the great sheet of paper, and waited silently to receive her commendations. 'Is that drawing all yours, Anthony?' 'Yes, Aunt, every line of it.' 'Wonderful! Beautiful!' were her exclamations. 'My dear, you will be a great architect some day.' 'Do you really think so, Aunt? Ah, if I could only go to Italy!' Aunt Lucretia turned her glance from the paper to myself, and said, half dreamily, as if talking to herself, 'That may not be impossible after all—thirty-two and a half per cent. would do it,' and then in a louder wide-a-wake tone, 'If I live, Anthony, and all is well—you shall go the year after next.' 'Me, Aunt? Go to Italy?' I asked in my joyful surprise, scarcely able to believe I had heard aright. 'Yes, you, Anthony! Why not? As I said before, thirty-two and a half per cent. would do it.' And then smiling as she saw my look of bewilderment at her last words 'You don't understand me, I see. Come then, leave your own plan for a little while, and listen to mine. It is a very important one, though it does not at first sight look so attractive. But first, you know what Limited Liability is?' 'Yes, Aunt, it is——'

'Now I like Limited Liability,' said my Aunt, going on without waiting for my explanation. 'It is just suited for such people as myself—people with small incomes, who could not afford to lose much, and yet who want to increase their incomes in a legitimate way. All that I have, is, as you know, Anthony, invested in the three-per-cents.; seven thousand pounds—a nice little sum, if it were out at better interest, which I've long wished it could be, but never had the opportunity 'till now. Now a wise and paternal government has seen this want, and provided a way by which people like myself may have the advantage of embarking in trade without serious risk. Mr. Fox, the lawyer, has been up this morning to see me, and has presented me with a prospectus of a company working on this principle of Limited Liability;—his brother, a highly respectable man—I knew him when he was a curly-headed little boy, no bigger than you were when your poor father died, my dear, and have given him many a sugar stick,—dear me, how time does pass, to be sure!—is now in London, and is solicitor to this company; so, you see, I shall

feel as if I were among neighbours and friends when I join it. His father and my father lived next door to each other for twenty years. Mr. Fox tells me it is perfectly safe and highly respectable. But I will read you what the prospectus says :'—and Aunt Lucretia after this long preface from her, began to read from the long sheet of paper she was studying when I entered the house. 'The Patent Atmospheric Marine Sponge Company, Limited.' She laid a particular emphasis on *Limited*. 'Capital £20,000, in 20,000 shares of £1 each, with authority granted to increase to £100,000.' Then came a list of directors, banker, solicitors, managing-directors, marine engineer, auditor, secretary, &c., all of which names aunt read out with much clearness and evident enjoyment. Every one of them was, in her eyes, a strong spoke in the wheel that was to roll her on to fortune. She went on: 'This Company is registered and incorporated for the purpose of procuring sponges from the Mediterranean, and raising them by means of patent apparatus, the exclusive property of the Company.'

"The amount of the value of the sponges annually imported into Great Britain has been variously estimated at from one to three million pounds sterling, or upwards of £8,000 per day, and the demand has increased nearly threefold within the last ten or twelve years." 'The reason of that no doubt is, the Baths and Washhouses, my dear,—and I'm sure its a comforting reflection to think that this Company will make sponges much cheaper for the requirements of the labouring classes, who, poor things, have not had too much washing and sponging hitherto.'

"This Company having purchased and secured patents for Great Britain and America, on entirely new and sound principles, for raising sponges from the Mediterranean, propose to construct apparatus, which it is anticipated will procure them to the value of upwards of £50,000 per annum. As a commercial undertaking, this Company offers a promising and safe investment for either large or small capitalists,—and the directors, having satisfied themselves of the valuable character of the invention, are determined no effort shall be spared in bringing the Company to a successful issue, both mechanically and financially. Rough estimate of the probable annual dividends to be realised by this Company, when in operation, and with a suitable set of aparatus;"—'hum—hum—hum—it will be sufficient to say, my dear,' running her eye quickly down a long list of figures, "that the total net profit is estimated at £9,750. This profit, which the directors believe is a fair approximate estimate, would enable the Company to declare

a dividend of 32½ per cent., when the shares would be worth in the market, from £5 to £8 per share!"

Aunt Lucretia laid down the paper with a triumphant air, and put her spectacles by its side on the table. 'And now, Anthony, you know what I meant when I said that 32½ per cent. on my £3,000 let us say, for I shall not put in all my money, will find abundance to send you to Italy, and provide amply for your studies there, as well as find me a few more luxuries than I have hitherto been able to get. I'm sure I feel extremely obliged to Mr. Fox for bringing me this prospectus; he might, you know, have quite forgotten me, though we have been acquainted so long; I'm sure I take it as very neighbourly of him.'

'Very,' I replied, overjoyed at my brightening prospects. 'And to think that I shall really see Venice, St. Mark's and the Campanile, the Grand Canal, and the Rialto, and all those glorious places and churches! Oh, Aunt Lucretia, it is really too kind of you!'

'Nay, my dear, I shall enjoy your pleasure as much as if it were my own. You will send me long letters of what you see, and what you learn, and I shall send them to Janet, and Aunt Kezia, who will be forced to confess that——'

What Aunt Kezia would be forced to confess I never heard, though she entered the room at this moment, to give account if she had been inclined. 'She was walking to town,' she said, 'and had called here on her way,' and, as she spoke, her sharp eyes regarded us both with an air which said, 'What have you two silly fools been talking about, to make you look so pleased?' A cold breeze came with her into the room. A *cold* breeze? a frosty breeze I may say, which seemed to wither up the flower of my hopes, like a sharp night in December. My plan was still lying spread open upon the table, and at once Aunt Kezia applied her eye-glass to it. 'What grand place is this?' said she, critically. 'At all events it has windows enough, windows and pinnacles,—it has as many points as a pincushion full of pins. This your work, Anthony?' 'Yes, Aunt.' 'Well, it's not so bad, perhaps, for a beginner,' she added, in a tone meant to be gracious.—'*Not so bad for a beginner!*' Was that the way in which she talked of the glorious design which was to hold its own even among the churches of Venice? I felt indignant, but dared not show my indignation, and stood silent and mortified at her side. And now Aunt Lucretia interposed, sympathising with my mortification and wishing to assist me out of it. 'I have been telling Anthony that some day he will make a great architect, sister,—all in good time you know yet; the drawing

is very beautiful, I'm sure, and he deserves great credit for his pains, so I'm thinking of sending him abroad next year, to Italy, perhaps, for a few months, to study, it will be such a fine opportunity for him.'

Aunt Kezia opened wide her eyes. 'Do you know what it will cost to send him to Italy for a few months, sister Lucretia? Two hundred pounds, if a penny: you talk as if it were as easy to get to Rome as it is to go to London. Don't fill the lad's head with nonsense. Two hundred pounds are not found on every bush!' 'That's true,' said Aunt Lucretia, 'and Anthony and I don't expect to find them there,' and she looked at me with a satisfied smile; 'but now my income is going to be so much larger, I shall be able to afford two hundred pounds very well, there will be no need to come upon you at all.'

'Your income going to be larger?' asked Aunt Kezia in astonishment. 'What more can you get out of the three per cents? What's in the wind now?'

Aunt Lucretia put in her hand the prospectus with an important look. 'Read that, sister,' she said, 'and then you will see that I am to have 32½ per cent.' Again the eyeglass was brought into use, but put down again almost more quickly than it had been after examining the design. Then, with an amount of scorn which it would utterly fail me to describe, she threw the paper from her upon the table, and said, 'Cobwebs! Sister Lucretia you are a fool!'

'I hope not,' she replied, calmly. 'At all events I am intending to try the Company.' 'And if you do, you'll bitterly repent it, that's all I have to say. A company of adventurers!'

'Don't you see that Mr. Fox is solicitor,—Andrew Fox that you and I nursed many a time? He's no adventurer, Kezia.'

'If you had said he's no goose, you would have said better—he's a fox; but all lawyers are foxes, for that matter! Thirty-two and a half per cent.! Thirty-two and a half Cobwebs!'

And, after having given utterance to this strong denunciation, Aunt Kezia flounced out of the room.

I looked at Aunt Lucretia in dismay, but there was not the tiniest ruffle or wrinkle on her quiet face. Cobwebs certainly had no great terrors for her, and even thirty-two and a half of them had not been able to dim the pleasant light in her eyes. Mr. Fox had known how to talk her over to some purpose that day. Her faith in him and his prospectus was unabated. 'Don't be downhearted, Anthony,' said she to me, 'roll up your plan, my dear, and put it where you'll be able to find it

when you start for Italy, you'll want it then to good purpose, you know.' And she gave me one of her brightest smiles. 'I wrote a letter to my agent this very day to sell out £3,000, and you and I won't be baulked by a few cobwebs.'

Of course I smiled back again, and of course I was soon as full of hope as ever, and before I left her that night we had fetched out the great atlas from the glass bookcase, and had traced out my journey through Italy. I was not only to visit Venice, but Rome and Florence, Pisa and Bologna, and every other town and city of architectural note. I was in the seventh heaven of delight and anticipation.

Aunt Lucretia's £3,000, then, went to procure sponges, not all at once, but gradually, as call after call was made on her during the summer. Flattering accounts were received by her of the progress of the Company, as reported by the directors at shareholders' meetings, and sent abroad on hot-pressed grandly printed circulars amongst them and their friends. The patent plucking apparatus (so called because it plucked the sponge off the rocks) was working well, and immense stores of the useful article were already placed in the Company's warehouses, to be sent to the North Pole when the next whaling season began, for use among the Esquimaux and Greenlanders, who, it was notorious, were far too oily to be cleanly, and needed every inducement, cheap sponges included, to bring their skins into good order. So prosperous did the Company report itself to be, by the mouths of the directors, that some enthusiastic shareholders, wishing to paint the lily and adorn the rose, subscribed a considerable amount of money for the purpose of obtaining life-size portraits in oil of the principal directors, to hang up in the board room, as everlasting mementos of their virtues and capabilities in the management of the plucking apparatus and the cause of suction generally. Beautiful portraits of these gentlemen were produced, and unveiled in the presence of a large company met together to drink tea and praise each other. Aunt Lucretia could not attend this tea meeting, which she greatly regretted; but she read me, a few nights afterwards, a long and glowing account of it, in a small newspaper published specially by the Company, entitled 'The Marine Friend.'

As matters were progressing so satisfactorily with the Sponge Company, Aunt Lucretia thought she could not do better than invest £2,000 more, not in the same company, but in two of the most promising of the many dozens whose prospectuses were sent to us about that time. Limited Liability companies were rising up on all sides, and for every imaginable purpose, and lawyers, auditors, and directors were having a most

pleasing and profitable time of it. So also were shareholders, according to their reports, and many a hoard that was safely laid by in some old-fashioned, steady-going, three or four per cent.-paying-company was sold to be reinvested in some of the many new schemes afloat—promising to gain twenty per cent. and upwards—by businesses as substantial, if we may judge by the result, as building palaces in the moon, or making roadways to Sirius. But I am proceeding too rapidly. Aunt Lucretia's sponges at all events were real. A specimen had been sent to her by one of the directors, of those very interesting zoophytes, gathered off the coast of Barbary by the patent plucking apparatus; and she and I looked with almost a species of affection at the wonderful vegetables (if I am not wrong in the designation) that were to turn three per cent. into thirty-two and a half, for our benefit. A fine specimen was sent to Aunt Kezia—as a sort of peace-offering—but the offering was returned with the word *cobweb* written on the envelope in large letters. After that, we never ventured to name the company again to her. However, we quite enjoyed our prosperity without her sympathy, and our talk together on those long summer evenings was unusually interesting. Ulysses and Adam Bede were laid aside, and dissertations on architecture and books of Italian travels took their place. My mother's counterpane was finished, and Aunt Lucretia was now busy knitting me warm socks and comfortables for the passage over the Alps. More exciting events occurred, too. One fine morning I was aroused from my work of colouring the ground plan of a new Methodist Chapel in Mr. Plumber's back office, by the news that a lady in a carriage wished to speak with me. To my astonishment the lady proved to be no other than my dear old aunt of Sycamore cottage, seated in a tiny, but very pretty pony carriage. 'What do you think of it, Anthony?' she said, almost before I had time to shake hands with her. I expressed my surprise and pleasure, and especially admired the pony, a long-tailed, bright-eyed little fellow, almost black. 'Yes,' she replied, 'he's very handsome; he belonged to Mr. Fox's mother, who's dead, poor old lady, and I have bought him very cheap, he assures me. Ask Mr. Plumber to give you a two hours' holiday, my dear, and we'll have a drive together.'

What a drive was that!

C—— and its environs never looked so lovely. There was neither heat, nor dust, nor rain, nor wind, it was the perfection of a day for our purpose. The pony went beautifully. I drove—proud enough to handle whip and reins—and Aunt Lucretia talked at my side with a smile that never ceased. My

pleasure made hers complete. 'I think I may venture upon this little extravagance, especially as *you* like it so much,' was her speech, when I asked her about its cost. 'When you go to Italy, I shall lay it down, for I shall have nobody to drive me then, and I'm getting too old to care about driving myself; but this summer we will enjoy ourselves. What a pleasure it is to feel that you need not look anxiously after every shilling.' This observation I assented to very joyfully. When I returned to my desk and drawing, my hand was not quite so steady as usual, and I felt the least bit in the world elevated. It was something to have an aunt who kept a pony carriage! Cornelius Haythorn, who is a good fellow enough generally, used to jeer me about that time at my being what he called 'uppish,' and taking airs. I was not at all aware of it, and thought his observations very ill-natured; but I have concluded since that he might be right. A little prosperity, like a little sunshine with persons who have weak eyes, dazzles, and things do not appear exactly with their true proportions. As the favoured nephew of an aunt getting so rapidly rich, I held up my head, I daresay, a little too high, and talked provokingly of the joys of my Italian tour, and the fame in store for me. And it certainly must have been provoking to Haythorn, who had no such rose-coloured prospects, and certainly no aunt with £3,000 worth of shares in the Patent Atmospheric Marine Sponge Company.

Autumn came, and new desires budded in the mind of dear Aunt Lucretia. She had been content to stay at home in former years, and to hear of the coming in of tidal waves rather than to see them. Her small income had not been favourable for sea-side excursions. But now, 'It was quite different,' she said. The box of sponges had brought with it a strong scent of the ocean into Sycamore Cottage, and every time she opened it, which was pretty often, memories came to her, with its peculiar unmistakeable odour, of days of her youth spent on the sands, in shell-gathering and donkey-riding, of fresh sea breezes, and half-crown sails to Anemone Bay and the Lighthouse. These thoughts of her own youthful pleasures led her to think of mine, and without more ado than just the asking permission from my master, it was arranged that I should accompany her on a fortnight's excursion to Shingle, a favourite sea-bathing place, chosen in preference to others chiefly for the reason that amongst the many flints of its chalky beach were to be found fossil sponges in great profusion. 'Next to seeing them growing, Anthony,' she said, 'which I confess I should much like to do, though I suppose I should have to go down with the plucking

apparatus to do it, and that might be dangerous, is the pleasure of seeing them with your own eyes, roll in, wet with the waves, in their fossil form, and that pleasure we will have.'

On our way we called at the offices of the Company of Marine Sponges, in London, to see the managing director. Must I whisper it? Very tiny, tiny doubts had arisen in aunt's mind, not as to the stability of the Company, but as to its wisdom in agreeing to amalgamate with another company that plucked sponges of an inferior kind, and from other waters. 'The cheapest things are always the dearest,' was the paradoxical proverb that she used to express this doubt. 'And if I could have helped it, this amalgamation should never have been. But what is my vote among so many? I am as helpless as a straw in the whirlpool in the matter. However we will see the managing director, and hear from him how it all is.' We found the offices in one of the largest thoroughfares of mighty London. 'A very creditable and very promising thing,' aunt said, approvingly, as she entered with me the office on the ground floor, and asked to see the manager. We were ushered to a long, well-furnished, business-like room on the first story, the board-room, as we at once knew by the sight of six or eight large oil portraits, kit-kats all, of various sagacious, thoughtful looking gentlemen in black coats, with 'books or work or healthful play' about them, as with the 'busy bee' children, in the shape of heavily plumed, well cut pens, and rolls of interesting-looking manuscript, supposed to be the enlivening and prosperous accounts of the Patent Sponge Company. The manager was not there, he was seeing a gentleman in his private room; so, while we waited, we looked round the long room, admired the portraits, and especially we admired a glass case at the further end in which was artistically inserted, intermixed with corals and gaily coloured sea-weeds, a gigantic piece of sponge. 'Now that is a thought for me,' said Aunt Lucretia; 'when I get home, I will have a glass case made and fill it with my specimens, and while we are at Shingle, Anthony, we will gather seaweed to put about them. It will be a nice ornament for my drawing room.' While she was speaking, the managing director entered. We thought at first that it was some one come to announce his presence, or to convey us to it, so very different did he look from the managing director of our awe-struck imaginations. Instead of an elderly, dignified man, with intensely thoughtful brow and deep set eyes of gravity, on whose broad shoulders might be supposed to rest the weight of so important a company, and in whose ample brain might revolve the cares and schemes of such a great under-

taking, we saw a slight young man of about twenty-two years of age, with bright full eyes, and the smooth round cheek of a girl. But if his cheeks were smooth, his brow was not, and he began to upbraid Aunt Lucretia with having sent him a letter which might, he said, do an immensity of damage. We both stood chidden before him, while he brought out her letter from a private drawer, and read it aloud with sundry comments on its ignorance and absurdity. Not that he used such impolite words as these to a lady and a stranger, but he gave her their equivalents in a softer idiom. The letter sounded to me an innocent and meek letter enough,—it was one written before leaving home—expressing modest doubts about the advantage of the amalgamation, and ending with a regret that one shareholder's vote had so little power in the affair. Mr. Augustus Sells thought it anything but modest; according to him, it was a fire-brand that might have burnt up every sponge on the establishment. When he saw that my Aunt was sufficiently humbled and alarmed, he changed his tone, and talked with much volubility and effect of the bright prospects of the Company. 'The world was all before it where to choose' and pluck its sponges; the apparatus was doing wonders; the directors were marvels of industry, energy, and business tact. What he said was nothing very new; we had read something very like it again and again in the reports; but from him, it had double power to exhilarate. He fairly magnetized us by his full glittering eye—and we left his presence in the highest spirits, ready to enjoy ourselves at Shingle. 'After all,' said Aunt Lucretia, 'it is best to leave these things entirely with the directors. They understand them so much better than I can do. The new company *may* be an acquisition—and I think now, it will. Mr. Sells is a wonderfully clever man, that is certain.'

We watched the tide in and out for a fortnight, as we had intended, and then we returned home, with stores of sea-weed for the glass case. Sycamore Cottage looked cheerful and quiet as ever under the mellow September sunshine, and, as we drew near to it, we little thought what a piece of unrest there was for us inside its walls. 'Any letters, Janet?' said my Aunt. 'Yes, ma'am,' was the maid's reply—'this one came this very morning,' and she presented her mistress with a large business-like letter, addressed to '*Mrs.* Lucretia Crocket.' 'At least they might have addressed me rightly,' said my Aunt, who evidently had forebodings as to the contents of the great circular, for such it was, printed closely on four sides. It contained heavy complaints against the directors of the Sponge Company from some of the shareholders, and prophesied all

sorts of calamities from the recent amalgamation, with, what it styled, a bankrupt company. Aunt Lucretia looked unutterably distressed. Could it be that her confidence had been abused—that her £3,000 were in jeopardy? 'Read it Anthony, and see what you can make of it. To me it seems all a terrible mess!' was her helpless exclamation, as she passed the circular into my hands. I read it as carefully as I could, and the conclusion I came to was not a pleasant one, provided even half of the accusations were true. The Sponge Company was evidently in trouble—involved in legal proceedings, and the helpless prey of unprincipled directors. I was obliged to tell my fears; though I made them as light as I could. Aunt Lucretia said nothing; she only gazed sorrowfully at the new glass case, which she had ordered to be made in her absence, and which stood ostentatiously before her on the table—placed there by Janet's faithful hands, as a pleasant sight on entrance. In a while, however, she ordered it away into the china closet, with the circular laid on the top of it. The next day another circular arrived from the directors, contradicting the first; and when I came at night, I found the glass case had been reinstated in the drawing room, and half filled with sponge and sea weed. My Aunt's spirits were high again, and she employed me half the evening in helping her to arrange the treasures from the sea. We made a very pretty group of them, as we thought, and we should soon have been as hopeful as ever, as the days wore on, only that from time to time came some of those ominous circulars of crimination and recrimination, from wide-awake shareholders in London, and indignant directors. The winter was a gloomy one; my Aunt's cheeks grew paler and thinner, and her eyes sadder. It was evident she was suffering, and that she was dreading still worse news. But she rarely now told me of her troubles; and, on the other hand, I did not revert to them, but tried to make the hours we were together as cheerful as I could. We neither of us spoke of Italy, in those days of suspense and gloom; it dropped away from our conversation as silently but as surely as the last brown leaf dropped from the sycamore. The pony and carriage were sold at a considerable loss; but, as the pony was said to be 'eating his own head off,' a very strange proceeding on the part of the pony, there was no help for it.

And now Aunt Kezia came out in more amiable colours. All the summer of our high hopes she had kept away from Sycamore Cottage; or, if she had come, it was only to look severe and call sponges cobwebs—an incorrect way of speaking very distasteful things to her sister. But, as the days darkened (in two senses), Aunt Kezia made more frequent visits, talked

more graciously, never mentioned sponges, and, what was more remarkable, never once made an observation, good or bad, about the glass case and its marine contents. She listened, too, to my talk about Catherine wheels, apses, and flying buttresses, making no sarcastic puns upon such inviting names; and, very humbly for her, allowed me to give detailed explanations of the three, as though she thought I really might have a little knowledge that she did not possess. I began to half like Aunt Kezia, and ceased to call her, even to myself, Aunt Cobwebs.

Spring came again, showering, bursting, smiling, into leaf. The sycamores unfolded their great broad leaves, everything outside of the little cottage was fair and joyful, everything inside was sad and depressing. Dear Aunt Lucretia was ill. She had taken to her bed the very day that she had received the news of the Patent Atmospheric Marine Sponge Company being in Chancery, for to this untoward end it had come at last, after a winter of quarrelling, and expense, and robbery amongst its managers. Her £3,000 were clearly gone, for when do lawyers leave a bone of contention till it is picked clean as a twice-boiled skeleton? And, worse still, a panic had seized the speculating and commercial world, and the two other Companies in which she had invested £2,000 more, collapsed; but that is far to mild a term, *vanished,* as completely as a bubble which has burst, and almost as quickly. It almost seemed from the trifling records she gained of the career of those two Companies, that her money was no sooner invested than it was gone. If she had thrown her bank notes into the fire, they would scarcely have been more speedily destroyed. Strange, too, most of the directors, who were supposed to have had large investments in the Companies, were found to have saved themselves, and left the flock of innocent trusting shareholders to the wolves.

And Aunt Lucretia had sickened at the news, and kept her room, refusing to be comforted. Aunt Kezia was her attentive nurse; but no word had passed between them about her money losses, as yet. Only to my ears had she revealed them; for, with the nervous shrinking of the invalid, she dreaded to receive those harsh strictures and fault-finding comments she had reason to expect from her sister when she should be acquainted with her calamity.

One evening I had gone up earlier than usual, and found Aunt Lucretia upon the sofa by the fire, wrapped up closely, and looking paler and thinner than ever. She smiled a little when I entered, and then she went on talking in a low voice to Aunt Kezia, who sat close by her, having hold of her hand,

and gazing earnestly and kindly into her face. 'Yes,' she said, 'I've been very foolish not to take your advice. You always said I was too credulous, and I see now that I have been,—now, that I'm ruined, or nearly so. That Sponge Company, and two others, have swallowed up the greater part of my property. I shall have to leave this place, where I have lived so happily for so many years,—to sell up,—to be quite a poor woman. I can do nothing more for Anthony, poor fellow, nothing more for anybody!' and the tears began to roll down her wasted cheeks as she spoke. 'Can you forgive me, Kezia? Why don't you begin to scold me?'

'Because I cannot,' said Aunt Kezia, gruffly, trying to swallow down some deep emotion. 'Because I've been so great a fool myself! Your besetment was sponges and 32½ per cent. Mine was coal and 25 per cent.,—that's all the difference. I thought myself wiser than you, and kept out of the London Companies, but Limited Liability laid hold of me, or rather the reckless adventurers that used it for their own purposes. A Coal Company was started at C——. I knew four of the directors. I thought I was safe. I put in £4,000. It's all gone, and the directors ride in their carriages still, and are likely to do. But I'm not ruined, neither are you, *quite*. So take heart, dear Lucretia,'—and then Aunt Kezia gave way, and sobbed beside her sister, and a tear or two of mine rose up at the same summons.

We tried our best; the doctor tried his best; but Aunt Lucretia did not rally. She lingered out a few weeks longer, and then she left Sycamore Cottage for ever. Everything had to be sold; all her possessions were dispersed to the four winds. Mr. Fox, the lawyer, passed the empty place a few times on his way to town, and then he went to reside in London, to join in partnership with his brother, who had become a man of wealth and importance in those days of broken down Companies, and wanted assistance. The Patent Plucking Apparatus had answered well for him.

Aunt Kezia was compelled to leave her brick mansion, and lives now in a much smaller one; but there are no cobwebs in it of any kind, she declares emphatically, and when she sees Mr. ——, one of the late directors of the Coal Company Limited, go by in his brougham, she asks as emphatically, whether our lawgivers were fools or knaves to leave matters so loosely, that shareholders should have no power to bring reckless and defaulting directors to justice?

SELECTIONS.

SCOTLAND A CENTURY AGO.

Nothing could be more dreary than the aspect which Scotland presented about the middle of last century. Her fields lay untilled, and her mines unexplored, and her fisheries uncultivated. The Scotch towns were for the most part collections of thatched mud cottages, giving scant shelter to a miserable population. The whole country was desponding, gaunt, and haggard, like Ireland in its worst times. The common people were badly fed and wretchedly clothed, those in the country for the most part living in huts with their cattle. Lord Kaimes said of the Scotch tenantry of the early part of last century, that they were so benumbed by oppression and poverty that the most able instructors in husbandry could have made nothing of them. A writer in the 'Farmer's Magazine' sums up his account of Scotland at that time in these words: 'Except in a few instances, it was little better than a barren waste.' The modern traveller through the Lothians—which now exhibit, perhaps, the finest agriculture in the world—will scarcely believe that, less than a century ago, these counties were mostly in the state in which nature had left them. In the interior there was little to be seen but bleak moors and quaking bogs. The chief part of each farm consisted of outfield, or unenclosed land, no better than moorland, from which the hardy black cattle could scarcely gather herbage enough in winter to keep them from starving. The in-field was an enclosed patch of ill-cultivated ground, on which oats and 'bear,' or barley, was grown; but the principal crop was weeds. Of the small quantity of corn raised in the country, nine-tenths were grown within five miles of the coast, and of wheat very little was raised—not a blade north of the Lothians. When the first crop of that grain was tried on a field near Edinburgh, about the middle of last century, people flocked to it as a wonder. Clover, turnips, and potatoes had not yet been introduced, and no cattle were fattened. It was with difficulty they could be kept alive. All loads were as yet carried on horseback; but when the farm was too small, or the crofter too poor to keep a horse, his own or his wife's back bore the load. The horse brought peats from the bog, carried the oats or barley to market, and bore the manure a-field. But the uses of manure were as yet so little understood, that if a stream were near it was usually thrown in and floated away, and in summer it was burnt. What will scarcely be credited, now that the industry of Scotland has become educated by a century's discipline of work, was the inconceivable listlessness and idleness of the people; they left the bog unreclaimed and the swamp undrained. They would not be at the trouble to enclose lands easily capable of cultivation. There was perhaps but little inducement on the part of the agricultural class to be industrious; for they were too liable to be robbed by those who preferred to be idle. Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, commonly known as 'the patriot,' because he was so strongly opposed to the union of Scotland with England, published a pamphlet in 1698, strikingly illustrative of the lawless and uncivilised state of the country at that time. After giving a dreadful picture of the then state of Scotland—'200,000 vagabonds begging from door to door, and robbing and plundering the poor people in years of plenty, many thousands of them meeting together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country weddings, markets, burials, and other like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together;' he proceeded to urge that every man of a certain estate should be obliged to take a proportionate number of these vagabonds, and compel them to work for him; and, further, that such serfs, with their wives and children, should be incapable of alienating their service from their master or owner until he had been reimbursed for the money he had expended on them; in other words, their owner was to have the power of selling them! Although the recommendations of Mr. Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, were embodied in no act of Parliament, the magistrates of some of the larger

towns did not hesitate to kidnap and sell into slavery lads and men found lurking in the streets, which they continued to do down to a comparatively recent period. This, however, was not so surprising, as that at the time of which we are speaking, and, indeed, until the end of last century, there was a veritable slave class in Scotland—the class of colliers and salters—who were bought and sold with the estates to which they belonged, as forming part of the stock. When they ran away, they were advertised for, as negroes were in the American states until within the last few years. It is curious, in turning over an old volume of the 'Scots' Magazine,' to find a General Assembly's petition to Parliament for the abolition of slavery in America almost alongside the report of a trial of some colliers who had absconded from a mine near Stirling, to which they belonged. But the degraded condition of the home slaves then excited comparatively little interest. Indeed, it was not until the very last year of the last century that prædial slavery was abolished in Scotland—only three short reigns ago—almost within the memory of men still living. The greatest resistance was offered to the introduction of improvements in agriculture, though it was only at rare intervals that these were attempted. There was no class possessed of enterprise or wealth. An idea of the general poverty of the country may be inferred from the fact that about the middle of the last century, the whole circulating medium of the two Edinburgh banks—the only institutions of the kind in Scotland—amounted to only £200,000, which was sufficient for the purposes of trade, commerce, and industry. Money was then so scarce that Adam Smith says it was not uncommon for workmen in certain parts of Scotland to carry nails instead of pence to the baker's or the alehouse. A middle class could scarcely as yet be said to exist, or any condition between the starving cottiers and the impoverished proprietors, whose available means were principally expended in hard drinking. The latter were for the most part too proud and too ignorant to interest themselves in the improvement of their estates; and the few who did so had little encouragement to persevere. Down to the middle of last century there were no made roads of any kind in the south-western counties. The only inland trade was in black cattle. The tracks were impracticable for vehicles, of which there were only a few carts and tumbling cars employed in the immediate neighbourhood of the towns. When the Marquis of Downshire attempted to make a journey through Galloway in his coach, about the year 1760, a party of labourers with tools attended him to lift the vehicle out of the ruts, and put on the wheels when it got dismounted. Even with this assistance, however, his lordship occasionally stuck fast, and when about three miles off the village of Creetown or Wigton, he was obliged to send away the attendants and pass the night in his coach on the Corse of Slakes with his family. Matters were of course still worse in the Highlands, where the rugged character of the country offered formidable difficulties to the formation of practicable roads, and where none existed save those made through the rebel districts by General Wade shortly after the rebellion of 1715. The people were also more lawless, and, if possible, more idle than those of the Lowland districts about the same period. The latter regarded their northern neighbours as the settlers in America did the red Indians round their borders—like so many savages, always ready to burst in upon them, fire their buildings, and carry off their cattle. Very little corn was grown in the neighbourhood of the Highlands on account of its being liable to be reaped and carried off by the caterans, and that before it was ripe; the only method by which security of a certain sort could be obtained was by the payment of blackmail to some of the principal chiefs, though this was not sufficient to protect them against the lesser marauders. Regular contracts were drawn up between proprietors in the counties of Perth, Stirling, and Dumbarton, and the Macgregors, in which it was stipulated that, if less than seven cattle were stolen, which peccadillo was known as picking, no redress should be required; but if the number stolen exceeded seven, such amount of theft being raised to the dignity of lifting, then the Macgregors were bound to recover. This blackmail was regularly levied as far south as Campsie, then within six miles of Glasgow, but now almost forming part of it, down to within a few months of the outbreak of the rebellion of 1745. Under such circumstances, agricultural improvement was almost impossible. The most fertile tracts were allowed to lie waste, for men

would not plough or sow where they had not the certain prospect of gathering in the crop. Another serious evil was that the lawless habits of their neighbours tended to make the Lowland borderers almost as ferocious as the Highlanders themselves. Feuds were of constant occurrence between neighbouring baronies and even contiguous parishes, and the country fairs, being tacitly recognised as the occasions for settling quarrels, were the scenes of as bloody faction fights as were ever known in Ireland, even in its worst days. When such was the state of Scotland only a century ago, what may we not hope for from Ireland when the civilising influences of roads, schools, and industry have made more general progress amongst her people?—*Life of Telford, by Samuel Smiles.*

MEXICAN LIFE.

The whole life of a Mexican bears the impress of a *dolce far niente*. He never hastens busily through the streets; his time is never taken up. They rise early; the ladies go in their thick veils to church, the gentlemen begin their morning ride. After the walk upon the Alameda everyone goes home; they generally take a bath; and there are good and cleanly well-arranged public baths in all the streets of the city, as well as bathing-rooms in all the private dwellings. One often sees the Mexican women walking up and down the terraces of the houses to dry their long hair, which falls down like a mantle over their shoulders, and reaches almost to their feet. This daily washing of the hair has one disadvantage—that it has a bad effect upon its fine texture and equality of tint. The tails, as thick as one's arm, and originally black, which adorn the little heads of the Mexicans, assume at last a reddish hue. Time is dawdled away over the completion of the toilet; if there are children in the house their games are superintended, but they are as gentle and quiet as their parents. I never saw such well brought up children anywhere as in Mexico; no noise, no strife is perceptible. The little beings are prematurely forward, they develop very quickly, and are extremely delicate. It is frightful how many children perish, even in the richest families, where they might have every luxury. And it is no wonder, when one considers the way in which they are brought up. The women are generally very weak, and there is nothing in their way of life to strengthen and invigorate them. They marry at fourteen or fifteen years of age, they are richly blest with children; it is not uncommon for one mother to have fifteen or eighteen; the children come very weak into the world, are usually nursed by their extremely delicate mothers, and even from their tenderest age are treated like dolls. Early in the morn, when the sun had just risen, and had in nowise dispersed the coldness of the night, which is very considerable, especially in the shade, I have seen the tiniest creatures smartly dressed and carried with bare neck and arms to the Alameda. They are entirely confided to young Indian girls, and even in the richest houses it is not the custom to give them over to the care of experienced women. In their earliest youth they are taken by their mother to drive in the Paseo, at six o'clock, when I for my part was never able to dispense with a cloak on account of the cool atmosphere of sunset; the little things sit half naked at the open carriage-windows, and then and there the irrational love of the parents thoughtlessly and unconsciously sacrifices the health of the children to vanity. As they grow up, they go to school for several hours of the day. I visited one establishment, and spoke to the superintendent, a French nun, who conducted the education of the girls with the help of several companions of the same order. She assured me she had never seen such quiet, obedient, well-disposed children as here; 'Chez nous ce sont de petits diables, mais ici ce sont de petits anges,' said she. But even at this early age they want the candour and thoughtless freedom of childhood. Their intelligence is very early awakened, and is often quite surprising for children of two or three years old; it quickly reaches a certain point, but after that remains in a state of stagnation. 'A

douze ans, ils n'avancent plus,' said the nun, a fine, active, energetic woman, masculine in manner, and of a warm, sympathetic heart. At eight or ten years old the poor children sit at the opera till midnight, struggling against sleep, their little heads adorned with artificial flowers. Many die very young; those who do not, especially the females, lead a hothouse life. Between twelve and one o'clock a luncheon is eaten, which chiefly consists of national dishes. 'Tortillas' and 'frijoles' take a prominent place at the tables of rich and poor. The first are pastry, made of ground maize, in the shape of a thin disk, as large as a plate, white and tasteless. Among the lower orders this takes the place of bread; they use it, too, slightly rolled up, instead of spoons. 'Frijoles' are little black beans, which thrive particularly well in the neighbourhood of Vera Cruz; when they have been cooked for a long time they take the colour of chocolate, and make a very good and tasty food. A ragout of turkey (*guajolote*), prepared with chilis, a kind of pepper, and tomatoes, or apples of paradise, is a favourite dish. Mixed with maize-flour, wrapped up in maize-leaves, and steamed, it makes the best national dish—the tamacles. On the whole, the cookery of Mexico is not very enticing to European palates and stomachs. Lard is used in great quantities in all the dishes, even in the sweet ones. A good soup is almost an unknown thing. Coffee, which grows here of the best kind. is so badly prepared that it is almost impossible to drink it. Chocolate, highly spiced with cinnamon, is, on the contrary, very good, and much drunk. The afternoon hours are spent in receiving and returning visits. I never saw any book in the hand of a lady, except her prayer-book, nor any work. They write letters, for the most part, with an unpractised hand. Their ignorance is complete: they have not the smallest idea of geography and history. Europe to them consists of Spain, whence they sprang; Rome, where the Pope rules; and Paris, whence came their clothes. They have no conception of other countries or other nations, and they could not comprehend that French was not our native tongue. They have themselves but very faint notions of this language, but have made a little progress in it since the invasion of the French. In many houses there is no regular midday meal, a little chocolate or some one dish is prepared; they lead a very moderate life. Wine or beer is rarely drunk, but there is no want of pulque at the tables of the rich. When guests are invited there is no end to the number of dishes. In families where regular meal times are observed, places are always laid for more than the members of the house, as some relation or friend is sure to drop in, who partakes of the meal uninvited, and is received at it with the greatest goodwill. After the hour at the Paseo, they drive to the theatre, if there happens to be an opera. They usually remain there *en famille;* and joined by a few confidential friends, they play cards, enjoy music, or chatter. The ladies take great delight in music, and have great talent for it; they play often very well on the piano, and have harmonious voices. When the young people assemble together they dance, and these informal enjoyments are called 'Tertulias.' The Mexicans delight in the family circle, and the relations between parents and children and brothers and sisters are very tender. There is one curious habit nearly universal in Mexico. A girl after her marriage does not follow her husband to his home, but he very often becomes a member of his wife's family. In this way a large circle is formed around the elders; daughters, sons-in-law, grandchildren, brothers, and sisters-in-law, and cousins of all sorts, inhabit a house too small for their numbers, live upon the generosity of the head of the family, and pay him great respect. They seldom leave this family circle, or only do so to enter a similar one; their ideas remain very confined, and their interest turns almost exclusively upon their domestic concerns. In one point, however, we are very apt to do Mexican wives a great wrong, that is, in respect to their morality. Indeed, the bulwark of relations by which a young wife is surrounded acts to a great extent as a protection to her; but independently of that, I found them nearly always retiring; and rigid even to prudishness when strangers were inclined to be presumptuous. Their marriages are really domestic and happy; married people are always seen together; and the husband lavishes gifts on his wife, which is considered a special mark of attachment. There is no proof so striking of the virtue of the Mexican women as the great discontent of the French. Once when I asked a young Parisian, who had been

sent to Mexico as a punishment for great extravagance, why it was supposed that gentleman would spend less money there than in France, I received for reply, 'A Paris on ne se ruine que pour les femmes, tandis qu'à Mexico elles n'existent pas pour nous.' That there are exceptions I should not dispute, but such persons are received with great contempt. On this head there is a widespread mistrust of the French, and their bragging, when they have but trifling grounds for it, is much dreaded. The unmarried girls are allowed much more licence; they are far more dressy, vain, and coquettish; and are surrounded by suitors, with whom they associate without any restraint, and weave all sorts of love intrigues, in which rendezvous and a secret correspondence both play their parts. If a young man pays attentions to a girl for any length of time he passes as her *novio*. He is not, however, her betrothed, but only gains the right to accompany her in her rides, or to the Paseo, where the carriages stand often in long rows to enable their inmates to see the great world riding or driving by. He is allowed to take place at her side, to sit in her box at the theatre, to protect her, and to accompany her whenever she has need of an escort. No one has a right to be vexed if she shares her little favours amongst several 'novios,'—if at one time she attracts them by kindness, at another repels them by her coldness. The Mexican, on his side, exhibits great patience; his wooing, and the indecision of the 'novia,' last often for years; but if she at length listens to him, and chooses him for her husband, then he may deem himself fortunate.—*'The Court of Mexico,' by the Countess Paula Kollonitz.*

DEAF AND DUMB TALKERS.

M. Louis Leroy gives the following curious account of a school which he lately visited at Geneva:—The pupils, in recreation, were playing in a court planted with trees, running about, and not making much noise, notwithstanding that there were some little girls amongst the number. M. Renz, the master, received us with great cordiality. M. Lelaux, the gentleman who took me there, mentioned our wish to visit the establishment. The master preceded us into the schooloom, where our entrance was saluted by several 'Bonjours, messieurs,' pronounced by a few pupils who had preferred work to play. Here, are some little fellows who do not stammer in their speech,' said I to Lelaux. 'Do they not pronounce well?' said he. 'Admirably,' I answered. The looks of these children had a special character of sharpness, as they literally devoured us with their eyes. M. Renz made a sign to one of them to approach, and asked him what we did when we came in. 'These gentlemen sat down,' replied the child. 'And what does the tallest of them hold on his knees?' 'His hat.' 'His cigar is out; will you give him a light to rekindle it?' The child replied 'Yes, sir,' and ran off eagerly to get some matches. 'Now,' said the master, 'recite a fable to our guests.' 'Le chêne et le roseau' was immediately recited in a very agreeable manner. 'What has struck me,' said I to the teacher, 'is the singular clearness of the articulation. The inflections are as good as at the Conservatoire.' This compliment seemed to give great pleasure to M. Renz. Some copy-books, with excellent specimens of penmanship, were then exhibited; and these were succeeded by exercises in drawing diagrams on the black board, which were eminently satisfactory, the pupils tracing out with great skill the figure or the problem demanded by the master. 'Well,' said Lelaux to me, 'are you satisfied with the intelligence of these little fellows?' 'Certainly,' I replied, 'but I have seen their equals in France.' 'You really think so?' 'I am sure of it.' 'You may perhaps be mistaken.' 'By no means; I grant you that these children are in a fair way; but apart from their pronunciation, which is quite remarkable, I repeat that we have pupils just as far advanced as they in most of our primary schools.' 'But yours speak and understand?' 'Just like these.' 'No, for these were born deaf and dumb.' 'Impossible.' 'It is the exact truth. Come, now, there is one with his back turned to us; address him, and see if he will answer.' 'My

little friend,' said I, in a very loud voice, 'I have here a delicious cake; will you have it?' The child did not turn round —he had heard nothing. I remained confounded, and more moved than I can express at the sight of these poor disinherited children of nature, to whom the sagacious benevolence of one man had almost restored the two absent senses.—*Charivari.*

BABY-GANGERS.

Mr. Benson Baker, one of the Poor Law medical officers of Marylebone, has under his present charge one of the children who survived the care of Mrs. Jagger, and who, he says, is something over three years old. This child, three years old, was employed by the proprietress as a gaffer or ganger over the younger babies. His duties were to sit up in the middle of the bed with eight other babies round him, and the moment any one of them awoke to put the bottle to their mouth; he was also to keep them quiet, and generally to superintend them. This baby-ganger has quite the appearance of 'an old hand;' he is intelligent beyond his years, quite grave and thoughtful. He knows all about 'Mother Jagger' and her doings; also about the 'old babies' being put in the box, and 'new babies' being brought by 'Mother Jagger.' When the baby-ganger was not officially employed, he was tied in a little chair (he cannot walk) and placed beside the fire; one day 'Mother Jagger' had a 'drop of gin,' so his baby informant tells Mr. Baker, and the baby-ganger fell into the fire, and as he was tied into the chair he could not crawl away, and 'Mother Jagger' was powerless to help him. His pinafore caught fire, burnt the ends of four of his fingers of one hand, and partially destroyed the muscles on the inner side of the other arm. This baby will thus be more or less incapacitated from ever earning a living. — *British Medical Journal.*

BABY FARMING IN MANCHESTER.

A physician writes to us in the following strain:—'Several years ago I held the appointment of medical officer to the Sick Children's Hospital at Manchester, where many sad instances of the effects of 'baby farming' came under my notice. Factory workers marry very early; and, as female 'hands' can earn nearly as much as their husbands, the babies of these young couples are left, not unfrequently, in the entire charge of old women, who 'take care' of as many children, legitimate and illegitimate, as they can get. The charge for thus taking care of a child appeared to to vary from eighteenpence to three shillings a week. Numerous were the cases of chronic diarrhœa and atrophy from mesenteric disease in these nursed children that were brought to the hospital. Some of the nurses were women of dissolute habits and without shame; others, feeble women, so old as to be in their second childhood. Few of the nursed children came to the hospital for trifling maladies; the majority were brought when the nurse believed that the child was so near death that a doctor's certificate would be wanted. The diseases from which the farmed children suffered could be traced in nearly all cases to the improper food that had been systematically given to the child; in some cases, to the insufficiency of the quantity of food, and to the free use of 'quieting stuff.' Children but a few months old were fed by the less indifferent of these baby farmers with some of their own coarse food; while others, who were in the charge of the worst section of nurses, received little else but bread, water, potatoes, and (to keep them quiet) a little coarse sugar, which they sucked through muslin and other rags. Milk, so absolutely necessary for the healthy growth and development of a baby, was not given by the majority of the nurses, except "a hap'orth sometimes;" perhaps once or twice a week. It was no wonder, then, that so many

of the children became diseased and wasted; no wonder that so many of them were brought up for the "certificate." In some cases I absolutely refused to prescribe for children unless they were in the care of their mothers, feeling assured that, unless taken from the hands of the baby farmers, recovery was hopeless. In some cases I positively refused to give certificates where I felt assured the babies had been nursed to death. Now, if no child-bearing women were allowed to work in any factory or warehouse until her child became a year old, much disease and early death might, I am certain, be prevented. There is a flaw in the Registration Act which deserves attention. When a doctor's certificate cannot be obtained, the Registrar can register the death on the report of two respectable witnesses who were present at the time of death. This is the loop-hole through which many a baby-farmer, culpable of gross neglect, makes a safe retreat from justice. I shall be anxious to learn through your journal whether the system of baby farming has grown or diminished in Manchester.'—*British Medical Journal.*

QUEER LODGINGS.

Goodness only knows for what manner of people the houses in Broad Yard (*alias* Little Hell), and Bit Alley, and Rose Alley, and Turk's Head Court, and Fryingpan Alley were originally built. In more than one instance the arched entrances to these awful places are less than a yard in width (this is no mere conjecture, but the result of placing my walking-stick across the entry, and marking how wide it was), and could never well have been wider, and yet the houses on either side are lofty as many of those of our fashionable squares. The way widens somewhat where the houses in the alley begin; but, at its widest part, I should say, it would not be at all difficult for the top floor lodgers on one side of the way to thrust a clothes-prop through the window of their opposite neighbours. I have an idea that the tall houses originally were built of red brick, but they are black now—black and oleaginously festooned, as though at some time a monstrous soup-kettle had been lodged astride the roofs of the double row, and had boiled over. I remarked this singular appearance to my missionary friend, and he expressed an opinion that the bad drainage had something to do with it. Some of the windows of the tall, hideous houses are altogether unglazed and boarded up; others are patched with paper, or bulge with dirty rags. Some of the houses have door-steps, scooped all hollow in the middle by the feet of many generations. Some have street-doors, but this is an exception, that house appendage being regarded as superfluous, and long since converted into firewood in the majority of cases. All the houses are rotten, ruined, and in the last stage of decay. The cellars and kitchens are a ditch of sewage, the flooring rat-eaten and worm-eaten until it is all honey-combed and sapless and presents no temptation to either creature; the chimneys smoke, the roofs leak—but this last-mentioned defect seems to be regarded as rather an advantage than otherwise by the occupants of the garret, since it secures to them at rainy times a supply of water without the trouble of fighting and scrambling for it at the one water-butt in the court.—*James Greenwood, in 'Cassell's Magazine.'*

LOTTERIES AND THE LOTTERY LAW.

But lotteries are used for other and more questionable purposes than building churches. Among a host of such schemes continually held out to the public, the enumeration of a few may suffice. Horse racing in England has received a fresh stimulus and attraction by the introduction of a five shilling lottery, (on the convenient Art Union principle,) the shareholders drawing the

first, second, and third winning horses in the race, receiving respectively large sums of money, and others receiving smaller sums, apportioned, we suppose, to the amount subscribed. The National Photographic Association, London, in a current advertisement, entitled '*A house for nothing*,' announces that every purchaser of a shilling photograph issued by them, will be presented with a gratis cheque entitling the holder to a share in a distribution of house property in May 1866, when eight houses, in value £2,250, will be given away! So says the advertisement, without any qualification or condition, although a considerable amount would require to be subscribed before the company could afford to give away £2,250. Various London penny weekly publications are carried on by means of lotteries, for which tickets are issued to those purchasing so many consecutive numbers. Among prizes recently advertised, were 'a first-class gold watch for eightpence;' and 'a first-class pianoforte for 1s. 6d,;' that is to say, a purchaser of eight penny numbers is said to become entitled to a chance in the drawing for the watch; and a purchaser of eighteen numbers to a chance in the drawing for the pianoforte. Subscribers, however, will find that they have to purchase more numbers than they reckoned on, if they wish to follow out the drawing. One drawing is immediately followed by the announcement of another, and the temptation to purchase is not allowed to flag. These weekly periodicals appear to have an immense circulation over the three kingdoms. Recent proceedings at the Guildhall Police Court do not report favourably of the system. In November last, a woman appeared at the court, and stated that she had been induced to purchase twenty-six numbers of a penny publication, by the perusal of an advertisement to the effect that prizes of the value of £1,000 were to be distributed among purchasers of those numbers. When the drawing took place, she found her name put down for the prize of a three guinea watch; but on going for it, she was attempted to be palmed off with a common engraving not worth sixpence! It further appeared that a fresh lottery of fifty sewing machines—'a fortune gratis,'—was advertised to take place in connexion with the same publication. A second applicant having appeared before the magistrate with a similar complaint, a summons was issued against the publisher. He appeared by agent, and resisted the claim. The publication was said to have changed proprietorship after twenty-four of the twenty-six numbers were issued, on the former proprietor becoming bankrupt, and his successor did not consider himself bound by the bankrupt's undertakings. It was further contended that the claim could not, in any circumstances, be enforced, for the simple reason that the whole scheme of distribution 'was illegal from beginning to end.' This doctrine is perfectly sound, and subscribers to lotteries should bear it in mind, though it does look an ungracious doctrine in the mouth of a lottery promoter. The action in court was finally dismissed on a technical objection to jurisdiction by the defendant,* though, in justice to him, it should be stated that to prevent further clamour, he promised to satisfy the claimant by presenting her with a watch of the value of three guineas. By current advertisements of the cheap publication lottery schemes, we observe that the amount of subscription is temptingly reduced, to entice the credulous, who are informed that they may have 'a lady's watch for 4d.'

Besides occasional lotteries got up for special purposes, there is a regular class of men who subsist entirely by the lottery system, travelling from town to town, and disposing of cheap and showy merchandise by means of the 'wheel of fortune,' in shops which they open for the purpose. Occasionally the authorities give these erratic and illegal merchants notice to quit, under threat of prosecution; but a prosecution is rarely instituted. If their calling is discouraged in one place they avoid the penalties of the law by simply removing to another place,—and thus they go the round of the three kingdoms. The process of interdict is not sufficiently speedy or effectual to curb the career of these adventurers. In various towns in Scotland, there are regular weekly raffles or lotteries for various kinds of property, got up by needy individuals. Concerts and other entertainments which have not in themselves sufficient elements of attraction, are made to pay by attractive prizes, or presents, being distributed to the audience by lottery, tickets for which are presented gratis. Our fairs are in-

* *Vide* Report of Proceedings in *Daily Telegraph*, 19th November, 1865, and previous date.

fested with well-known characters, who ply their vocation in various illegal games of chance, among which the 'lucky lottery' finds a place. The General Police Act in Scotland empowers magistrates to deal with this class of offenders, as having no *lawful* means of gaining their livelihood. Their practices, however, are generally winked at by the police, and it is rarely that a magistrate is called upon to exercise his power. Some persons may think it unfair and invidious to include these vicious games and lotteries in the same category with lotteries for sacred purposes; but they all find their level on the same ground of illegality.

Lotteries for state purposes and private gain have in all countries and in all times been productive of much misery and vice. They have tended to foster a spirit of gambling among the people, and have given birth to multiform frauds. Everywhere they have been condemned as pernicious in principle, and have often been declared illegal or put under restriction; but in many Roman Catholic countries they are still in full and vicious operation under Papal authority. Our Government wisely put an end to state lotteries, after incalculable mischief had been produced in the country. Parliament has since, as we have seen, but in violation of an important principle, sanctioned the use of the lottery only to duly authorised associations, for the encouragement of the fine arts. The *exception* thus introduced by the Legislature, however well intended, has unfortunately tended to re-open the door to illegal schemes, and has gradually led to the wide-spread abuse of the system. The promoters of such illegal schemes almost invariably attempt to shelter themselves under the hackneyed Art-Union principle. We should be sorry to insinuate that the occasional local bazaar lotteries for church purposes are conducted on other than the most fair principles which the system admits of; but the fact that they are illegal should prevent such schemes for raising money being attempted. Our ministers should certainly be the last to foster and practice what the law condemns. Into the question of the *sinfulness* of lotteries, which has been urged in a recent pamphlet,* we do not enter here; we treat them at present on purely legal grounds. The wide-spread, obtrusive, and questionable mode of conducting lotteries pursued by Roman Catholics and others; and the numerous lottery schemes constantly before the public, are of the nature of common nuisances, as lotteries were declared to be by the Legislature many years ago. These schemes are vastly on the increase, and may be expected further to increase, so long as they remunerate their promoters, and no check is put upon them. It is worthy of the serious consideration of the authorities whether they should continue supinely to allow these notoriously illegal practices to flourish and spread. No further legislative measure is necessary to arm the executive, so far, at least, as the wide-spread schemes advertised in our newspapers are concerned. The remedy for these exists in the present state of the law, which only requires to be enforced. The procedure, however, might certainly be simplified, and at the same time rendered more speedy and effectual, if *prosecutions were authorised by local officers in any place where the law is violated*, instead of confining such prosecutions to the courts of the metropolis. It may safely be affirmed that if *private* prosecutions were still lawful, the present extensive lottery system would not have existed. Private prosecutions, however, are not now unfortunately authorised; the law officers of the crown only can enforce the law, and upon them the duty devolves, and the responsibility rests, of its proper administration. The provisions of the Acts of Parliament of 1836 and 1845, before noticed, affixing a penalty of £50 to the printing and publishing any advertisement or notice of any lottery not authorised by law, are of the simplest possible character for putting an end to the graver class of illegal lotteries, by preventing all publicity as to their existence; and in the enforcement of these provisions no difficulty can be experienced. The like penalty might properly be extended by the legislature to *all persons who dispose of tickets* for such illegal lotteries. One or two such prosecutions would probably be sufficient to deter publishers from continuing the illegal advertisements, and incurring the statutory penalties. This mode of prosecution, no doubt, fails to reach the originators of the lotteries; but, for the purpose intended, is perhaps the most effective that could be devised.

* By Mr. Caldwell of Milton. Published by Nimmo, Edinburgh.

Possibly even such prosecutions might be rendered unnecessary, if the authorities showed a firm determination henceforth to enforce the law, by issuing formal notices to that effect, and warning publishers of the result of disobedience. We sincerely hope that the higher legal authorities may shortly see it to be their duty to apply the legal remedy to the crying evil, and extirpate it from the three kingdoms. In regard to local lotteries, in the shape of subscription sales, raffles, or otherwise, these can, as we have seen, be effectually prevented by the process of interdict at the instance of the fiscals, unless where the offenders are of the erratic class. To deal efficiently with these persons, a legal measure of a more speedy and potent character is necessary, and it is worthy the consideration of our legal officials whether such a measure should not be applied for from the Legislature. Unless some such measure is obtained, they may safely carry on their illegal practices with impunity. As for our small offenders at fairs and markets, we commend them to the care of the police, who have sufficient powers under the Police Acts to prevent them carrying on a profitable trade.—*Lotteries, Past and Present, Legal and Illegal. By W. B. Dunbar, Assistant Procurator Fiscal, Dundee, and Dr. Barclay, Sheriff Substitute, Perth.*

THE BRONTE FAMILY.

Standing besides Charlotte's last resting-place, I questioned my conductor respecting her, and found him at once ready and willing to oblige me with all the information in his possession. 'He had been but a little boy,' he said, 'when all the family were living, but he remembered the three sisters well, and had often run errands for Mr. Patrick. They used to take a great deal of notice of him when he was little; but Miss Annie was his favourite, perhaps because she always paid him so much attention. Baking-day never came round at the parsonage without her remembering to make a little cake or dumpling for him, and she seldom met him without having something good and sweet to bestow upon him. Yes, they were a very reserved family, and very peculiar in their habits. The villagers did not see much of them, except on Sundays; and, of course, nobody knew that the young ladies were writing books, or that they had become famous, until, long after, strange people had begun to come from a distance to see them. And then the letters! What a heap of letters were always brought to the parsonage in those days by the postman! Miss Emily, who is buried here, beside Charlotte, was the strangest of all the family; nobody thought so much of Miss Charlotte herself. Emily never came down into the village, or at least very rarely; but there, through the window, I might see the path by which she used always to go from the parsonage to the moors. Hundreds of times, when he was a boy, he had watched her go through the style yonder, followed by her dogs. No matter what the weather was, she loved the moors so much that she must go out upon them, and enjoy the fresh breezes. When she went away from Haworth to become a governess, she was taken very ill, and sickened until she was brought home again, and then she very soon recovered. She loved the moors so much, that it would have been a sad thing if she had been buried away from them. Of course I had read about her in Mrs. Gaskell's book, and the way in which she had refused to see a doctor until an hour or two before she died. About Miss Charlotte, he could not tell so much, she was so very reserved; but he remembered seeing her stand, just where he was standing now, the morning that she was married. To his mind, Mr. Branwell was the cleverest in the family. A wonderful talker he was, and able to do things which nobody he had ever seen could do. He had seen Branwell sitting in the vestry talking to his (the sexton's) father, and writing two different letters at the same time. He could take a pen in each hand, and write a letter with each at once. He had seen him do that many times, and had afterwards read the letters written in that way. Yes; it was true that he came to a sad end; but Mrs. Gaskell had not stated the case about him correctly. Haworth people did not

like Mrs. Gaskell at all. There was a deal of feeling against her for what she had said about Mr. Branwell and the villagers encouraging him to drink. Mrs. Gaskell said he had learnt to drink when he was a boy, and had gone on gradually strengthening the habit; but that was not true. When he was nineteen years old he was secretary to the temperance society in the village, and it was not until after that that he learned to drink. It was not correct that the landlord of the Bull had had anything to do with teaching him, though it was quite true that he used to sit in the back-parlour there, and drink almost constantly of an evening when he was older. But if he could not have got drink there, he would have been sure to have got it somewhere else. But oh, he was a fine fellow, Branwell; and such a talker! Ay, and when he was at the worst, he never missed coming to the Sunday school with his sisters. They all used to come regularly. He remembered Mr. Branwell's funeral, and Miss Emily's funeral, and, of course, he remembered Miss Charlotte's and Mr. Brontë's. A strange old gentleman was Mr. Brontë. Mr. Nicholls, who married Miss Charlotte, was very well liked by the people. A true gentleman he was, though very shy and reserved; but how could he help being that, when he had lived so long with such a family? When Mr. Brontë died he 'put in' for the place; but when he found there was likely to be opposition, he withdrew, and now he was living in Ireland again, where he had married a second wife. With such pleasant garrulousness did my companion entertain me, even whilst I stood beside the grave in which 'life's fitful fever' o'er, the bones of Charlotte Brontë rest.—'*A Winter Day at Haworth*,' *in Chambers' Journal.*

MESSRS. SPOTTISWOODE'S KITCHEN.

The Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square, the eminent printers, are trying an experiment, which gives exery promise of being eminently successful. This firm employs about 600 hands, and have made preparations for supplying their hands with dinner and tea at a rate much lower than the eating-house and coffee-house keepers in the neighbourhood can possibly do, and we need scarcely remark of a much better quality. Out of the 600 hands some 300 are being dined daily, the firm having commenced with about 100 some short time ago; and if the experiment be successful, of which there can be little doubt, the whole of the hands may be accommodated on the premises. To effect this beneficial change in the habits and comforts of the hands, the Messrs. Spottiswoode have fitted up a series of kitchens, with cooking apparatus of the mostuseful and effective character, and which may be justly termed a perfect culinary *multum in parvo*. The leading features of this apparatus are a small steam-boiler, four large steam kettles, one large steam hot closet, steam cutting-up dishes and table, a large roasting oven, capable of roasting from sixteen to twenty joints at the same time; a small close fire range, with circulating hot water boiler; two good pastry ovens; a large open boiler for greens and other vegetables; and washing-up troughs, with hot and cold water *ad libitum*. This economic and ingenious apparatus is the production of Mr. H. Ingle, the eminent machinist in Shoe Lane, and reflects great credit upon his ingenuity. The result of this arrangement of the Messrs. Spottiswoode is this: The men obtain a dinner of good wholesome food, and without going off the premises, at 6d. per head, whereas they could not obtain such a dinner before this experiment was made for less than 8d. per head, a difference of 25 per cent, at least, which has a sensible effect upon their weekly earnings. The example of Messrs. Spottiswoode may be followed with great advantage by other large firms who are placed in similar positions, and thus secure for their hands advantages which are fully equal to a rise in wages, and much more beneficial than any rise, to be effectual, could possibly be.—*Observer.*

THE FLINT ARROW AND SPEAR HEAD MANUFACTURE.

Amongst the Apachees Mr. Catlin found a very interesting art, which he thus describes:—Their manufacture of flint arrow and spear heads, as well as their bows of bone and sinew, are equal, if not superior, to the manufactures of any of the tribes existing; and the use of the bow from their horses' backs whilst running at full speed, may vie with the archery of the Sioux or Shyennes, or any of the tribes east of the Rocky Mountains. Like most of the tribes west of, and in, the Rocky Mountains, they manufacture the blades of their spears and points for their arrows, of flints, and also of obsidian, which is scattered over those volcanic regions west of the mountains; and like the other tribes they guard as a profound secret the mode by which the flints and obsidian are broken into the shapes they require. Their mode is very simple and evidently the only mode by which these peculiar shapes and delicacy of fracture can possibly be produced; for civilised artizans have tried in various parts of the world, and with the best of tools, without success in copying them. Every tribe has its factory, in which these arrow-heads are made, and in those only certain adepts are able or allowed to make them, for the use of the tribe. Erratic boulders of flint are collected (and sometimes brought an immense distance), and broken with a sort of sledge-hammer made of a rounded pebble of horn-stone, set in a twisted withe, holding the stone, and forming a handle. The flint, at the indiscriminate blows of the sledge, is broken into a hundred pieces, and such flakes selected as, from the angles of their fracture and thickness, will answer as the basis of an arrow-head; and in the hands of the artizan they are shaped into the beautiful forms and proportions which they desire, and which are to be seen in most of our museums. The master workman, seated on the ground, lays one of these flakes on the palm of his left hand, holding it firmly down with two or more fingers of the same hand, and with his right hand, between the thumb and two fore-fingers, places his chisel (or punch) on the point that is to be broken off; and a co-operator (a striker) sitting in front of him, with a mallet of very hard wood, strikes the chisel (or punch) on the upper end, flaking the flint off on the under side, below each projecting point that is struck. The flint is then turned and chipped in the same manner from the opposite side; and so turned and chipped until the required shape and dimensions are obtained, all the fractures being made on the palm of the hand. In selecting a flake for the arrow-head, a nice judgment must be used, or the attempt will fail; a flake with two opposite parallel, or nearly parallel, planes is found, and of the thickness required for the centre of the arrow-point. The first chipping reaches near to the centre of these planes, but without quite breaking it away, and each chipping is shorter and shorter, until the shape and the edge of the arrow-head are formed. The yielding elasticity of the palm of the hand enables the chip to come off without breaking the body of the flint, which would be the case if they were broken on a hard substance. These people have no metallic instruments to work with, and the instrument (punch) which they use, I was told, was a piece of bone; but on examining it, I found it to be a substance much harder, made of the tooth (incisor) of the sperm-whale, or sea lion, which are often stranded on the coast of the Pacific. This punch is about six or seven inches in length, and one in diameter, and one rounded side and two plain sides; therefore presenting one acute and two obtuse angles, to suit the points to be broken. This operation is very curious, both the holder and the striker singing, and the strokes of the mallet given exactly in time with the music, and with a sharp and rebounding blow, in which the Indians tell us, is the great medicine (or mystery) of the operation. The bows, also of this tribe, as well as the arrow heads, are made with great skill, either of wood, and covered on the back with sinew, or of bone, said to be brought from the sea coast, and probably from the sperm-whale. These weapons, much like those of the Sioux and Comanches, for use on horse-back, are short for convenience of handling, and of great power, generally of two feet and a half in length, and their mode of using them in war and the chase is not surpassed by any Indians on the continent. — *Last Rambles amongst the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and the Andes. By George Catlin.*

THE 'PATAGONS.'

I felt at once amongst this little group as if I were amongst a group of Comanches of North America. Not only are they mounted, equipped, and armed, like the Comanches, with bows and arrows, and long lances, and like them in their modes of dress and ornament, but strikingly resemble them in physiognomy and physiological traits. The men chiefly divide their long hair in two parts, separated on the forehead and thrown on to the shoulders and back by a silver plated band or hoop, which is crowded down from the top of the head and over the hair, near to the eyebrows, holding the hair in its place, clear from the face and back of the ears. Their faces are always (in full dress) painted red from the eyebrows to the mouth, including the ears, and the other parts of the face painted in a variety of shapes and bright colours, and they wear no head-dresses, and very seldom ornament the head even with a single quill or feather. Their dress at this season—the middle of January, and therefore midsummer—is very slight. The men wear a breech-cloth around the waist, and the women a sort of apron of cotton-cloth or of bark, extending down to the knee, and mocassins beautifully embroidered, made of the skins of deer or goats; and, in the colder season, both men and women dress the leg with skins and wrap themselves in robes made of the skins of guanacos, and curiously painted; and their tents, which are small and light, for the convenience of transportation, are made of the skins of the same animal, or of wild cattle and horses, with which the vast plains of their country abound. Observing on the chief's face the marks of small-pox, I questioned him about it, and he informed me that when he was a boy he was near dying with that disease, and he told me that, about 1812 or 1815, as near as I could ascertain, that awful disease was communicated to his people by some white people on the coast, who were selling rum and whisky and other things to the Indians, and that more than one-half of the great and powerful tribe of Patagons were destroyed by it. 'We are poor,' said he; 'we want many things that the white people make—their cloths, their knives, their guns, and many other things—and we come here to buy them, and many of my people, who are foolish, will buy whisky, and it makes them mad, when they will kill even their own mothers and their little children. We do all we can to prevent this, but still it is not stopped, and we are afraid of getting the awful disease again.' One can easily see that I had enough to do this day, without painting, and we returned on board full of fatigue and hunger, the chief having agreed to sit for his portrait the next day, if the vessel would wait for me. My conditional appointment with the chief being explained to the captain, and the portfolio opened to him, which he had not before seen, he agreed to wait another day, whatever the wind might be, for the satisfaction of gratifying me, and the pleasure he would have ashore with me. Captain Ford proved to be a real '*bon homme*,' and, becoming as much taken up with me as the Indians were, went ashore with me the next morning, on condition that he could have the pictures to lecture on amongst the women and children, who had not yet seen them, whilst I was sketching my portraits. And when night came, and we were safe on board again and our craving stomachs pacified, he said to me that this had been to him the happiest day of his life that he had ever spent. My sketch of this rational and intelligent chief was followed by that of his wife and a warrior; and then hasty sketches were made of the little and more humbly demure of the Fuegians, at which the famous doctor, with his white head, was *minus*, he having withdrawn himself, probably with absolute disgust. The reader will easily imagine with what excitement, and with what *éclat*, and with what security and success, from this point I could have penetrated and passed through the centre of Patagonia, with the introduction of this little re-returning colony, had there been no rumours of war, and I had had my faithful Cæsar, or even Alzar with me; but here I stood alone, and the barren coast could have furnished me no reliable companions. But it may happen yet that I shall be able to see the way, and a proper time to pass through the midst of these interesting people; and then if it happens I shall be able to say more of them and their customs than I now can. Yet, from this little caravan, who had travelled several hundred miles

to visit the coast, I learned many things of interest, and was enabled to learn them in a little time. As to the fabulous accounts of 'giants,' men 'eight and ten feet high,' as related by some early writers, I learned from this chief that there actually existed no such monstrous persons in the tribe, though there were some parts of the country where the men were very tall, considerably taller than himself. From this man I learned that the government of the Patagons resembled very closely that of most of the North American tribes —a head chief, and a council of subordinate chiefs, or chiefs of bands, forming the government of the tribe. He told me they could muster 8,000 warriors, well mounted and well armed, and were abundantly able to defend themselves and their country from assaults of any enemy they had; that the tribe of Puelches on the north of them, between them and Buenos Ayres, were their relations, and that through them they traded horses and hides for guns and ammunition, to the Buenos Ayreans, and in that way could equip all the warriors of the tribe. They catch their horses wild on the prairies, and train and ride them in the same way, and as well, as the Comanches do. Their saddles and stirrups are made with great skill, and the stirrups for women (who ride astride and as boldly as the men) are suspended by a broad and ornamented strap crossing the horse's neck; and for both men and women these stirrups, which are made of wood, and curiously carved, admit but the two largest toes to enter, to guard against fatal accidents which too often befal horsemen in the civilised world. Their dead are always buried in a sitting posture, and with them their pipes and their weapons, and by the side of them their dogs and their horses: and everything else that they possess is burned with their wigwam. The Fuegians are a tribe of some five or six thousand, inhabiting both sides of the Strait of Magellan; living entirely on fish and wildfowl, and their lives are spent chiefly in their canoes, made from bark of trees, sewed together and glued, somewhat like the canoes of the Ojibbeways of North America. In the summer season they go chiefly naked, both men and women, wearing only a flap covering the hips; and in the winter, cover their bodies with robes made of the skins of the sea-wolf, which they kill with their spears and arrows. Their manufacture of flint spear and arrow heads is not surpassed by even the Apachees, or Snakes, or any other of the North American tribes, and they are made in the same forms, and by the same process, which has been described. And their wigwams, which are very small, are made by setting a number of slender poles in the ground in a circle, and bending the tops in, forming a cone, which is covered with long grass, or with skins of the sea-wolf. These people are unquestionably a branch of the Patagon family, speaking a dialect of the Patagon language, and living in harmony and friendship with them; and living by the side of and adjoining them, and still so entirely unlike, both in physiognomy and in symmetrical proportions, furnish one of the most striking and satisfactory proofs of the metamorphose of *man*, by men's different modes of life. — *Last Rambles: by George Catlin.*

HOW TO MAKE WORKING MEN'S CLUBS SELF-DESTRUCTIVE.

I.—HINTS TO PROMOTERS.

To prepare for this catastrophe, begin by showing the men that you do not trust them—that they must be treated like children; or that, at all events, you mean to do as much for them, and leave as little to themselves, as possible. Avoid having trustees, but get two committees appointed instead—one of gentlemen, the other of working men. Let the gentlemen's committee have the control of all the cash, and let the working men's committee be obliged to ask leave for spending anything. Let there be an appeal from all or any of the decisions of the working men's committee to that of the gentlemen's. Get a supercilious, ungenial manager; a thoroughly unbusiness-like or intemperate man will do just as well. The purpose can sometimes be answered effectively by having a man and his wife, and allowing the

man not to trouble himself at all about the interests of the club, and by not expecting the wife to concern herself about anything except tea, coffee, and other refreshments. These last had better be of inferior quality, nicely spoiled in making, and rather higher in price than they can be got elsewhere. Admit members under the age of eighteen or twenty. Be very careful that none of the committee ever trouble themselves to go near the club, or exert any authority while there; at all events not to do this in turn and with regularity. Let any gentleman interested in the club carefully abstain from coming near it, or taking any part in the management of entertainments or classes, under a judicious apprehension of being disliked and distrusted by the members. It must never be considered that the refinement, culture, and education of an upper class man can be of the slightest use to working men, or that the club is a suitable place for bringing the two classes together for mutually pleasant and profitable relations. If, however, a gentleman can go in a dictatorial spirit, well crammed with suspicions, and can show that he considers the club *his*, and not *theirs*, the satisfactory result may be sooner produced than probably in any other way. Make no provision for supplying entertainments for the members, and of course avoid having 'singing' or 'elocution' classes. Should discussion meetings be established, let subjects be proposed which will engender strong personal feeling and give rise to acrimonious remarks, which the chairman must refrain from repressing. Theological topics are admirably adapted for the purpose, on account of the deep interest felt in them. Let a majority refuse altogether the discussion of any subject, otherwise unobjectionable, but particularly desired by a minority.

II.—HINTS TO MEMBERS.

It is important that clerks, tradesmen, and so forth, should, if possible, be induced to join the club; not, of course, in order to give help of any kind, but to monopolise the newspapers, bagatelle board, &c. As this, however, cannot often be accomplished, the members themselves must be encouraged to treat one another in a cold and unfriendly fashion—each taking the best seats, or keeping possession of the most coveted newspapers, magazines, or games—taking care to regard the club merely as a place where they can get a little amusement and comfort for themselves — carefully pooh-poohing any notion of its being intended as a general good to the working men of the neighbourhood, and as an agency for their social elevation. Members must avoid paying their subscription regularly, and must never encourage their fellow-members to do so, or look after them when they have absented themselves—any appearance of interest in one another will not only help to frustrate the desired object, but must be viewed as a mark of bad taste.

If a man can't go to his club the first two or three nights in the week, let him be sure to say, 'Oh, it's not worth going now this week. I'll wait till next Monday.' By this means he will save twopence and set a good example, which, if well followed, will soon close the club—unless, indeed, the landlord, unfortunately, should agree to deduct from his rent all members' subscriptions in arrear, which he is very likely to do.

By way of promoting the dissensions above referred to, in connection with the discussion meeting, it will be very advisable to request that books of a strong sectarian, theological bias, or eminently destructive of received religious opinions, and likely, therefore, to be offensive to some members of the club, may be introduced into the library; or that newspapers of a similar character be placed on the table. 'Each for himself,' of course, must be the motto; mutual concessions must be carefully avoided, and nothing like the idea ever be admitted of its ever being a common social platform for men of all sects and parties.

A very useful step will be to introduce frequent dramatic entertainments, with dresses, scenery, and with the female parts performed by female acquaintances of the members. This will be pretty sure to alienate the influential friends and supporters of the club in the upper ranks, and drive away the slow-going hum-drum working men. Recitations, dialogues, and acting charades without dresses will not be of any use for this purpose, but would tend decidedly the other way. Dancing may also be introduced, with a judiciously frequent succession of 'penny hops;' and if without supervision or selection of company, so much the better. Merely proposing these cheerful little amusements will be

wise policy; because, if they are resisted, you may probably get up a faction against the ruling powers, and you might, perhaps, worry them into resigning, or, if there are trustees, they will probably refuse permission for these entertainments, and shut up the place, which would be a great relief to all parties concerned, especially to the neighbouring publicans.

In like manner, an agitation might be got up for the introduction of beer into the club, which, like the other measures, whether successful or not, would delightfully damage the concern, and probably sow the seeds of ultimate disruption. Make a good deal of the cry that 'it is not meant to be a teetotal club!' that 'it is very hard a working man cannot have his beer' wherever he is or whatever he may be doing; and that, of course, a pewter pot is an inseparable adjunct to a British workman's enjoyment of a sociable evening.

Betting and gambling can be encouraged 'on the sly;' as, of course, anybody has a right to do what he likes with his own. Few measures will be more valuable for the important purposes in view. You must discourage any interest in the mere games themselves; laugh down the notion of there being any pleasure in the exercise of the skill they may require, and vote the whole thing abominably slow without some trifling stakes. Introduce 'cards;' of course, at first, with an emphatic prohibition against playing for money, which can be gradually and good-humouredly ignored.

If all these measures are frustrated, or fail of their desired effect, get a dozen or two fellows of the roughest character you are acquainted with—thorough-going pot companions — to join the club for a 'lark.' Set them to make themselves systematically disagreeable, and to take every opportunity of making each member in particular uncomfortable; and. if possible, of getting up occasionally a general 'row.' They can take private opportunities of knocking the furniture and games about, cribbing the bagatelle balls or draughts, and generally of being able to say when they leave, they have had 'their —— two-pennorth' out of it, as was recently and elegantly remarked at a large club.

N.B.—Observe that all these hints to members can only be effectually acted on if the ladies and gentlemen interested in the destruction of the club will also kindly do their part by attending to the foregoing hints. Anything like that higher tone and ridiculously improving and elevating tendency which would be given by the presence of persons of culture, refinement, and kindly feeling, would probably be a fatal antidote to the best-laid brotherly scheme for disorganisation.

All this nonsense about making the clubs places for something more than mere amusement and gossip must be inexorably snuffed out. A working man's inability to care about anything but smoking, drinking, or playing after his day's work must be fiercely insisted on, and the whole club and institute must be kept down as nearly to the level of the beershop as may be practicable.

The necessity for all the above trouble in extinguishing the club may be avoided, however, by sensible precautions when the first proposals for establishing it are mooted. Let us, therefore, now glance at a few of the said 'obstructions,' and it may be as well here to state that nearly all the suggestions, both in this chapter and in the last, are happily based on facts which have actually occurred—the few exceptions being, or having been, in a fair way to come under the same category.

HINTS TO OBSTRUCTIVES.

At the preliminary meeting, to which those gentlemen may have been summoned who are thought likely to aid in the movement, let it be strongly urged that the working man hates being patronised, and that the clubs, *therefore*, should be entirely self-supporting, or not exist at all. Should this objection be overruled on any of the grounds mentioned in the chapter 'How can Clubs be made Self-supporting?' a good stand may be made on the ground that the club is not wanted in that particular neighbourhood—though, no doubt, very useful elsewhere; or it can be eloquently maintained that home is the proper place for the working man, and that the clubs take men away from their homes, carefully ignoring the nature of those homes, and keeping out of sight all the proofs that have been accumulated in the pages of our Occasional Papers and Magazine regarding the absurd notion that the clubs help to bring men from the public-house *to* their homes, and to make those homes happier in various ways.

If there is a mechanics' institute in the town, it may probably be converted into a Malakhoff *piece de resistance*, and the inquiry may indignantly be made why the working men don't avail themselves of the great advantages it is supposed to afford. If they won't go to such a good reading-room, capital lectures, classes, &c., of course they won't avail themselves of such common-place and degrading facilities as talking, smoking, and recreation-rooms. Do not the nobility and gentry of England rush with impetuous eagerness every night, after a hard day's work or play, to classes and lectures, and generally 'go in' for hard study? Or if there are a few exceptions among men of a domestic turn, is it not well known that they keep no servants, and that their family sit the whole evening in the kitchen, using it as nursery, parlour, library, and drawing-room, as well as for nice little dinner and music parties?

Should all these and similar arguments prove unavailing, and a number of misguided fanatics be determined to start the Quixotic enterprise, then make the movement as much of 'a hole-and-corner' affair as possible, and especially manage to prevent a public meeting being held, as that might give the working men confidence that all was straightforward and 'above-board.'

As the success of the undertaking will depend mainly, among other important points, on the working men having full confidence in the single-mindedness of the promoters, try and get these gentlemen to connect the club with some religious organisation, or other object exceedingly good in itself, but not likely to be sufficiently appreciated by the individuals they propose to benefit. Working men being proverbially free from suspiciousness, there will be no harm in taking steps that may raise the idea of there being some ulterior object in view. We can never do people any good until they are persuaded that we have some selfish object in view, and working men of course, are not at all in the habit of supposing that religious people have any sinister object at heart in the schemes they may set on foot for their benefit.

If a public meeting is held, endeavour to give it in some way or other a party or sectarian character, by means of the place at which it is held, the way in which it is announced, or the person invited to be chairman; or a few roughs, previously primed with beer, which the publican will, doubtless, gladly give 'free gratis,' judiciously placed in different parts of the meeting, will be able either to create a diversion, by means of choral harmonies specially composed for the occasion, or by interrupting the speaker with a few well-chosen questions.

With regard to the speakers, evidently the first qualification is that they should be totally ignorant of the subject. The second, that they should insist upon some extreme views of their own, and get the meeting divided into parties or factions in support thereof or in opposition thereto. One speaker can urge the necessity of uncompromising and exclusive teetotalism; another can be equally rampant as to the necessity for admitting beer. A strong prejudice may be got up against the movement among the clergy and gentry by insisting that the clubrooms should be opened on a Sunday, or among the working men, by fiercely maintaining that they ought to be entirely closed then.

Points of this and similar character, which can only properly be decided, after a time, by experience and by the subscribers and members themselves, should be pushed prematurely at the public meeting. We have known an influential public meeting end in smoke, and all operations be suspended for a year, mainly owing to one brief, prudent, and well-timed exhortation on a ticklish question, which, but for the purpose in view, should only have been discussed before a deliberative meeting of promoters and members. Contrive, if possible, that the public meeting close without the appointment of a provisional committee for carrying out its objects, by some such speech as, 'Oh, that can easily be done by-and-bye, it's getting late now;' but if the appointment be inevitable, mind and get two or three crotchetty fellows placed upon it—a man of extreme views, and known for his unbusinesslike capacity, appointed as secretary, or some gentleman disliked by the working men, or a working man mistrusted by the employers in the neighbourhood.

When the question of premises has to be discussed, urge the necessity of getting a large building, and raising £2,000 or £3,000, in order to do the thing 'in a way worthy of this important borough;' at least, if the notion of supposing that the money could possibly be got is sufficiently ridiculous. By diverting the

attention of the provisional committee to an impracticable scheme of this nature, a great deal of valuable time will be gained, during which the effect of the public meeting will wear off, zeal be cooled down, and the whole concern probably be shelved for a year or two. On the other hand, premises may be taken in a locality so suitable for the early suffocation of a club, or which are so small, dark, dirty, and ill-ventilated, that the few members who go will feel like rats in a haunted house, and be speedily reduced to such dismal extremities, that they will ere long devour one another or commit a double suicide, viz., on themselves and the club of which they were the scanty ornaments.

Should you ultimately be unable to prevent a canvass of the neighbourhood for donations, get the donation list headed by leading men with some very small sums; or you may be able to frustrate the object by proposing the application of the 'Free Libraries Act' to the town, and getting all the determined public-house frequenters, close-fisted or unprosperous tradesmen, and public-spirited ratepayers in general, to come up in sufficient numbers to outvote the stupid, misguided artisans, who would gladly see it introduced. Should the proposal to apply the act be rejected, the people of property and employers in the neighbourhood will perhaps be sufficiently exasperated to make this rejection the ground of refusal to do anything to help such a set of low-minded, beer-loving sots as are desiring the establishment of a working men's club and institute.

N.B.—Prizes will, probably, ere long be offered for preventing clubs from being established, or for pleasantly smothering them if they come into existence.—*Working Men's Social Clubs and Educational Institutes. By Henry Solly.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

On Both Sides of the Sea: A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. By the Author of 'Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family,' &c., &c. Pp. 508. London: T. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster Row.

To admiring readers of the 'Draytons and the Davenants,' by the same author, the volume before us will be right welcome, for it resumes the story of those two very interesting families, discloses to us the fortunes of Olive and Lettice and Roger and the other favourites, (we might almost say friends) to whom the previous volume introduced us, and carries on the history into the next subsequent generation. We might almost say friends, because so well did the author set them before us, so masterly draw the outlines, so skilfully fill in, so magically make his pictures speak and move, that we all along felt them to be real, and to be personal friends gladly welcomed to our heart, even although dressed in the attire, and exhibiting the manners, thinking the thoughts, and responding to the events, of an entirely bygone age. Thus, then, we were delighted on taking up the new volume, to find that the author had placed in store for us so much pleasure as further acquaintanceship with these favourites must give; and the promise thus gratifying us at the opening of the volume, was well fulfilled in those further discoveries of their thoughts, ways, and lives which are made in 'On Both Sides of the Sea.' In all that this author produces, we find the work of a profound student of human nature, well able to divide between what is essential, vital, and unfading on the one hand, and what is incidental and deciduous on the other; and always unable to utter many sentences without dropping some genuine pearls and diamonds by the way. And although here and there something falls, some expression of opinion, some unsuccessful effort at thought that is not worthy of much regard, on the whole we know of very few books of fiction so high and noble in tone, so rich in wisdom, so, in every way deserving to be placed on the table and taken to the very heart of every worthy student. It is not every reader that deserves to open such a book as this, and there are many who could no

more appreciate it than they could supply a box to put a great city in, or a measuring tape of their own weaving to go round the world. But those who have eyes that are open, and hearts that know not only how to beat but what to beat for, 'On Both Sides of the Sea,' with the 'Draytons and the Davenants' (to which, whilst complete in its own interest, it serves as a continuation,) will be gladly placed amongst their most special book treasures.

The Management of Health: A Manual of Home and Personal Hygeine: Being Practical Hints on Air; Light, and Ventilation; Exercise, Diet, and Clothing; Rest, Sleep, and Mental Discipline; Bathing and Therapeutics. By James Baird, B. A., Author of a 'Guide to Australia,' &c. Pp. 108. London: Virtue and Co., 26 Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

The usual rules for the management of health are here given in a condensed form. They are, for the most part, selected with good sense, but this quality fails the compiler when he treats of diet. 'Narcotics,' he says, 'used in moderation, are among the creatures which are good, to be received with thanksgiving, let the Jeameses say what they will to the contrary.' By the Jeameses he means those who follow King James in his Counterblast to Tobacco; and he not only pleads for this narcotic, but he also allows the 'moderate' use of 'pure and light wines,' and 'wholesome beers,' his plea being grounded mainly on the fact that a craving for such narcotics is prevalent. The same sort of argument applied to pill taking would prove him to be wrong in the remarks addressed by himself to foolish people who dose themselves with purgatives. He says: 'The habit of incessant purging deserves simple denunciation. The existence of this habit is proved by the immense sale of patent medicines, and to such an extent does it prevail, that an eminent physician writes:—"It would seem as if people lived to have stools, and not had stools to live. These last seem, with large classes of English society, to be the alpha and omega of earthly existence; the one thing of never fading interest; the much-loved object of daily and hourly solicitude; all the gigantic efforts of the reasoning faculty; all the empyrean flights of the imaginative faculty are postponed for the elevating function of evacuating the bowels.' All this is absurd folly, worthy of ridicule, were not the consequences so serious. Let those who have fallen into the practice at once give it up, and substitute bathing, exercise and dietetics, for pills, and the benefit of the change will soon be apparent.' We thoroughly approve of this advice.

Little Sermons for Little People. By William Locke. Pp. 48. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster-row.

The writer says, 'Having been called upon some years ago, as Honorary Secretary of the Ragged School Union, to assist in finding matter for "Our Children's Magazine," I put together, in plain language, a few simple thoughts on serious subjects; and gave them the form of short and simple addresses, under the title of "Little Sermons for Little People." I am told they have proved interesting and instructive to many. Some friends advised me to bring them out in a little book at a small price, thinking they would sell generally among our Sunday schools, and tend to fix more deeply in the minds of some careless scholars the essential truths of scripture that they hear so often from the lips of their teachers.' Several editions have already been sold. The doctrine is that common to the 'Evangelical' denominations.

Helena's Household: A Tale of Rome in the First Century. Pp. 437. London: T. Nelson & Sons, Paternoster-row.

With pencil dipped in vivid colours the author of Helena's Household paints stirring views of Rome in the first century of the Christian era. In the outset, Nero is on the throne; and in the progress of events we are introduced to the emperor, his court, and courtiers, and many prominent inhabitants of the great city: we witness the burning of Rome; we bleed with the persecution of the Christians; we behold with horror the siege and destruction of Jerusalem; we rejoice in the fall of Nero; listen with admiration to the preaching of Paul, and pass through many other of the famous occurrences of that eventful first century; to which are added situations of intense interest in connection with the lives of various *dramatis personæ*, whose characters and history the author describes with learning and no mean skill. With all its merits, however, and they are many, the tale, as a whole, is defective in its plan. The

interest is allowed to arrive at its acme and to abate long before the close of the story is within view. There is besides, on the whole, an undue predominance of the historical, the disquisitive, and the contemplative elements, over that which is most important,—the development of character, and that which is next in interest,—the march of action. This is all the more to be regretted, as the book has many fine qualities, amongst which we note a thorough nobility of tone; indicating both a high and a broad appreciation of the true Christian life.

My Mother. By Ann Taylor. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster-row.

The old familiar tale of My Mother,

> 'Who fed me from her gentle breast,
> And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
> And on my cheek sweet kisses press'd.'

is here produced in a splendour which it can never have attained before. Type, paper, binding, and illustrations are all magnificent.

The Gospel of Peace. By J. A. Mant. London: Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster-row.

A lovely little tale of an angel who, in a dream, gave certain advice and a promise to a little girl; and of the manner in which the advice was carried out, and the promise fulfilled; the end being the death of the child, and the restoration to domestic peace of its father and mother, whom strong drink had threatened hopelessly to divide.

The Philosophy of Revivals; or, The Nature, Necessity, and the Instrumentality of Conversion, and the conditions on which it depends. Pp. 147. London: Elliot Stock, 52, Paternoster-row.

The philosophy of revivals is not to be found in this little volume; but the author gives a series of explanations of his views of the nature, necessity, and instrumentality of conversion, which should secure for his volume grateful reception in 'Evangelical' circles.

The Weaver-boy, who became a Missionary: Being the Story of the Life and Labours of David Livingstone. By H. G. Adams; author of Our Feathered Families; The Young Naturalist's Library, &c. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster-row. Pp. 318.

Well printed, and nicely bound in cloth this little volume retraces the story of Dr. Livingstone's most interesting career, as far as at present known. It is founded on the great traveller's autobiography, and does not profess to do other than keep pretty closely to the original narrative. The composition is sometimes diffuse and rambling, and not always grammatical. In other respect, the volume is very suitable for youthful readers.

From First to Last; or, Who was to Blame? A Tale founded on facts; showing the evils of giving intoxicating drinks to young children: Illustrated by Fairholt, Williams, and others. By J. P. Hodgson; author of Emma Gray, and other tales. Pp. 42. London: T. T. Lemare, 1 Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row.

The story of a lovely child, who, through well-meant, but foolish parental training, grew up into a woman, accustomed to drink; and at length died in a workhouse. It is told in an affecting manner.

Anecdotes of the Aborigines; or, Illustrations of the Coloured Races being 'Men and Brethren.' London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster-row.

A collection of anecdotes, intended to awaken in the minds of the young a kindly interest in our fellow creatures 'guilty of a skin not coloured like our own.'

Assorted Handbill Packet, containing One and Two-Page Tracts. Stirling: Peter Drummond. London: S. W. Partridge and W. Kent and Co.

Evangelical tracts on the Sabbath, racing, conversion, and the other usual topics. Many of the impressions are in the forty-sixth or forty-seventh million.

Lectures on the Turkish Bath. Delivered at St. Ann's, Cork. By Richard Barter, Esq., M.R.C.S.E. London: J. Burns, 1, Wellington Road, Camberwell.

Make the reader long to rush into a Turkish bath at once.

Illustrated Handbills. A shilling assorted packet. London: S. W. Partridge.

On the whole, a very capital collection of one-page tracts, all illustrated, chiefly on temperance, kindness to animals, smoking, and Sabbath-keeping.

Condensed Temperance Facts for Christians. With Remarks on Ancient and Modern Wines and Malt Liquors. By J. Mackenzie, M.D., J.P., Provost of Inverness, etc. London: Trübner and Co., 60, Paternoster-row.

An admirable pamphlet, well adapted for general distribution. In his preface the author says:—

In the following Observations on Alcohol, I have to acknowledge being greatly indebted to my friend Dr. F. R. Lees, in whose numerous works the history of intoxicants is investigated in a manner that creates astonishment at the immense amount of patient research bestowed on it by a truly philosophical and logical mind, such as is rarely indeed to be met with. I have also profited by studying the Word of God, by the works of, or correspondence with, Baron Liebig, Mulder, Lyon Playfair, Christison, Carpenter, Day, Beaumont, Percy, Gairdner, Johnston, Nott, and many other writers on the same subject in Britain, the Continent, and America; for without the light of chemistry and physiology to show the action of alcohol on the human body, abstainers can give no clear scientific reasons for refusing to drink intoxicating liquors. And without such proofs as these sciences afford, that alcohol is altogether and always injurious to health, however disguised under the names of wine, malt liquors, or cordials, it will be long ere Christians satisfy themselves that the drinking usages of society are *unchristian*, and dangerous to our hopes of eternal life. I have written chiefly for *Christians*—lovers of God and man—under a conviction that ignorance as to the real action of alcohol on their health, mentally and bodily, is the sole reason why they hesitate to become abstainers; since all must admit the inconsistency of professing love to God and man, yet, at the same time, merely to gratify a lust, or to comply with a senseless custom, deliberately acting so as to injure that health of mind and body which we received from God expressly to glorify and serve Him on earth, and be of use to our fellow-creatures.

Fourth Report of the Manchester and Salford Education Aid Society. 1868. Manchester: Guardian Office.

The committee of that admirable and important institution,—the Education Aid Society,—report that 'during the past year the committee has entered upon a wholly new experience. This association was first launched in 1864, with an abundance of money, whilst the acquiescence of school managers had to be sought, and scholars were wanted. Gradually, as the society became known, the school grants attained more general circulation; until in the year 1866, a maximum of about 10,000 children of the poor was gathered into the schools. So long as the funds permitted it, this steady increase of the numbers in receipt of grants was a satisfactory condition, as indicating extending usefulness. The original position however is now reversed: scholars are more plentiful than money. The augmentation of the number of children aided has not been the sole cause of this. The income of the society has also declined. As the year 1867 advanced, the disparity between income and expenditure grew so serious that it became necessary to consider in what manner the operations of the society could best be curtailed to meet its altered circumstances.' 'A special meeting of the committee was held in July last, when the following important resolution was passed:—"That in the present state of the finances the usual issue of school grants be postponed until further notice." The committee came to this decision with deep regret, foreseeing that the usefulness of the association must thereby receive a serious check. These fears have been fully realized. The managers and masters of schools who have so long been accustomed to look upon the society as a friend on whom they could rely, have in several instances keenly felt the loss. Looking at the adverse effects which have resulted from the discontinuance of the issue of new grants, it is not overstating the case to say that the cause of education in this locality has thereby experienced a great discouragement. One example may be given. The managers of a large and important school which sprang into existence mainly through the prospect of support from the Education Aid Society (situated in the heart of a poor district), now find themselves in a dilemma, as the withdrawal of £20 per annum from the society involves the school really in a loss of £60 per annum, viz., £20 from the society, £20 of part school fees from parents, and £20 of the government grant. The case of the

parents and children is equally trying. Many applications from parents seeking education aid have been received. Unfortunately, under present circumstances, such applications cannot be entertained. The children themselves, it is to be feared, will be left to swell the already too great numbers of the uneducated. The actual money distributed by the society represents but a small part of the benefits which it confers, as in the majority of cases the supplementary fee paid on behalf of indigent parents is multiplied. The society usually finds one part of the school fee, whilst the parent provides the remainder. These together enable the managers to secure the benefit of the government grant. Thus £20 from this society yields £47 per annum to education. Since the commencement of this association, in the year 1864, about £6,000 has been paid in school fees; or, according to the above calculation, the large amount of £14,000 has been circulated in the promotion of the education of the poor through the action of the Education Aid Society. No stronger argument could be furnished as an appeal for the additional funds which are required.'

Britain's Drawbacks. Being a Brief Review of the Chief of those National Errors which retard the prosperity of our country. By Rev. Professor Kirk, Edinburgh. Glasgow: Christian News Office, 142, Trongate.

A VERY well conceived and ably written pamphlet, which we can very strongly recommend. It deserves to be circulated in millions. To all our readers we say with hearty emphasis, Get it, read it, and distribute it.

Working Men's Social Clubs and Educational Institutes. By Henry Solly, late Secretary to the Working Men's Club and Institute Union. Pp. 320. London: Working Men's Club and Institute Union, 150, Strand.

UNQUESTIONABLY *the* book on the subject. Absolutely indispensable to all promoters of Working Men's Clubs.

The Life of Jesus for Young People. By the Editor of 'Kind Words.' London: Henry Hall, 56, Old Bailey.

Now publishing in monthly parts. The story simply and clearly told. The scenery nicely illustrated.

Catalogue of Stirling Tracts, &c.

A WONDERFUL list of religious and temperance publications, all the results of the earnest philanthropic enterprise of one man.

The Church of England Temperance Magazine. A monthly journal of intelligence. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, and S. W. Partridge.

SPIRITED and excellent as ever.

Priest and Pastor, a Word in Season. London: E. Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A WELL-WRITTEN non-conformist pamphlet.

Catalogue of Publications. Dublin Tract Repository, 10, D'Olier-street, Dublin, and 9, Paternoster Row, London.

Why we should not be Poisoned because we are Sick! or, the Fatal Absurdity of Drug Medication Exposed and Confuted by the Confessions of its Most Eminent Practitioners. Edited by One of its Victims. London: J. Burns, 1, Wellington Road, Camberwell.

Old Jonathan, the District and Parish Helper. Monthly. London: W. H. Collingridge, 117 to 120, Aldersgate-street.

The Baptist Magazine. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Scattered Nation. Edited by C. Schwartz, D.D. London: Elliot Stock.

The Hive; a Storehouse of Material for Working Sunday-school Teachers.

The Church. A monthly penny magazine. London: Elliot Stock.

Meliora.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

THE United States of America seem destined to be the trial ground of social theories. Almost all new ideas originate there. Not a few old ideas, which had, as we supposed, been abandoned long ago, have been revived there. At the present time two remarkable experiments are being worked out there, which involve the ultimate position of woman in the body politic. In Western America she is being reduced to the position which she occupied in early historical times; in Eastern America she is claiming a place far beyond that which has ever been accorded to her. On the shores of the great Salt Lake she has become a mere instrument for populating the newly inhabited district, and patriarchial life is restored under conditions which render polygamy as much a matter of course as when the first great emigrant went forth to take possession of a land wherein he had not a foot of ground. On the shores of the Atlantic, where population is already dense, and women consider a large family a serious calamity, they are demanding equality with men in science, religion, and politics. In Utah women are looked upon as little else than breeders; in New England they are claiming to be teachers. In the West they bring forth the men children who have to convert a wilderness into a fruitful land; in the East they lecture and agitate. In the one country they are confined to the nursery and the kitchen; in the other they occupy the pulpit and the platform. Of these two extremes we may be certain that the first will never prevail in England. It is true that there are in this country something like a million more women than men, and that under a system of monogamy, there must be that number of women who cannot be married. Nevertheless England is far too densely peopled to permit a change which is so repugnant to the Anglo-Saxon mind that, even in the freest and most tolerant country of the world, it is in danger of suppression by armed

force. It is by no means so certain that the other change is not close at hand. The numerical disproportion of the sexes referred to seems to render it inevitable. Granting that the primary duty of women is wifehood and motherhood, we are met by the question, What shall these women do?—these million women for whom there are no husbands, and who cannot become mothers? Hitherto they have been confined almost exclusively to two occupations, the lowest and the highest,—menial service, and the education of youth; and they have been forbidden admission to wellnigh all other employments. If we ask why this is, the answer will be little creditable to those who are responsible for it. Of two things, one; either we, men, deem the education of our children so little important that we are willing to leave it to those whom we deem unfit for most of the functions of life, or else it is pure selfishness which makes us ready to give up to women work which it would be inconvenient for us to undertake, while we exclude them from employments in which they might become our competitors. Whatever be the cause, the result is that, while we permit women to develope the mind, we forbid them to heal the body. In this case the exception proves the rule, and the accidental admission of one or two ladies to the ranks of the medical profession has excited the ingenuity of the other sex to devise means for preventing the recurrence of so portentous an event. Even in other professions the jealousy of men is notorious. Women are indeed allowed to become authors, for the simple reason that there is no possibility of preventing them. They cannot be excluded from the 'Row,' as they are from the 'College' and the 'Hall.' Nor does the British Museum refuse to receive their books, as the managers of the Leeds Fine Arts Exhibition, which is now being held, refused to receive their pictures. The result, viewed from the man's stand-point, is a justification of his selfishness. In poetry, fiction, and even science, women have fairly competed with men, and the names of Mrs. Browning, 'George Eliot,' and Mrs. Somerville, are permanent additions to our literary roll. What is there to prevent women from obtaining equal success in the professions, and even in politics, though sexual jealousy views this last contingency with dismay?

But while we may be sure that the party in possession will not yield it without a struggle, it is nearly certain that they will have to yield it. The fact that women can do something more than 'suckle fools and chronicle small beer' has been proved; and therefore they will not rest satisfied with these functions. Nor is there any reason why they should. If a

woman is capable of being a skilful doctor, why should she not be one, as well as a tender nurse? In this case, especially, the distinction between the work which a woman may do, and that which custom forbids her to do, is so slight that it will be impossible to maintain the existing 'hard and fast line.' It is absurd to write sentimental couplets about woman being a 'ministering angel' when 'pain and anguish wring the brow,' if the ministration is to be confined to preparing the poultice and pouring out the draught, if she is to take no note of the varying symptoms from hour to hour which no one is so well qualified to observe as she. There is an amazing inconsistency in the exclusion of women from political privileges under a sovereign who is a woman. If a woman is competent to be at the head of the state, and to exercise her influence in matters of domestic legislation and foreign policy—an influence that is enormous even in a constitutional country—much more must she be competent to have a share in voting for the 658th part of one branch of the legislature. Or, to put the case in another way,—What shall we think of entrusting the franchise to the beerhouse keeper, and withholding it from Miss Burdett Coutts?—of enfranchising the man whose trade is built up on the ruined health and fortunes of his customers, and of disfranchising the founder of bishoprics, the donor of people's parks, the builder of churches and markets? Is there logic or common sense in holding the small London tradesman competent to decide political questions, while Miss Carpenter, the philanthropist, and Miss Martineau, the political economist, are considered incompetent? Such anomalies as these shew that the test of sex is wholly inadequate. Hitherto it has been said that women ought not to have the franchise because they do not care for politics. Would men care for politics if they had not the franchise? The essayist who has lately been writing in the *Saturday Review* bitter things against women because of their frivolity, would be the last man to consent to the true remedy for frivolity—new interests. We believe, however, that it was a female writer who uttered the worst slander against her sex, when it was said that a woman would always vote for the handsomest man, or for him who paid her the neatest compliment, or made her the most costly present. That there are women who would do this is possible, for it is certain that there are men who would vote for the candidate who gave nine pints of beer rather than for him who would give only one gallon. But it is doubtful if women in the mass would prove more weak or more venal than men. If they were well grounded in politics, and had a rational and intelligent interest in the wants of

their own time, and were as free to study the parliamentary campaigns of the Victorian age as they are the Wars of the Barons and the Roses, they would be far better qualified to vote than at least one half of the electors who will be on the new register.

The present unsatisfactory position of women is partly the cause, partly the effect of their imperfect education. They are unfit for the duties of citizenship, because they are not trained for them; they are not trained because they are deemed unfit for them. The same thing may be said of such education as they do receive. It is assumed that women need not be thorough in anything, that it is enough for them to have a smattering of a few subjects, and the result is an education lamentably superficial; and because it is superficial the pupils are never thoroughly taught. How completely teachers and taught pursue each other through this vicious circle is abundantly shewn in the reports made by the assistant commissioners to the Schools Inquiry Commission. The reports of Mr. Fitch and Mr. Bryce are in this respect especially valuable, and as they enter most completely into the whole subject of female education, we shall do our readers a service in laying before them remarks and suggestions, which, being contained in one of a series of twenty blue books of some 800 pages each, are not easily accessible.

Mr. Bryce, who was appointed to examine the schools of Lancashire, points out that there are three motives by which a parent is influenced in determining how much he will pay for his sons' education, what school he will choose for them, and what branches they shall learn. The first is an appreciation of the worth of education, as training the mind, and moulding the character. The second is a deference to the opinions of persons of his own rank, which requires boys to remain for a certain number of years at school, be taught certain things there, and have a certain sum of money expended upon them. The third is a desire that his sons should get on in the world, and should therefore have the knowledge and the sharpness that may help them to do so. Of these three the last is the most powerful and the most common. But in the case of girls it does not exist. Except those daughters of small shopkeepers and publicans who are put on market days behind the counter, and those daughters of poor professional men who must go out as governesses, there are no girls to whom knowledge is of practical value,—none of whom it is supposed that the education has anything to do with the after life. The first motive influences very few parents as regards the sons, and still fewer as regards the

daughters. "Although," adds Mr. Bryce, "the world has now existed for several thousand years, the notion that women have minds as cultivable and as well worth cultivating as men's minds, is still regarded by the ordinary British parent as an offensive, not to say a revolutionary paradox." It is therefore the second or social motive that practically controls the education of girls. Society has agreed to set a high value upon a young lady's music, dancing, and general air of good breeding, and a somewhat lower value upon her French and her skill in drawing and fancy work. These, therefore, are the arts in which parents desire that their daughters should excel. This low standard, as Mr. Fitch (the assistant commissioner who inquired into the schools of Yorkshire and Durham) points out, is the greatest hindrance to improvement in the education of girls. He found many a governess earnestly endeavouring to improve the quality of the instruction under the great difficulties of parental apathy and discouragement. Everywhere he was told by the governesses that the parents cannot 'see the use of' any subject of instruction, except plain rudiments and accomplishments. The girl's business is not, like the boy's, to get on in life by her own exertions, but to get a husband. Hence she is taught the accomplishments which will make her attractive before marriage, rather than the solid instruction which will make her a valuable and intelligent companion afterwards. In fact, there is a prevalent belief that such instruction is an actual disqualification. And to some degree it certainly is so. A man who is himself but imperfectly educated would be slow to choose a life-long companion who is better instructed than himself. Presuming that the husband and the wife have equal abilities and equal love of knowledge, the second has an advantage over the first in the greater leisure which she enjoys and the greater opportunities for study. It may seem a very unworthy jealousy which would make men prefer a superficially instructed to a really educated companion, but such jealousy does undoubtedly exist. The consequence is that women will not incur the danger of spoiling their future career by a reputation for bookishness. As marriage is always considered the end and object of their lives for which all other considerations should be sacrificed, it is easy to see how small are the chances of their undergoing the labour of acquiring knowledge which will in their opinion injure far more than aid them. Mothers are acutely sensible of this consideration, and their views, as represented to Mr. Bryce by the schoolmistresses, were invariably the same. 'They' (the mothers), say the mistresses, 'are profoundly indifferent to their daughters' diligence, (as a

moral quality) or to their progress in the more solid branches of an English education. If a girl begins to get interested in the school-work, and is seen in the evening busy over her theme, her mother comes to me and says "Now miss, you must not make Augusta a blue."' 'If I report that another does not try to improve herself in arithmetic, the mother says,—"Well, you know, I am anxious about her music of course, but it really does not matter about her arithmetic, does it? Her husband will be able to do all her accounts for her, you know." I find people who are willing to pay £2. 12s. 6d. for twelve dancing lessons, grumbling if they are asked to pay £3. 3s. for a quarter's English, including all the regular school work. To those of us who are conscientious, and wish to do the best for the mind and character of our pupils, school-keeping is a thankless and troublesome task.' To those who are content to float with the stream, putting the names of eminent 'accomplishment' masters in the prospectus, and leaving the rest of the teaching to ill-paid governesses, it is an easy one. Of course, the first are the few, the second are the many. Of the schools conducted by the latter, Mr. Fitch gives us a vivid but melancholy picture. The first thing which he noticed was that girls' schools are much smaller than boys'. The average number of pupils in one of the first is but twenty-five. This fact is due partly to the parents' belief that a small school is more like a home than a large one, and that the pupils in the first are more likely to obtain attention and a regard to individual peculiarities than they would be in the second. It is due also in no small measure to the greater jealousy which is felt with regard to the daughters' than the sons' school associates. A boy will be sent to a grammar school, in which are boys of all ranks; such an arrangement would be considered highly objectionable for a girl. Then again, school-mistresses generally shrink from the responsibility of superintending a large establishment. They aim rather to raise their terms than to increase their numbers. The result is that girls' schools are much more expensive than boys'. They ought to be less expensive, seeing that women who do a given amount of work are satisfied with a smaller remuneration than men, and that the expenses of a household consisting entirely of female inmates need not be so great. Nevertheless, relatively to the advantages purchased, and the teaching power employed, much more is always charged for girls than for boys. If a lady is to obtain even a humble livelihood out of the profits on twenty or twenty-five pupils, she must make a large demand on each; consequently, the 'extras' form a formidable item in the

school bills. Taking the typical bills which Mr. Fitch supplies, we find that one-third of the whole sum paid for education, apart from boarding, is for 'general school-work,' and two-thirds for the extras or 'accomplishments.' 'Nothing,' says Mr. Fitch, 'can well be more extravagant than the waste of money and of educational resources in these small schools. There is little life, no collective instruction, and nothing to call forth the best powers of either teacher or learner in a school where each class consists of two or three pupils only. Even if a teacher were highly qualified she would in time grow dispirited and mechanical under the sense that she was frittering away her strength in small efforts, and producing results so insignificant in proportion to them. But the teachers are not highly qualified.' Mr. Fitch estimates that the number of governesses who have been educated with a view to the work, and who contemplated it as a profession, is very small, not more than six or seven per cent. The majority of schoolmistresses are women who wish to get a living without loss of position, and who, considering teaching to be 'genteel,' enter upon it without any qualifications. Boarders being more profitable than day scholars, the schoolmistress lays herself out for the first, and hence the greater number of girls are for a number of years consigned to a conventual kind of life, and lose the advantages to be derived from the more healthy and natural atmosphere of an orderly home in which there are father, mother, and brothers.

The artificialness of the boarding-school life is not the worst of its defects, for that is capable to a great extent of being corrected when the girl's school years are over. A more serious defect is the want of systematic discipline. The rule is generally lax, the pupils are usually dawdling. It is for this reason that the use of masters is desirable. Really, this resort to male tuition is a confession that the schoolmistresses are imperfectly trained. A woman ought to make a better teacher than a man, because she has quicker sympathies, and a greater facility in communicating what she knows. But unfortunately her knowledge is meagre and indefinite, and she does not seem to possess the same power of enforcing attention and inciting to industry that a man does. Up to a certain age the pupil will perhaps be as amenable to the mistress as to the master; but after that—that is after twelve or thirteen—, girls will certainly pay more deference to the second, probably because he is more exigent. The system of giving lectures is one of very questionable utility. The lecturer has a very miscellaneous syllabus to begin with. One schoolmistress said to Mr. Fitch, 'My young people take great

interest in science. We have a lecturer who comes weekly during the season, and gives us courses on astronomy, heraldry, (!) botany, and architecture. Sometimes, too, when it is quite fine, we go out and pluck flowers, and afterwards dissect them and have a lesson on their parts.' Only a person utterly ignorant of science could suppose it possible to teach any one of these subjects, much less all four, in a series of a dozen lectures. The little that the lecturer might do he does not attempt. Instead of laying down definite principles which might be afterwards applied by the pupils themselves, he generally shoots far above their heads with poetic generalisation about science, and avoids detail of any kind. The day of lecture is, however, an incident to relieve the monotony of the convent-like life. "Other lessons are put away, dress is specially attended to, and the young ladies ranged in close order sit and smile rather as spectators at a festal exhibition than as students." This is but an illustration of the superficial character of girls' education. Up to a certain point the instruction is as systematic as that of boys. But beyond that point all is desultory and aimless. There is nothing bracing, nothing demanding close attention or a concentration of powers. Shakspere and Milton may be read with pleasure, but no attempt is made to understand the archaic words or the allusions. Even in the best schools the highest ideal seems to be to produce 'well-informed women,' but it does not enter into the scheme to make them thinkers, or to encourage the pursuit of truth as truth. If we take up the subjects that are generally taught, we shall find the superficiality mentioned above pervading each. Needlework degenerates into the *strenua inertia* of 'fancy work,' which takes the form of 'tatting,' and 'crochet' in low church, and of altar cloth embroidery in high church schools. French is not taught grammatically, and much more is thought of a pure accent than of grammatical accuracy. Music is taught indiscriminately to girls whether they have an ear or not, and to this 'accomplishment' they devote an inordinate amount of time. Drawing is not so universally taught, and, where it is, the great object seems to be to turn out sketches that may be shewn at home, and which, by their high finish, always betray the drawing master's handiwork. The 'finishing' school is just like all other schools, except that the charges are higher and the pupils therefore more 'select.' Altogether it is not only possible, but highly probable, that a girl whose education has cost £700 will leave school knowing absolutely nothing, if by knowing we mean comprehending and grasping a subject. She will sing, play the piano, get through a piece of worsted

work, know enough French to ask the price of a pair of gloves in a Paris shop, retain for a few years a certain number of dates and disjointed facts, and find the latitude and longitude of a place on the globe. All the rest is nought.

It is not surprising that this state of things should exist, unsatisfactory though it be. The small importance attached to female education in former times is shown by the fact that whereas the Schools Commissioners found 820 endowed schools existing for the education of boys, they found only twenty existing for the education of girls. The same indifference shewn in mediæval and post-mediæval times was exhibited in a very remarkable manner only a few months ago, when the great scheme for middle-class education in London was started without any provision for the teaching of girls. There seems to have been a general consensus of opinion that education is not adapted for women, and that women are not adapted for education. Assuming that domestic life is their only occupation, learning is supposed to be incompatible with it. Unfortunately the instruction given is not suitable even for this standard.

'I cannot,' says Mr. Fitch, 'find that any part of the training given in the ladies' schools educates them for domestic life, or prepares them for duties which are supposed to be specially womanly. I am repeatedly told that the cooking, the government of servants, the superintendence of their work, the right management of the purse, and the power to economise all the resources of a household, are of more importance to a girl than learning. All this is confessedly true. But then these things *are not taught* in schools, nor are the laws of health, the elements of chemistry, the physiology which would be helpful in the case of children, the political economy which would preserve ladies from mistakes in dealing with the poor, nor any, in short, of those studies which seem to stand in a close relation to the work a woman has to do in the world. Everywhere the fact that the pupil is to become a woman and not a man operates upon her course of study negatively not positively. It deprives her of the kind of teaching which boys have, but it gives her little or nothing in exchange. It certainly does not give her any exceptional teaching adapted to her career as a woman.'

It is to the credit of the teachers that the attempt to improve this most inefficient tuition should have been made in the first place by them. The supply has, in fact, preceded the demand, the market has been furnished with a better article than was asked for. The schoolmistresses have shewn the parents a more excellent way, often in vain, though, at last, even match-making mothers are beginning to doubt if the 'accomplished' ignoramus — the girl who can sing, and dance, and draw, and read a French novel, but who knows nothing of the literature and the history of her own country, and nothing of any single branch of science—is, after all, the highest type of girlhood *per se*, or, which is more to their purpose, the type that young men prefer. It is in-

teresting and not a little amusing, to see how whole tons of theory, with regard to the mental capacity of girls, are being out-balanced by an ounce of fact. The extension of the University local examinations to girls has extinguished a whole host of popular notions of most venerable antiquity. To Cambridge the merit of this great achievement is due. The authorities of the University proceeded boldly, and yet cautiously, in their somewhat startling innovation. Five years ago they gave permission to a voluntarily formed committee to conduct a trial examination of girls with the same papers as had been used for boys. The result was so successful that they followed up this experiment by admitting female candidates to the examination of male candidates. This change seemed to supply just what was wanting in the education of girls; it gave a stimulus to the pupils and system to the teachers. At the trial examination, above mentioned, 90 per cent. of the candidates failed in arithmetic, but two years later all but three of the candidates passed. The report of the Syndicate of the University, for 1867, is full of most gratifying evidence in support of the equal capacity of girls to that of boys. The report says, for instance: 'In Shakspere the girls were again successful, and on the whole more than the boys. In religious knowledge the work was in general well done. In the papers on the *Horæ Paulinæ*, on the catechism, and on Whately's Evidences, the girls excelled the boys. Three seniors attempted Greek, all of whom passed. Five out of seven seniors, six out of eight juniors passed in Latin. In French eighty-four out of eighty-eight juniors, seventy-two out of seventy-four seniors, passed;—and of the juniors the girls translated with far greater spirit than the boys, and were equally superior in handwriting and spelling. Twelve seniors and ten juniors passed in German, six of each division obtained marks of distinction, none failed. Two seniors and one junior obtained nineteen-twentieths of the marks. The examiner was much gratified with the work sent up.' The report further states that girls 'are not tempted by the hope of obtaining a place in the Honour Classes to try a great variety of subjects; comparatively few take the full number of sections allowed.' The characteristic mental difference of the sexes is thus illustrated in the same report:—

'The best boys write with vigour and precision, the best girls with ease and vivacity. The boys were for the most part content to retail information derived from books, or to describe the process of some branch of manufacture,—the girls were eager to express their own views, and were most successful when they endeavoured to trace their own intellectual phases, or to depict the trifling incidents of every-day life.'

This year's examination is 'equally encouraging with its

predecessors.' Girls were examined in Latin, Greek, Euclid, Algebra, Trigonometry, Conic Sections, Mechanics, and Political Economy, as well as the more usual subjects. The examiner in Euclid, who is the examiner for the whole of England, stated that the girls seemed able to distinguish with far more readiness between the essential and the formal portions of a proof than the boys. This is quite in accordance with the reports of some of the assistant commissioners. For instance—Mr. Gifford, who inspected the extra-metropolitan portion of Surrey, and the County of Sussex, mentions that in a proprietary school, in which boys and girls were working side by side in the same class, he found the girls quite as proficient in Euclid as the boys. To put against this, we have the remarkable statement made by the same gentleman, that the singing of boys in class is more correct than that of girls, although this has hitherto been deemed almost exclusively a female accomplishment.

Akin to the university local examinations are the examinations of individual schools. It is probable that the second plan will not be practicable to any large extent for some years to come. The assistant commissioners give different information on this point. One says that the higher class of schoolmistresses would gladly have their work tested by this means. Another describes the almost ludicrous alarm with which even his general questions as to the conduct of the school were received, and the indignant resentment with which the mistresses resisted such 'inquisitorial' investigations. We do not anticipate that either boys' or girls' schools will submit to formal examinations for some time to come. The university examiners will always be more popular, because the teachers can always send up their picked pupils. It is for this very reason that the examination of the schools is so much more desirable, and would be so much more efficient.

It is satisfactory to find that the old prejudices against instructing girls in the higher branches of study are fast disappearing. The main objection—that such instruction injures a girl's marriage prospects—still exists to a lamentable degree, but it is not so universal as it was. As Mr. Fitch well says: 'It would be a strange commentary on our present system of education if it could be proved that the studies which are supposed to elevate and refine men, had an opposite effect on the other sex.' The fact is, that even if our aim in instructing our daughters be solely to train them morally, we shall best reach that aim by training them intellectually. The most formidable enemy to a high moral standard is mental vacuity. To withdraw a girl's mind from what is frivolous and to kindle her in-

terest in serious and thoughtful study, is the surest way to defeat that adversary of whom the nursery couplet says that he always finds mischief for idle hands to do. If men in choosing their wives would remember this they would spare themselves much disappointment, no little sorrow, and sometimes downright shame. The ignorant wife is the frivolous woman whose only resources are shopping and scandal; the first is a very costly employment, as many a husband suddenly surprised with a long milliner's bill can testify; the second is, at best, a mischievous and not unfrequently a dangerous occupation, tempting the teller of scandal to be at last the actor. The fear which men who are not so foolish as to be jealous of their wives' acquirements entertain that learning spoils their chief charm, modesty, and converts them into those most insufferable of all beings, female prigs, is not borne out by facts. It is quite untrue, says Mr. Fitch, that 'the schools in which the intellectual aim is highest shew any deficiency in good breeding. It happens that the finest manners I ever saw among young people,—the most perfect self-possession, modesty, and freedom from affectation, were in a class of girls who were brought to me to demonstrate a proposition in Euclid.' In truth there is nothing which humbles so much as the attainment of knowledge. It is only when we begin to learn that we discover how ignorant we were and are. The more we learn the more we find we have to learn. It is the mountaineer, not the idle saunterer in the plain, who most truly appreciates the height of the mountain. Women being naturally more modest than men, will be even less likely than they to be puffed up by learning. The physical argument against education has a little, but only a very little, more foundation than the moral. Women have not, it is true, the strength of men, and perhaps would break down more quickly under the severe strain of an examination for the India civil service, or for one of the higher degrees at the London university. It is for this reason that the advocates of examinations deprecate the publication of class lists for girls. They say that these find quite sufficient stimulus in the desire to obtain a certificate of merit, and that it is unnecessary to introduce the element of personal rivalry. In fact they adopt the Oxford rather than the Cambridge system so far as they classify at all. It is a question gravely discussed if the former is not the better system for young men as well as for girls. No doubt it is desirable that girls who read for an examination should have a proper physical training. The first is likely to bring about the second. At present both factors are wanting. Neither mind nor body is really educated, and the result is that a girl, when she leaves school, is

too often vapid and weakly, and takes to reading French novels on a sofa, as the most suitable employment for an empty brain and a feeble spine. Miss Beale, the principal of the Cheltenham Ladies' College, puts the point well when, in her evidence, she says, 'That for one girl who suffers from over work, there are hundreds who suffer from the feverish love of excitement, and the irritability produced by idleness, and frivolity, and discontent. I am persuaded,' she adds, 'and my opinion has been confirmed by experienced doctors, that the want of wholesome occupation lies at the root of much of the languid debility of which we hear so much after girls have left school.'

A higher standard of teaching necessarily involves better schools and better teachers. It is more easy to improve the first than the second. One great fault of existing schools has been well pointed out by Miss Wolstenholme, the proprietor of a private school near Manchester. The small size of most girls' schools hinders their efficient management, because the fees which are required to obtain efficient teachers fall heavily on the parents, when there are only a few between whom the amount can be distributed. The establishment of large day schools in all important towns would be of great service. Girls, no doubt, will be best brought up at home, so far as domestic training is concerned. The life of the boarding school is too artificial to be wholesome. If, therefore, it were possible to send girls to a large and thoroughly good school every day, they would obtain the best education from the most efficient masters at a moderate cost, as boys do; and they would not be consigned for some six or seven years to a semi-conventual life. Such a school is the Ladies' College at Cheltenham, with its 130 pupils; such, too, is Miss Buss's North London Collegiate School, with its 200 pupils. Even in small towns the experiment has been tried on a restricted scale. The Rev. F. V. Thornton has, for instance, established at Callington, a Cornish town of some 2000 inhabitants, a school which the children of both sexes and all classes attend, all being educated together, and with the best results. The Rev Mark Pattison, rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, has suggested that an institution should be established in every large town and populous neighbourhood, where systematic courses of lectures, at a moderate fee, should be given to girls after their governess education is over, the institution to be of local origin, and locally managed by ladies, but under a central board in London. Of course the improvement of schools now will have as one most important result, the improvement of teachers ten or fifteen years hence. At the

same time this amelioration is not all the change that is required. We need some test by which the fitness to teach may be ascertained. We may establish good schools, but we cannot compel all girls to go there; nor can we provide against the adoption of teachership as a *pis aller*, by women who have been driven by the death of parents, or the loss of money, to enter this profession as a means of livelihood. The only safeguard which can be offered is the examination and certificate system. If the duty of examining governesses, and certifying those who were competent, were once committed to some competent authority, the difficulty would be surmounted. It would be of small importance that the examinations were voluntary, so far as the state was concerned. Practically they would soon cease to be voluntary. The public would compel governesses to undergo the examination, by refusing to employ those who could not produce proofs that they had passed it. This, we think, is clear, even from the evidence of Mr. Robson, secretary of the College of Preceptors. Although he was strongly in favour of a Compulsory School Registration Act, similar to the Medical Registration Act, he could not, on cross-examination by the commissioners, shew how such an act could be applied without inflicting great hardship and involving unnecessary interference; and at the same time he admitted that, even though the number of teachers who had submitted to examination by the college was very small, it was increasing, and the public were beginning to estimate at its right value the worth of a college certificate. A new scheme like this necessarily takes considerable time to obtain proper recognition, but in such a case the beginning is half the battle. When such an institution commences to be recognised, it will, if it deserves general recognition, speedily obtain it. Moreover, it must be remembered that it is only within the last four or five years of the twenty-two during which the College of Preceptors has existed, that public attention has been aroused to the unsatisfactory nature of English middle-class education. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the influence of the college will now rapidly increase, unless, indeed, some institution with greater reputation should undertake the work that is so urgently required. As we write, a petition has been presented to the Vice-Chancellor and the Senate of the University of Cambridge, praying that body to undertake the examination of women above the age (18), which is now the limit for candidates at the university local examinations, with the view of granting certificates that would be a guarantee of fitness to teach. The memorialists include some of the leading female educationists

in the country, and their prayer is supported by many of the most distinguished members of the university. By granting this prayer the university would add another to the claims it has lately made upon our gratitude, as a great national institution which is yearly becoming more alive to the incalculable good it may effect by conferring upon the whole country the benefit formly confined to a small class. If the universities will undertake the onerous, but noble, task of examiners for the nation, they need not fear the result of any changes, however great and however dreaded. They will be founded upon the rock of national gratitude too surely to be shaken by the temporary blast of popular clamour.

At the commencement of this article we referred to one especial branch of women's education, the training of female medical practitioners. The annual meeting of the Female Medical College, which has been held in London while we have been writing, renders it desirable that we should say a few words upon an institution commanding our warmest sympathy. The profession of medicine was formerly open to every one, just as veterinary surgery is now; but, in process of time, as the healing art became more and more of a science, certain societies and corporations, such as the Apothecaries' Company and the College of Surgeons, instituted examinations and obtained power to confer diplomas. By degrees the permissive system became a compulsory one. Eventually the Medical Registration Act was passed a few years ago, and thus rendered more rigid than ever the submission to examination as a condition of the right to practice. There is no doubt that this change has, in the main, been a vast improvement upon the old days when the barber and the surgeon were one and the same person. But there was one branch of practice, midwifery, which could not be thus restricted. It was found impossible to forbid women to act as midwives, for the simple reason that the poor are unable to pay for the services of qualified accoucheurs. Moreover, this was a department so little lucrative that the profession did not care to monopolise it. Consequently, while women were rigorously excluded from the highly paid branches of medicine and surgery, they were left in undisturbed enjoyment of the ill-rewarded obstetric practice. Until lately these *sages femmes* have been of the lowest class, both socially and intellectually. The Female Medical College is intended to provide a higher class, to instruct ladies in fact in a profession which was, until the time of Louis XV., exclusively their own. In doing this a double object is obtained. Qualified female attendance is offered to women of all classes, at a time when it

is peculiarly fitting that female rather than male assistance should be offered; and a new career is opened to many women who are for ever complaining, and with reason, of the few employments which masculine monopoly has left open to them. Thus far the College, which has been established in Fitzroy-square, London, has been exceedingly successful. At the first annual meeting just held, it was stated that there were sixty-nine enrolled students, and of these many have already settled in practice, and have succeeded so admirably, that amongst a large number of cases which they have attended, not a single death or casualty has occurred. The College has wisely refrained from connecting itself with what is called the Woman's Rights Question. It is desirous of receiving the support of those who would not be prepared to adopt what we may term Social Radicalism. Moreover, it is important that the College should not set itself in antagonism to the medical profession, since it is to the members of that profession that female medical students must look for instruction during some years to come. At the present time lectures are given by well-known professors. The number of students has increased so rapidly that there is every reason to expect that the College will shortly be self-supporting. It is now purposed to raise a special fund of £1,000 for obtaining a Royal Charter, or Act of Parliament, by which the College would be empowered to grant diplomas. At present the students have the opportunity of becoming practically acquainted with their work by attendance at the Lying-in Hospital, in Endell-street, Bloomsbury. The readers of *Meliora* will be particularly interested in knowing that Dr. Edmunds, who is the chief founder of the College, and a warm supporter of the temperance movement, has succeeded in eliminating alcohol from the treatment of lying-in women, and that those accustomed hitherto to their beer or stout, have learnt experimentally and to their great surprise, that their recovery is much more favourable under a milk than under an alcohol regimen.

There is one other institution which we must notice, though as yet it is rather a project than a reality. It is proposed to establish for women, a college, in the Oxford sense of the term. The scheme contemplates the erection of a large building within 100 miles of London, capable of holding 100 students, and calculated to cost £30,000. The resident authorities are to be women, but the various classes will be taught by either men or women, as may be found desirable. Local residence will be made an indispensable condition, and it is intended that the college course, including board and lodging, shall not cost more than £80 a year. Some eminent

persons have come forward to assist the scheme, and the council includes the Bishop of St. David's, Lady Churchill, the Dean of Ely, Lady Eastlake, Mr. Llewellyn Davies (who has described the project in *Macmillan's Magazine*, for June), Mr. Gorst, M.P., the Recorder of London, Mr. Paget, Miss Swanwick, Miss Greenwell (author of the Life of Lacordaire), and Miss Davies, the honorary secretary. One lady, Mrs. Bodichon, has headed the subscription list with £1,000, and many other subscribers have given £100 each. It is, as yet, too early to say if this somewhat bold, and certainly most interesting scheme, will succeed. We shall, at least, wish it success, even those of us who most firmly hold with the author of 'The Princess,' that

> '———Woman is not undevelopt man.
> But diverse: could we make her as the man,
> Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
> Not like to like, but like in difference.
> Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
> The man be more of woman, she of man;
> He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
> Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world:
> She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
> Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
> Till at the last she set herself to man,
> Like perfect music unto noble words.'

THE EDUCATION OF BOYS.

IN one sense, more than either extension of the franchise or the Irish Church, education is, and ought to be, the question of the day. The generation now rising up will most imperfectly perform their duties as electors, and will be unable to form a really sound judgment on any momentous or disputed subject, if they remain contented with a culture so sordid and superficial that it is barely one degree better than blind ignorance. The elaborate report of the schools inquiry commission will, when complete, fill twenty-one volumes, and will supply an enormous mass of valuable information and suggestion, well calculated to form a text-book for real reformers in future times. What has been already published proves, in a clear and positive manner, the existence of a state of things which most thoughtful men have at least suspected, but which is, to say the least of it, deplorable. For want of knowledge, energy, and organisation, we have allowed our educational machinery to get altogether out of gear, and we stand face to face with a wasteful and barren expenditure of

means provided by noble charities, with ignorant scholars, careless parents, dulled and disheartened efforts on the part of the masters, and, with but few exceptions, parents, pupils, and teachers all singularly apathetic. For the wealthy, a good education can no doubt be obtained at our large public schools aided by the universities; for the poor, the privy council schools in large towns are doing excellent work; but for the middle and lower middle classes, which, after all have practically ruled the country for more than a score of years, there are literally no decent schools provided to which a man may send his son with the certainty that for a reasonable sum a good and sound education—either primary or secondary—will be given. In the present article we propose to examine that portion of the subject which refers to the state of education in the manufacturing districts, more especially in Manchester and Liverpool, and the condition of the endowed or grammar schools, as well as of the proprietary and private adventure schools, and to arrive at some conclusion as to what they actually effect for the pupils who use them, chiefly the sons of shopkeepers, clerks, foremen, petty manufacturers, and professional men of moderate incomes.

With regard to endowed schools, these are in all conscience rich and numerous enough. Mr. Fitch's report is perhaps the clearest in arrangement, and the most fertile in suggestion for schemes of improvement that has yet appeared; it also possesses a valuable addition in the shape of an educational map, to which we recommend attention. This gentleman visited upwards of sixty endowed schools in the West Riding of Yorkshire, besides a multitude of seminaries of other kinds; and Mr. Bryce reports on about the same number in Lancashire. As might be expected from the antiquity of the foundation of many of the endowed schools, the decay of some places, the rise and progress of others, with the shifting of population in these days, it has come to pass, that these schools are often in remote places, where the inhabitants are few and decreasing, or in cathedral towns where, at most, the population is stationary in numbers; while in manufacturing towns, the prosperity and population of which have increased enormously within a very few years, there is a great deficiency of endowment. Thus Giggleswick, a village joined with Settle, having 2000 and odd inhabitants, possesses about £1,200 per annum; York, with 40,000 and odd, has about £2,654 per annum for education; while Huddersfield, Middlesbro', Dewsbury, &c., are unprovided for. The same sort of thing occurs in Lancashire, of which Blackrod and Middleton are instances; both possess endowed schools with exhibitions attached, but they

have literally no scholars to take advantage of them. If we inquire how far these schools carry out the will of the founders, and whether, if they have departed therefrom, it has been for the advantage of the school, and with a view to meet the wants of the age, the answer is as unsatisfactory as can be. Hardly any comply with the letter, few with the spirit of the founder's will, and any alterations have been uniformly made to the disadvantage of education. The founders have usually ordained the study of Greek and Latin, simply because, in their days, that was the best learning known. Out of sixty schools, thirty-one afford instruction of the same pretensions as a national school; about twenty-five are steadily decaying; five or six only have taken a new lease of life. Even on the books of these sixty schools there are only 3,510 scholars; the number actually in attendance fall far short of this estimate. Of these, twenty-nine per cent. professed to learn Latin, and seventeen per cent. Greek, yet about thirteen per cent. only could actually read a simple passage from a Latin writer. Hardly any school has its full complement of scholars; notwithstanding this, the buildings are mostly so ill ventilated, cramped, and small, that often the atmosphere is of the worst kind. Sometimes two or three pupils will represent the whole school; the master, of course, pocketing his salary as usual. In many, the privileges of scholarships and exhibitions at the universities have lapsed from disuse. Some almost incredible examples of the shameful abuse of the charities are mentioned in the report (Vide. p. 156, 177, 132, 127). In fact the endowed schools do not fit anything like 20 per cent. of their pupils for the universities, and it is estimated that, on the whole, parents so far distrust the grammar schools that three-fourths prefer placing their children at private schools. One of the first points which influences a school is the constitution of the governing body, but in many cases the trustees are too few, or incompetent, or absentees, are deficient in local knowledge, or in energy. The rule which permits a certain number of them to die out without renewal is not likely to produce an efficient board. A case is mentioned wherein out of twelve there were but three living, and of these two were paralytic and the third imbecile. It is in the selection of the trustees that, in Lancashire especially, a most beneficial alteration might be made. There is a larger admixture of Nonconformists and Catholics in the population than in most counties, but it is the rule in practice, though not of necessity, to elect the trustees from members of the English Church only, and hence the parents of boys of other denominations feel themselves unjustly deprived of any share

in the government of these schools, and send their children elsewhere. It is pleasant to find that as respects the actual management of the funds there has been more carelessness than dishonesty. Often the monies have accumulated, and the lands been greatly improved, while the school-house has been left miserably ill ventilated, and mean in appearance, as at Bolton and Oldham. The scholars as a consequence fall off rapidly. Here the trustees have obviously misunderstood their primary duty. The commissioners report that in many places the trustees, masters, and parents alike were desirous of improving the school, but were ignorant of the mode of obtaining the necessary powers. The Court of Chancery they had learned to dread and distrust; to Parliament they never dreamed of applying; and, though they knew vaguely that the Charity Commissioners had some kind of authority, there was no one on their side able and willing to take active steps in the matter. Moreover, though the masters are sometimes obstructed by the board, the board often find their hands tied by the master. The office of the last is sometimes regarded as a freehold property. He may not do his duty, but the board can neither stop his salary, dismiss him, nor turn him out of his house. He is, indeed, bound to teach Greek and Latin gratuitously, but he may charge fees for all other instruction. In some instances, therefore, we find it stated that he deliberately chokes off all the non-paying boys in order to enlarge his emoluments; in others, he prefers indolence, and teaches the boys in such a slovenly, desultory way that hardly any children come to him, and he enjoys his salary in peace. Again, he is sometimes a university man, able and ready to teach Latin, Greek, and mathematics, but the neighbourhood is poor and thinly populated, and the parents who send their boys do not desire that kind of teaching. There is an obvious tendency to a falling off in the social standing of the scholars at grammar schools. Those men who were themselves educated there send their sons either to more celebrated schools or to private seminaries, and shopkeepers prefer the latter in order to obtain some imaginary advantages in commercial education. The master may be a scholar, occasionally a really able man, and with (though rarely) a natural capacity for teaching, but he has no competent staff to teach and train those children who are sent to him in what they ought to learn, and the others do not come to be taught what he really could teach them. It is satisfactory to find that the religious difficulty is small, and that where in large towns there is sectarian animosity, it is more often owing to political antagonism than anything else.

In the smaller towns and open districts Protestant parents do not demand any distinctive dogmatic teaching for their children, but do not object to it so long as it is not forced upon them. At the same time 'they desire, though not earnestly, that religion should in some general way be recognised in the school.' On this account the catechism is sometimes objected to, but the Scriptures hardly ever. If any dissentients are found, it is among the Catholics or Unitarians. Mr. Bryce found one small grammar school where both the trustees and head master were Unitarians, but many of the scholars were of the Church of England. In another, managed by a Baptist congregation, the master also being a Baptist, the children were of all denominations, including the Roman Catholic. This school, oddly enough, was founded by an English clergyman. A third was managed by the Society of Friends, the master was a member of the Society, but not one of the pupils was; two were Catholics, and the majority were of the Church of England. It is evident that in these small rural endowed schools good primary education is the thing really wanted, and that there are no reasons for having as a master, for boys never designed to go to Oxford or Cambridge, a university man who can only teach Latin and Greek, where such teaching is not desired, or who is a clergyman of the Established Church, whilst his scholars are of all denominations. At the head of a great school it is otherwise, but as master to a school of the kind alluded to such a man is simply out of place. Mr. Fitch puts this very strongly:—

'Four of the worst schools I ever saw in my life were conducted by clergymen. They were nominally grammar schools, but no Latin or Greek was taught in them. They were the only schools in their respective villages, and they were filled with the children of the poor. As to methods and results, the work was such as would have disgraced a pupil teacher in his first year. A clergyman attempting to do the work of an elementary teacher is always in a false position: he rarely does it well, or possesses much sympathy with beginners, His habits of mind unfit him for small details and for the drudgery of elementary work. He has seldom studied the art of teaching. Indeed, he generally looks down with contempt on the methods by which a trained teacher would win the attention of his pupils, and thinks, not unnaturally, that his own university standing makes him independent of such artifices. * * * Any indirect educational influence proceeding from the mere presence of a gentleman and a scholar among the boys is practically neutralized, when the duties he undertakes are distasteful and badly discharged. A master who feels his work to be beneath him, and who is always showing that he thinks so, whose temper is acidulated by a dislike to his profession, and by the consciousness of failure in it, has parted with all power to ennoble and refine his pupils.'

With regard therefore to such schools it would be desirable to alter the scheme, so as not to confine the selection of masters to clergymen at all. A well-trained able teacher from a government school would be in every way more suitable. He

would give a really sound education in English arithmetic, writing, and geography, with an elementary knowledge of mathematics, and Latin if required,—a thing apparently wholly unattainable in any place at whatever price, except in one or two well-known schools, or in the upper classes of government schools. This has been actually done in one or two places, notably at Drax, and with the very best results. Mr. Bryce takes a rather opposite view, and alleges that the teaching of the training college men is apt to be mechanical, and that their knowledge, though wide, is superficial. We think this judgment is scarcely well founded. Elementary knowledge may be both sound and accurate, without being either profound or minute,—but in such a case it cannot justly be termed superficial. The conclusions arrived at by the commissioners as to the value of the education actually received by those not poor enough to attend the privy council schools, and too poor to pay for first-class schools, are sufficiently lamentable. Whether at grammar schools or at private schools, the classical learning professed to be given is pronounced a 'delusive and unfruitful thing.' Reading aloud is done in a stumbling, bungling, discordant way. In spelling, twelve per cent. were good, twenty-five tolerable, thirty-three poor, thirty bad. In Lancashire the writing is a point on which parents lay great stress, consequently it is generally good, often very good. The conclusion is irresistible, that if they were equally desirous of higher attainments in other things these would be forthcoming. Arithmetic seems rather to be regarded as the trick or art of reckoning than as the science of numbers; and even where the principles are effectively taught, it would seem that the head-masters, if university men, have a certain contempt for it, as if it were an ordinary and vulgar item of education, while the parents desire it solely with a view to practical application in business, and not as a means of training the intellect in intelligence and method. Of the total examined, twenty per cent. were good, fifty passable, thirty bad. There was perceptible a good deal of slowness and dawdling, and, what is singular, the new short methods used in offices do not appear to be taught or explained. In geography, fifteen per cent. only were good. History is unsatisfactorily taught, more, however, from the want of good elementary and text books, than from the disinclination of the pupils for that study. English grammar is better understood than formerly; but where English literature is professedly taught it is little better than the commencement of a system of cram, both unintelligent and superficial. Mathematics, except in two or three schools, has little attention paid to it.

Latin scholarship is very poor. There are no creditable classical scholars, except in some of the very large grammar schools, or expensive private seminaries; and, though it did not come within the scope of the inquiries of the Commissioners, we can state as a matter within our own knowledge, that at these large schools the teaching in school hours is quite inadequate to effect even moderate proficiency unless it is supplemented by that of a private tutor or coach. We know of one case where the school fees for a day pupil were about £16, but the parents were obliged to pay £18 to a tutor to assist him with some others in preparing and explaining his lessons. In another instance, a boy preparing for a competitive examination, and nominally taught by first-class masters, was actually coached every evening by a Government schoolmaster. If the Latin is bad, the study of Greek is reported as altogether dying out in Lancashire, from an idea of the parents that it is inconsistent with a commercial education and practical business. The French teaching lacks strength and accuracy. On the whole it may be that better penmanship and arithmetic and more scriptural knowledge were found at small private schools, but the last was often superficial, and, though there was a certain familiarity with doctrinal dogma, there was little idea of its meaning. The parents prefer private schools, from an idea that their wishes are more attended to, and that the master is more assiduous, as having greater interest in teaching; and partly, perhaps, because they find their children learn nothing at an ordinary grammar school, and that at a higher school the necessary private tutor is a heavy expense. It is Kingsley, we think, who speaks of the happy kingdom where 'the masters say the lessons and the boys hear them;' but here it appears the private tutor masters the lesson, the boy says it, and the master only listens to it. Again, the work is not only bad in quality, but deficient in quantity. There is a growing tendency to increase the number and lengthen the duration of holidays. In some schools literally half the year, in others fully one-third, is consumed in idleness. It is proposed that, in order to insure some work being done in the holidays, the half-yearly examinations should be held at the commencement instead of the end of each term, and this plan is now carried out at Durham. Still, with five boys out of six, no effectual work could be got out of them in the holidays without a tutor or the presence of a father, and in either case the parents would feel it a hardship if the vacation were so unreasonably long as to require extra expence or trouble. Then, again, the complaint of the want of good under-masters is great and general. The salaries they receive

are small, but perhaps as large as they deserve. Sometimes they are clever, but drink, or are otherwise disreputable; in other cases they are dull and ignorant; nevertheless, all the grounding and elementary teaching is given by them, and the result is what might be expected. Again, under-masters complain of the neglected and unprepared state in which their pupils come to them in the first instance. If schools could be amalgamated so that really efficient teachers for each branch of education could be procured, it is certain a great improvement would follow. Under the Scotch system the parent pays separate fees for each item taught, and it answers well to do so there, because the Scotch value learning; but it is alleged that English parents are so apathetic and sordid with regard to culture, that they would unduly economize if the plan were worked here. With regard to a better supply of under-masters, a suggestion of Mr. Bryce deserves notice, namely, that in cheapening the universities provision should be made for the establishment of lectures in what the Germans call Pädagogik, and there should be the institution of some body empowered to grant certificates of fitness for teaching.

Not the least interesting part of the report is that referring to Manchester and Liverpool. In Manchester there is one remarkable feature, namely, the very small proportion in its population of that educated and professional middle class which desires culture for its own sake, and not for what is gained by it in a business point of view. Three questions suggest themselves:—What kind of an education do the Manchester business men want for their sons? where do they obtain it? and what is the quality of that actually received? Now, the great majority of all in Manchester, not labourers or artizans, are engaged in commerce, and for commerce the sons also are destined. The merchant is more acute, but not more wise than the farmer. Since he cannot keep his son at school and college until he is twenty-two, or, as it is called, make a gentleman of him, he takes him from school and places him in his counting-house at fourteen or fifteen. All that he requires in the way of education is that his son should write well, read, and be quick at accounts; also that he should pass muster in society in history and geography. He is hostile to Latin and Greek, and to grammar schools in consequence; he thinks lightly of mathematics, and not much more of French and German, which is curious, if true, since there is a great German trade in Manchester, and many Germans are resident there. Owens College, which gives a quasi-university course, does not suit him, nor does the grammar school, therefore he sends his boy to a private adventure school to receive what is called

a commercial education, from which the boy is too glad to escape to the comparative freedom and independence of the counting-house. Few boys are kept at school for more than three years, only twelve per cent. stay over fourteen years of age, and less than two per cent. over sixteen. Having little education, they have no love for knowledge as they grow up. A proof of this is the poor attendance at Owens College both of day and evening students. Owens College was established in 1851, and has eminent men as professors, besides being affiliated to the University of London. One would say that of the thousands of young men employed in business, many hundreds would be glad to study one or two of the many subjects which are there well and scientifically taught;—but in 1865 there were but 128 day students, and of evening students 313. From inquiries made among the clerks, salesmen, and overlookers in one of the largest warehouses in Manchester, it appears that fifty per cent. came from private schools in or near Manchester, twenty from private or endowed schools elsewhere, twenty from Government schools, and ten from the grammar school. The young men spend their evenings at concerts or glee clubs, or less innocent amusements, and prefer pleasing their ears and exercising their voices to studying under college professors; but there is no reason to imagine that even music is learned scientifically or seriously. It is a matter, we own, to arouse grave and somewhat mortifying reflections that there were, in 1861, six per cent. fewer of children at any school than in 1834. At the present time about 82,300 children ought to be at school in Manchester and Salford, but there are only 55,000 on the books, and the average attendance is 38,000. It, therefore, is clear that three-fifths of the children are receiving no education at all, and we call attention to the weight and significance of the fact which these figures demonstrate. Liverpool is, in some respects, differently situated; the proportion of the middle to the working class is larger than in Manchester. Joined with Birkenhead, Liverpool has a population nearly as numerous as that of any town in England, with the exception of the Metropolis. Besides a good average of professional men, there are many merchant brokers (the cotton brokers being usually wealthy), and a floating population, half sea-faring and half mercantile. There are also an immense number of gentlemen in a position of trust receiving fixed salaries. Therefore, practical mathematical sciences, such as astronomy and navigation, are preferred to chemistry or mechanics. English composition and some knowledge of continental languages are also necessary in counting houses;

there is, in consequence, some demand for them in education, but it exists on the same principle that the Leeds people desire that their sons may be taught chemistry, not that the boy may discipline his mind by mastering an exact science, but that he may improve or invent new methods of dyeing cloth. The average parent in Liverpool is, according to Mr. Bryce, as little enamoured of culture as the Manchester man. There is no grammar school, endowed or otherwise, but there are three large day schools handsomely built and well situated. The Royal Institution school is the most classical, and has a high reputation and able masters. The fees are high (about £26), and there are about a hundred boys, but only two or three proceed annually to the Universities. The College consists of three distinct schools, so sharply divided both in school and play hours that it is apparent social distinctions founded on wealth are strictly observed. Of the one hundred and eighty boys in the upper school, four or five only are annually sent to the universities. The middle school of about 300 is filled by children of the better class of shopkeepers and clerks. The fee is £15, and the boys commonly leave at fifteen years of age. Latin, but not Greek, is taught. There are 370 in the third school; the fee is £5. 5s.; mathematics, French, and the elements of physics are included in the course. Many of the boys come from the Privy Council Schools, and leave at about fourteen years of age. The Institute is divided into two departments. The studies are much the same as in the college, but the fees rather lower, and there are about 700 boys. These schools are all reported to be excellent; nevertheless, many complaints are made as to their educational results. When boys are taken away at sixteen it is not wonderful that their attainments are meagre, and their range of ideas limited. It is for this reason that, though they are fit to be clerks, they are unfit to be anything more than clerks, so that, now, prospects of advancement, being rarely deserved, grow more and more rarely realised, and clerkdom is becoming a distinct social class whose members are more marked off from and rise more rarely into the class of merchants. On the other hand, it is stated that youths when kept at school till eighteen, and still more when they have been to the universities, take very ill to the dull routine of business. Moreover, it is the rule in the offices that the last comer should take the rough work, lock up, and post the letters, so that a graduate of Oxford might find himself at the orders of an apprentice of sixteen. Once over the preliminary drudgery, no doubt he would be qualified to rise higher and more rapidly than the others, but the first process is too unpleasant

to be submitted to. If the term of apprenticeship were shortened from five years to three, the boys could then stay at school until seventeen, a change likely, we should imagine, to prove beneficial. There is one fact on which the Commissioners report unanimously, that gratuitous instruction for the children of persons able to pay is hardly ever valued, and is in proportion sterile and mischievous in its results.

For the evils which we have endeavoured to sum up for our readers, and which are undoubtedly proved to exist by the voluminous evidence contained in the report, the remedies suggested are manifold, and some of them extremely well adapted for the purpose. It seems right that Government should have a greater latitude with respect to endowed schools, and a more direct authority over them in order to make them do their appointed work, than over schools of any other kind. The nation has a clear right to demand that property left for the good of the nation should not be administered and managed to its obvious detriment and injury. The endowments of the smaller schools might well be amalgamated, with a view to dividing them into three classes, which would be distributed according to the wants of the district. There would be primary, secondary, and first class schools; or, again, there might be central and branch schools, and the boys might proceed from one to the other, if their abilities and opportunities permitted. The constitution of the board might be altered, so as to secure the presence, first, of men locally interested in the school, and also of others of liberal education and ideas. In all cases, except, perhaps, where the original provisions were pointedly otherwise, the rule by which the selection of trustees is restricted to members of the Established Church ought to be abolished. The master ought in no case to have a fixed salary independent of his own exertions; he should be paid by fees, so as to give him a direct interest in the increase and reputation of the school. Moreover, there ought to be power for the board to dismiss him when found incompetent or unsuitable. All such schools ought to be annually inspected and reported on by the government inspectors. This, combined with the university local examinations, would go a long way towards getting a better and more thorough kind of teaching. We attach even more importance to inspection and examination of the whole school than to the local examinations, because the last restricts efforts to a few clever boys, but the first establishes a certain standard for the great mass of the scholars. In England it is not yet possible to insist on compulsory inspection of private schools, but it ought to be provided for such masters as desire it; and a public report

of efficiency, or of the reverse, would go far to discourage bad private adventure schools, and would immensely stimulate the exertions of the masters. The class of persons for whose children secondary schools are required, are not those for whom compulsory educational powers are needed. They all send their children to some kind of school—the complaint is that they get bad and inadequate results. That the right to free education for middle class children will be in any future scheme abolished is most probable and certainly desirable. Free education, as given to the successful pupils in a competitive examination, is in these days a premium on riches, for the parents who can afford to engage the best private tutor for their sons, are pretty certain that their children will carry away the prize. But there are cases in which to abolish altogether free education would work hardly. A widow, or a disabled and broken down professional man, say, has a well-conducted, industrious son—whether very clever, or only moderately so, does not affect the question. It would be satisfactory that the trustees, after examining the whole circumstances of the case, and considering the poverty or misfortunes of the parents, should be allowed to place annually on the list of those who are to be excused from paying the usual fees one or two such scholars. It would also be right that the board should do this privately, in order that there might be no invidious social distinction between these and the other pupils. To our own knowledge several very learned and eminent men have thus risen from the ranks. Two especially were the sons of widows in such impoverished circumstances that the free grammar school was all they could look to; and in these cases the education was thankfully received and made the most of in the best sense of the word.

We have already alluded to the suggestions for the better supply of under-masters;—and by amalgamating the small useless endowed schools, the trustees will be enabled to offer better salaries and prospects to these gentlemen, which, after all, is the secret of obtaining able and efficient service. That proper organization succeeds, if tried, is apparent, since the Moravians, the Society of Friends, some of the Methodists, and the Roman Catholics, have established private denominational schools, where the education given receives unreserved commendation as being thorough, liberal, excellent in quality and quantity, and moderate in cost. The pupils are also stated to be in a state of admirable moral discipline. Meanwhile, to use the words of one commissioner in reference to other schools:—'Our English education is not a system—it is a chaos. * * * The inquiry has been not a little difficult,

and unspeakably disheartening.' Another, referring to Lancashire, says :—'If the teaching received by the upper section of what is called the middle class is neither searching nor stimulating, and not such as produces any permanent effect on the mind and character; if that of the lower section of the same class is, as it unquestionably is, narrow in range and poor in quality, scarcely fitting boys even for the sale-room or counting-house, this is not so much the fault of the schoolmasters as of the public. Those very faults of the commercial class which are charged on the badness of its schools—its want of intellectual interests, its worship of wealth, and show its indifference to every thing which has not a direct money value, are themselves the causes which keep the schools down to their present level.'

UNPAID MAGISTRACY AND PRISON REFORM.

THE amount of irresponsible power which is wielded by those who are named generally the unpaid magistracy, in other words, the County Justices of England, is almost without parallel in the civilized world. In countries avowedly and openly despotic, apprehension of interference by the supreme authority places no small check upon irregularities and abuses; and when that supreme authority is made accessible, the removal of grievances is sometimes prompt, peremptory, and alarming to those who, without the intervention of public opinion or the co-operation of the public press, are called to account. In most of the departments of Government the representative system is a safeguard against official irregularities, and to a certain extent a guardian of the public purse. Members of Parliament have to give an account to their constituencies, and their short-comings or misdoings will be brought before that censorious, and sometimes severe tribunal—the electoral body—which invested them with legislative power. So in municipal matters, members of the Common Council only occupy their places temporarily, and are, from time to time, returned to the burghers, to whom they must answer for the exercise of their stewardship, to be re-elected or rejected according to the estimate formed of their deservings. But the unpaid magistracy are appointed for life; they represent nobody but the Lord Lieutenant, the Lord Chancellor, or whoever the functionary may be to whom they owe their nomination. Once invested with authority, they decide on the amount of local taxation to be levied on the

community, without any, the slightest control upon their legislation. In very many counties the accounts are kept in the rudest and most unsatisfactory manner; the audit is frequently left wholly to the members of their own body, and there is no unity or uniformity of system in different districts. Budgets presenting estimates of income and expenditure, such as are always previously prepared and circulated when Parliament is to vote monies for the public service, are little known to the petty parliaments who fix the local ways and means, while *routine*, that very easily satisfied monarch, becomes the ruler, the unmolested, unimpeached ruler over the county exchequer. His statistics are generally as imperfect as his accountancy is bad.

We have, or are supposed to have, our code of criminal law, to which the administration of justice is made subservient. We have, or are supposed to have, the Prison Discipline Act, over whose application one set of prison inspectors are appointed to watch. And we have our bench of ambulatory judges, who (with undoubted aptitude, and unquestioned purity) give effect to the requirements of the Legislature, and yet there are perhaps no two gaols in England in which it can be said that they present the same evidences of the application of a national law, or the same results from that application. In truth, the administration of the same code in different provinces of Great Britain, and the facts which represent such administration, are nearly as varied and as irreconcilable as those of separate codes in different kingdoms of Europe.

The want of unity of action, of any general and accordant system of administration, is visible not only in the various cost of prisons and prisoners, under the various schemes of prison management, but in the extraordinary discrepancies and contradictions presented by the different returns, whose statistics are supposed to show the influence of that management upon the reformation of criminals, and the diminution of crime. As every county gaol has its own plan of bookkeeping (county Justices are for the most part, be it allowed, not very much advanced in the science of accountancy), it is very difficult to draw correct comparisons even in matters of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Prison discipline, like every other department of county legislation, and perhaps more than any, suffers from the constitution and habits of the magisterial body. Independence of action, jealousy of control, inveterate usages, and the many susceptibilities and sources of self-love and superiority which attach to social position, are all unfriendly to the best administration of justice, and exercise a baneful influence upon men

who are constantly looked to as the keepers of the Queen's peace, and the ever-present dispensers of the law.

Taken as a body, of whom do the county magistracy consist? Of all the hereditary nobility, of all titled people as a matter of course; of all the representatives of ancient county families; of most of the *nouveaux riches* who may obtain the favourable opinion of the Lord Lieutenant; a large sprinkling of Anglican Church functionaries; and the leading land owners and county squires, who like to put in an appearance at Quarter Sessions, and to exercise the authority of a Justice of the Peace in their little spheres of local influence. In all this machinery is there a single popular element? Has public opinion a word to say—a single word of power—in this wide sphere of administration? The Lord Lieutenant is the selection of the minister for the time being, nominated practically for life, and almost invariably representing the opinions of the Government that appoints him. Popular or unpopular, stupid or intelligent, he holds his high office for life, and discharges his duties without any real responsibility, and those whom he appoints to exercise magisterial functions are as immoveable and irresponsible as himself. Inattention to duty, absence from the bench, inaptitude for business, or other short-comings, scarcely ever lead to dismissal, animadversion, or even observation. And if now and then a word of reproach is directed against them, there is the ready answer, are they not unpaid? Do they not give their gratuitous services to the country? And who has ever ventured to call them corrupt? But men invested with power may be very mischievous without being corrupt—and there are many ways in which mischief may be done—not only by the absolute neglect of active duty, but by an inadequate or injurious estimate of the claims of duty. Absence from the field of usefulness may be less injurious to the social interests than pernicious interference. A busy, bustling magistrate, fond of the exercise of authority, inaccessible to the influence of public opinion, and with too little energy, or too little sagacity to escape from the trammels of routine, is often a plastic instrument in the hands of others. Who that has watched the proceedings of a bench of magistrates at Petty Sessions can have failed to observe the controlling power which directs the whole machinery? In many instances the Clerk to the Justices is the real expounder and administrator of the law, and perhaps a safer guide, on the whole, than their 'Worships,' who are supposed to be the supreme arbiters. Sometimes, when the prominent actor enunciates a strong opinion—however erroneous—there is too

much timidity to give expression to a doubt or a difference. If the paramount lord or the patronising squire pronounce a dictum it is seldom that the parson justice ventures upon a contradiction to his suzerain. And it may well be doubted whether the clerical body ought to be on the bench at all. They have other duties, other claims upon their time and attention, and if it has been deemed fit to deny them the privileges of making the laws, there are still more emphatic reasons for not allowing them to be the judges and administrators of the laws. Another objection to clerical justices is that the selection is offensively partial, being almost wholly, if not altogether, confined to the Anglican ecclesiastics. There is scarcely an example either of a Roman Catholic Priest, or a Dissenting Minister being called to the bench. This is one of the inequalities which pervade our whole social system, and would seem to imply that to no clergy but those of the Established Church can the administration of justice be safely or properly confided. There may be reasons for requiring that churchwardens and other functionaries discharging ecclesiastical duties should belong to the so-called religion of the state; but the duties of a magistrate are not ecclesiastical, and the choice of justices from the Anglican clergy alone is a reproach and a degradation stamped upon the class who are not admitted, and affords another evidence that the principle of equality is invaded and ignored even in the constitution of the ordinary tribunals, by giving preference to the religious teachers of one sect, to the prejudice and exclusion of the religious teachers of the other sects. As regards the dissenting ministry the exclusion is absolute, and the dissenting bodies in general are not fairly dealt with. In Devonshire, at least, about one-third of the population, amounting to about 600,000, are non-conformists; yet, among 322 county magistrates there are certainly not ten dissenters, probably only four or five; but there are no less than thirty-three clergymen of the establishment, and in one district (Southmolton) out of sixteen justices, eight are Church of England reverend divines. Whatever Church of Englandism may be, its tone and temper must predominate in the management of our prisons. Among the Visiting Justices of Devon not a single dissenter is to be found.

The interests of indolence, as Bentham calls them, have much to do with the mal-administration of prisons. To subject all convicts to the same undiscerning and indiscriminate discipline, to avoid any classification of criminals, to apply to the young and the old, the weak and the strong, to the susceptible and the hardened, to the manageable and the rebellious, to the trembling offender and the practised and

professional thief, an unvarying scale of conviction and punishment is, no doubt, a very easy task, a very simple sort of despotism to be exercised by visiting magistrates and prison officials. Can it be expected that they should occupy themselves with unravelling all the varieties of human character, with studying all the facts of the past, tracing the influences on the present, and anticipating the results in the future, in applying their system of prison discipline to every individual man? Theirs is a less complicated duty: it is theirs to prescribe the same universal medicine for all the moral and social ailments committed to their custody—bare planks, profitless labour, isolation, treadmills, cranks, solitary stone breaking, or oakum picking. Why should they be troubled with the wide distinctions which exist between one criminal and another? Do not they see sin and cannot they adjudicate suffering, and can anything be more simple, more proper, more reasonable, and more magisterial? Their punitory code, applied to crime, is exactly what the 'Heal-all' quack medicine is when applied to disease. Between the committers of the *same* offence the law makes no distinction, and why should they in their treatment of ALL offences, when the offender is delivered over to the gaoler's keeping? He is not sent to prison to be instructed; instruction is only fitted for those who have committed no crime; he is not there to be taught a trade. O no! he would then compete with the honest labourer. He is not there to have any improvable elements in him turned to account, whether by the work of his hand or the education of his intellect. He has offended against the laws, and in his person the law must be vindicated, and society have its revenge; for, after all, revenge is the purpose to which effect is to be given. Society has been wronged. What better can society do than to wreak its vengeance upon the wrong doer? All this is a very easy task. A little resolute obstinacy, a persistent closing of the eyes, and stopping the ears against the claims of humanity, against the evidences of experience, against the comparison of results between one and another system of prison management; in a word, the determination to do what has been done, and to resist all suggestions of change, as not only critical but condemnatory,—which to say the truth they are,—is a very satisfactory way of continuing and strengthening an abuse.

More than in any other part of the field of local authority, our prisons exhibit the deficiencies and defects of magisterial action. Within the prison walls, subject to conditions so elastic as to lend themselves to the varieties of opinion which find expression in the various boards of visiting justices, there

exists a hidden, irresponsible power, which, in its different modes of administration, produces results the most incongruous and the most contradictory, whether with reference to the physical condition, the pecuniary cost, the moralizing or demoralizing influences, of the multifarious plans adopted, as regards the prisoners themselves, and the effect of prison punishment on criminals without the prison. No one could be prepared for contrasts so striking. Yet it is believed—a most erroneous belief—that all Englishmen are subject to the same laws, that the honest should be entitled to the same protection, the dishonest exposed to the same penalties, through the length and breadth of the land. Nothing can be farther from the reality. A felony committed in Devonshire will be very differently treated from a felony of which Bedfordshire is the scene. The visiting magistrates of Somerset will have notions of right and duty altogether opposed to those of Lancashire. In the sixty prisons of Scotland there is a uniform system of administration and accountancy. In no two in England is there accordance.

Acts of Parliament in *theory* are supposed to recognise no distinctions in the administration of the law. Acts of Parliament in *practice* are partial. To some extent leniency or severity of punishment, the maximizing or minimizing legal penalties imposed by Acts of Parliament, will depend upon the personal character and particular views of the committing magistrate. It has been observed that poachers are generally treated with great bitterness by the proprietors and preservers of game; nor can it be otherwise while human beings are nearer and dearer to themselves than they can be to other people. A justice on the bench cannot doff his own special character. The family tyrant will never be the humane distributor of justice. The impetuous friend or father in his domestic relations will not be changed into a reflecting judge when he is seated on the bench; nor will a man of feeble and plastic nature become wise and strong because a Lord Lieutenant has added J.P. to his name. In the discipline of prisons, into which it may be supposed the legislature ought to give effect to a common purpose, there prevail innumerable varieties of influence and action. In some the labour of prisoners is wholly wasted; or, even worse, the labour is costly instead of being productive. Absolute idleness would be less expensive than stone-breaking, cranks, and treadmills are often found to be. In other prisons labour brings large revenue to the public account. The regulations as to dietary and dress, as to gaolers and wardens, the interior arrangements as to rewards and punishments, show how differently the duties of the visiting justices are inter-

preted in the several counties of England. The prisons of Scotland, under the government of a single board of control, present no such extraordinary anomalies.

The late Prisons' Act has undoubtedly greatly augmented the amount of suffering inflicted on criminals within the walls of our gaols; but has it diminished the amount of crime without those walls? If not, there has been a gratuitous aggravation of human misery, without a corresponding decrease of human misdoings. The operation of penal legislation is not to be studied merely in its history of convicts who fall into the hands of justice, but also in that of the unconvicted who escape from the control of the magistrate. Whatever be the causes, and as far as possible such causes should be removed, the number of offenders who are at large and who prey upon the public, is much greater than of those who are under confinement. To some extent the law wants the co-operation of public sympathy and public opinion. Very many misdemeanants escape because those whom they have wronged deem the awards of the lawgiver arbitrary and unjust, and they refuse to be instruments for the infliction of unreasonable and unjustifiable penalties. On account of the undiscerning and indiscriminating discipline of many of our gaols, humane magistrates frequently refuse to commit offenders. In truth, there exists in this country a secret, widely extended and very potent rebellion against a legislation which has not the approval of those sentiments of justice and humanity that happily pervade a civilized land.

Between the schemes which provide for the absolute isolation and non-recognition of the convict, and those where no separation is enforced, and where association is not only not interdicted but encouraged, there is a very wide field in which both separation and association may be each employed, each applied to special cases, with benefit to the criminal and to the community. If pecuniary profits were the sole or even the preponderating consideration, as they are in some prisons of the United States, the labour of the prisoners might be made available not only for their support, but so as to leave a very large surplus to the public purse. Prison discipline would allow a maximum of work to be obtained at a minimum cost. A greater number of hours might be devoted to labour within a prison, a greater amount of task-work exacted, than would be obtainable, or even be tolerated, in the wide era of competition, where the labourer is master of his own time, and is a voluntary party to the conditions on which his labour is sold to his employers. As a matter of course the free workman will dress better and feed better than the convict will be allowed to do.

From much of the expenditure of social existence, even among the humblest classes, the confined criminal is wholly excluded. He has none even of the meanest luxuries, still less of the superfluities which almost without exception are the lot of the poorest labouring man. To him a pot of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, a pipe of tobacco, a penny newspaper, are forbidden enjoyments. The very garments he wears are coarse and strong, less liable to wear and tear, and purchased at the lowest price. No neighbour can be invited to sit at his table, no relation to partake of his scanty meal; he has no time to lose in playing with children or grandchildren, no occasional holiday to reward him for his past toils, or to give him impulse and encouragement for the future. All his powers are at the mercy of his keeper to be taxed to their fullest extent. In America, where the labour of prisoners is sometimes sold to contractors, gross abuses are the result, and the discipline of prisons is found inefficient to control those abuses. The interest of the purchasers of prison labour is, of course, to obtain the greatest amount of pecuniary benefit, regardless of any consideration of individual reformation, as far as the prisoner is concerned, or of the public weal, which it is the object of prison discipline to provide for. It is found that the interest of the contractor may be more promoted by the deterioration than by the reformation of the prisoner, and in such cases it is clear that if pecuniary profit to the state be made the sole or preponderating consideration, the higher social interests, those connected with public morals and the repression of crime, will seriously suffer.

It is obvious that if associated labour be most productive in a pecuniary sense, if the gregarious element in human beings is that to which we must look for the largest amount of profit, so, on the other hand, it is equally certain that the isolation of man reduces his productive power to the lowest possible grade. Were there nothing to be weighed in the scale but the money profits of labour, and the criminal to be considered merely as a slave or an outlaw—a property of which the State had the usufruct for the purpose of paying, first, the cost of his keeping, and secondly the profits from his work, by way of recouping society for any or all the pecuniary mischief caused by the wrong-doer, such a one-sided purpose would be justifiable did not the wrong-doer belong to society itself, and were not the philanthropist bound to look beyond the prison walls, and to consider prison discipline only as an instrument for the abatement of social evil, and for the production of social good. Yet there are, indeed, some criminals hopelessly, irreclaimably bad, who are neither to be reformed

by the encouragement of rewards, nor by the dread of punishments. They occupy a category of their own, and may be dealt with accordingly. But in the vast majority of cases there is some element not altogether unteachable or unimprovable, and it is this element especially with which prison reformation has to do, and which is a property committed to the care of the magistracy for the common benefit. It is here that discipline must be made not punitory alone, but reformatory; and in so far as the reformation of the offender can be made co-operative with the pecuniary relief of society, the two objects ought constantly to be kept in view.

In truth, the undiscerning, undiscriminating disposal of offenders lies at the very root of prison mismanagement. Two words represent the whole vocabulary of the ordinary gaol administration—'Prison,' 'Punishment.' You have possession of the sinner, inflict the suffering. Now, no one would contend that the violator of the law should not pay the penalty of such violation; but has *justice* nothing else to do? Has the magistrate discharged his obligation to society when he has merely inflicted the stripes and nothing more,—till, the term of his sentence being run out, the convict is flung back, unchanged, nay, perhaps deteriorated and hardened, into the very field of his former delinquencies? Would it not be better and wiser to inquire whether there are not means by which the former violator of the law may be made the future observer of the law? Is everything evil in every man who has committed an act of violence or dishonesty? Have justices nothing better to do than to pelt sinners with penal stones, and tell them to go and sin no more? Have they never read of one who, when the fallen woman was brought to him, taken in the very act, taught his followers—what? that the harsh, inexorable law of Moses, the punishment of death, should be carried out? Nothing of the sort. Pity, tenderness, mingled in the spirit of the Divine One when guilt was brought into His presence. Would that some portion of that spirit could be infused into the minds of those who dispense penalties, but are deaf to every claim of that better element, the teachable, the improvable part of man's very nature, which in an immense multitude of cases will be discovered, if diligently sought!

The real urgency of this and many similar questions is, that they should be raised into higher regions of thought and feeling than those to which the discussion is commonly confined. It is rarely that the moral and religious bearings of penal legislation, the associated duties of the legislator and the magistrate, obtain becoming attention; and within prison

walls especially the instruction conveyed is often of a very inefficient character. It is not alone by the introduction of religious tracts, by the conversation and preaching of chaplains, or by the enforced attendance on the church services, valuable as these may be as auxiliaries; it is by the study of individual character, by a thorough examination into the antecedents of every man and woman convict, by an inquiry into what is strong and what is weak in their several natures and dispositions, by efforts devoted to the eradication of what is evil and the encouragement of what is good in every special case that reformation may be hoped for. The moral diseases are as various as their symptoms, and require for their treatment medicines as different as do the diseases of the physical frame. The tendency to deeds of violence, in the wide area of their action, is quite a distinct idiosyncracy from the disposition to defraud. One man would shrink with horror from any action to be deemed dishonest, whose impetuosity of temper might betray him into the most outrageous misdeeds; while another, while glorying in the success of some fraudful scheme, would abhor the thought of injuring the person of a victim. In the reports from the best-conducted prisons from the United States there is touching evidence of the success of attention to individual cases, and of the great and favourable results of such attention upon the general statistics of crime. The development of a topic having so many ramifications would be worthy the devoted attention of the philosopher and the Christian.

'NOTHING TO DO.'

'Well, really, these December days seem as long as midsummer ones, I declare! How on earth you manage to exist here the greater part of every year I cannot imagine, Maudie. Whatever do you do with yourself?'

'I scarcely know. The time is tedious enough I assure you. I jog along with my lessons, and riding, driving, visiting, &c., and so get through the months somehow. It will be better next winter, I hope: you know I am to come out then; and it will be better still when I am married.'

'And pray what knight is suing for my fair sister's hand?'

'No one yet, you stupid fellow! but of course he will appear in due time. Come, walk quicker, Fred; my poor feet are ready to drop off with cold!'

The two speakers were brother and sister, the only children

of a widow. They were walking in the grounds of their country home, which was situated in the outskirts of a town in Berkshire. The elder of the two, Fred, was a youth of nineteen, an Etonian, just home for the holidays; the younger, Maud, was a dark-eyed, brilliant, impulsive little damsel of seventeen.

They quickened their steps along the frozen pathways. In a few moments Maud added, 'Of course you feel it particularly dull after the excitements of school-life, Fred; but it will be better next week, when Grace Beattie and Cousin Gus arrive. We can have lots of fun and going about then. Now there is literally nothing to do, so we must just be quiet and patient till relief comes.'

'Isn't Gus awfully slow? I have a dim idea that he is a man of strict, staid notions; if so, there won't be much relief got out of him. Perhaps he may minister to our amusement by getting up an engagement with Grace Beattie!'

'Likely!' laughed Maud Cowley. 'She's engaged already; and if she were not, it is just outside the range of possibility that she would ever fall in love with Gus, for he is all you say, and a great deal more: he is staid, strict, dignified, puritanic, in short, altogether *awful*. Yet I mean to have some fun out of him. I'm going to have splendid scenes! I'm going to ruffle his dignity, shock his prejudices, upset all his notions of decorum, and give him something livelier to engage his attention than those law treatises in which he is at present immersed. Won't he make a splendid Lord-Chancellor, though, with his great head and serious face! May I live to see him in a big wig and flowing robes!'

'You have ambitious wishes for sedate old Gus,' said Fred.

'Yet why should I?' Maud immediately responded; 'I don't care a snap for him. We are divided by oceans of differences. Nevertheless we'll make him contribute to our Christmas merriment somehow.' They were now entering the house. 'Well, well!' exclaimed Maud, glancing up at the hall clock, 'we have been walking ourselves almost to exhaustion about these horrid grounds, and yet have been out only half-an-hour! Whatever shall we do with ourselves the rest of the day? Heigho! how the time drags!' and with a very unlady-like yawn Miss Maud slowly went upstairs.

She made the next few days bearable by anticipating the arrival of Christmas visitors,—some of her mamma's particular friends, besides Miss Beattie and cousin Gus. In due time they came, and Maud was in a flutter of gratification and excitement that made the days seem short enough during the week of their arrival. Soon, however, she had run through the programme which she had drawn up to serve them with

amusement for at least a month; and then the old plaint was uttered of 'Nothing to do.'

We must make some excuse for poor little Maud. A very empty, vapid, unworthy sort of life she lived; but it was in great part the fault of her training. Her father, whose vivacity and energy of character she inherited, died when she was a mere child; and all through her girlhood she had been subjected to no permanent influences beyond those of her petulant invalid mother, and her young governess, who was not one capable of exerting a high moral influence over her charge. So Maud's character was like a garden left to itself, over-run with pretty, useless weeds; there were some lovely flowers in it, too, but they required cultivating; at present they were almost entirely smothered with weeds.

Her brother's powers were better directed, and kept in constant exercise by a kind of ambition provoked by competition at school. This is a low kind of ambition, unless it be subservient to some higher end; still it is better for a youth to have that, than be without any at all; to be roused to earnest action by emulation alone, than to be driven to go through a routine of duties like a dull and goaded mule.

Fred Cowley determined to go through his College course with honour, and come off with flying colours in the end. Had you asked him, 'What then?' his reply would have been, 'Then for a life of ease and enjoyment, travel, and elegant indolence; in short, the life of a private gentleman.'

He was not blind to the fact that his sister was a useless, silly little piece of humanity. He would sometimes pay her the doubtful compliment of saying, 'You are a stupid little butterfly of a girl, Maudie, made to idle away the sunny hours of your life and be admired for your prettiness, just like all girls: confess, now, that you have no other object in life than to make yourself attractive to get admiration?' Of course all this elicited a sulky pout from Miss Maud, and a protest against the bare idea of such a thing, though she well knew that she might truthfully have confessed to it.

Maud did not practice any of her little coquettish arts on her demure cousin, Augustus Mitchell. 'It isn't worth while wasting one's sweetness on the desert air,' she said to her friend, Grace Beattie, 'so Gus must make the best of me as I am; I'm not going to do the agreeable to him, it would be labour in vain, for one gets no response from him, not even the ghost of a compliment for all one's fascinations.'

Before he had been in the house a week, Maud, having used up every possible means for killing time, took to snubbing Mr. Gus, and reproached him for not using his utmost exer-

tions to amuse her and her friend. It was on a snowy morning when they were all together in the drawing-room, with nothing to do; Fred was apparently studying, for the hundredth time, a book of engravings of Tennyson's beauties; Miss Beattie was half buried in the cushions of a lounge near the fire, reading a novel; Gus was at the window, sketching the picturesque scene without; Maud was fluttering about the room, disturbing first one and then another, humming, dancing, playing snatches on the piano, denouncing the weather, dissatisfied with herself and everybody and everything in the world. 'I wish the horrid snow would keep away, and a real frost come,' she said, 'there would be skating then, and some little chance of amusement. Really, what a dead-alive set we are! Grace, you might leave off reading, and chat a bit, I should think. And as for you, Fred, and cousin Gus, I think you ought to be ashamed of yourselves for not trying to amuse us in some way or other! Just imagine your sitting occupying yourselves in such comfortable fashion, and leaving us to do as we can! Gallant knights you are, by my faith! as our great, very great, grandmothers used to say.'

'I beg your pardon, Maud,' said Gus, quietly putting his sketching materials away, 'I thought you were occupied. I have been so absorbed in my scene, as to be unconscious of what was going on around me. Do you wish to go out, my dear?' These words coming in such patriarchal style from the young man of twenty-five, affected Maud's risibility. Her annoyance gave way to laughter, and she exclaimed, 'You queer old Paterfamilias! Don't talk to me as if I were a baby and you a grandfather! Do I wish to go out, my dear? No, I don't wish to go out in snow deep enough to bury one. I just want you to be sociable, and come and have a game of billiards, or something. Don't you see I have nothing to do, and no one to amuse poor me? It is bad enough to have to cater for one's amusement all the year round, when nobody's here; but it's worse still to be left to one's self in the very presence of visitors.' Maud concluded with her former tone of annoyance, and a petulant shrug of the shoulders.

'You are forgetting yourself, Maudie, in reproaching our friends,' said her brother, looking up from his book.

'Never mind that,' said Gus, apologetically, 'it is half in fun, I can see. Poor little coz! So you have a great trouble all the year round to amuse and interest yourself, and make your life bearable? Well, well, dearie, that is just because you have not 'found your vocation,' as the Germans would say; you live in a little narrow world of your own, which affords you no scope to exercise the high faculties with which God

has endowed you. This is no empty compliment meant to tickle your ears, Maud. God has largely endowed you, and it is a solemn thing to admit; for your responsibilities are great just in proportion to your endowments. Have you ever thought upon those Bible-words: "To whom much is given, of him shall much be required?"'

'Well, really,' interrupted Miss Beattie, raising herself on her elbow, and turning her handsome face towards the two speakers, 'You are having quite a lecture, Maudie!'

Maud's face was slightly flushed. 'Never mind her, Gus,' she said, 'Go on. I like you to talk to me so. Yet I think you are mistaken in supposing that I am endowed in any way. You know I am no genius. I could not write a poem or a novel to save my life. Of course, I should be proud and pleased to have a *vocation* of some sort—to be a Madame de Staël, a Rosa Bonheur, a Miss Herschel, or a distinguished somebody; but then it's altogether out of the question. I have no talent for *anything*.'

'You have a talent which every woman possesses, Maudie, the talent of blessing others out of the fulness of a tender and generous heart. If you would but use it, what a beautiful influence you might exert, what a useful little woman you might become! If you ladies were only in earnest to fulfil your vocation, you might use even your beauty, your powers of fascination, to do good.'

'But whatever could I do, Gus?'

'You know Tennyson's lines, Maudie,'—

'Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew;
Pray heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go!'

'I suppose,' said Miss Beattie, 'you would have us act the part of Lady Bountifuls, Mr. Mitchell?'

He looked down gravely upon her, and replied, 'I would have you act the part of true women, Miss Beattie; and not shut up your quick sympathies, and pity, and energy,—and fritter away your lives on dress and fashion, and such trivial things, which are worthy of only a very small part of your consideration. Think what a power a woman has to do good; she can make her way where a man cannot; she can speak tender words, and perform gentle ministrations in a way that would be impossible in a man. Her heart, if she will but let it have its way, will prompt her to relieve the suffering, cheer

the sad, clothe the naked, and feed the hungry, in the most delicate and effectual manner possible. Woman is made to bless: God has so constituted her that she can work like an angel. In my opinion there is not a more deplorable sight in creation than a frivolous, selfish, heartless woman of fashion—a most *unwomanly* woman.'

Maud stood beside him listening with downcast eyes. He stroked her head gently and added, 'I don't wish to see my dear little cousin such a one. It is painful to me to hear her talking of killing time, and amusing herself, and playing billiards, when she might be training herself to become a noble and self-forgetful lady.' At this Maud raised her eyes, all full of tears, to him, and said, 'What you say is very right, Gus. You know I am that busy sort of body, that must have something to do, and engage my attention. So for lack of other things I spend hours and hours in a week doing nothing but plan this and that about my costumes, and adorn myself in one way and another. Sometimes I wish I had been born poor, so that I might be obliged to work. My leisure is a grievance to me; for I cannot lounge about for hours, and dream over silly books. I must be up and doing something.'

'How many there are who are so poor, and have to work so hard, that they have no leisure for anything!' said Gus. 'You might find out such, and give them a little of your leisure.'

'How could I?' asked Maud, wonderingly.

'Shall we make a tour of discovery in the neighbourhood, and try to find out?' said Gus.

'Oh yes, do let us,' said Maud, in delight.

'He wants to make a parish visitor of you, Maud, I can see,' exclaimed Miss Beattie. 'You will have to go about with tracts and soup-tickets, under the surveillance of the parson.'

Maud's countenance fell. 'Oh, Gus! I could not do that, indeed I could not. At least, I might force myself to perform a certain round of duties in that formal way; but I could not do it spontaneously, and with pleasure.'

'I am sure you could not just now, Maudie. You must follow no routine, nor work in any official way; but just simply and naturally take up the first case that comes under your notice, and do what your kind heart prompts you to. Some day you may come to feel that you would like to co-operate with others in some good work; but at present I am sure it is better for you to find out a path for yourself.'

'You must get a bundle of tracts ready, Maud,' laughed Miss Beattie; 'of course that is the first thing.'

'I have none,' answered Maud.

'You will not need them, Maudie,' said Mr. Gus; then turning to Miss Beattie he said gravely but kindly, 'Don't sneer at such things, Miss Beattie; it does not become you.' To Maud he added, 'You will most likely find that you will need your purse rather than tracts, at first; for the body must be attended to before the soul. If God had not meant the body to be attended to first, would He have put the soul inside, do you think? You remember how our Saviour cared for the bodies of men. When He appeared to His disciples on the sea shore after His resurrection, His first question was, "Children, have ye any meat?" Then, having provided for them, and invited them to "Come and dine," He began His homily to St. Peter, "Lovest thou me? Feed my sheep and lambs." Herein let us follow His example.'

'Can we go out at once?' said Maud, going to the window. 'The snow-storm is nearly over. A walk through the snow would not hurt us, surely?'

'Certainly not; run and get ready, and wrap up well. Will you go, too, Miss Beattie, and you Fred?'

They both agreed. 'Anything for a little diversion,' they said. The young ladies went away to get ready. 'By the manner in which you are setting the girls to work, I should think you were used to this sort of thing, Gus,' said Fred, rising and dragging himself lazily to the fire.

'It is nothing new to me to meet with cases of distress, and to seek them out, too. But generally they are rather forced upon me; for turn which way you will, there is destitution to be relieved, and there are sorrows to be sympathised with and alleviated, if possible.'

'Well, now, I never meet with such cases,' said Fred; 'and I don't take the trouble to look for them. I think, you know, that we do our duty in paying poor-rates, and subscribing to a few charities. I know mamma subscribes to several; and I always purse out when there's a collection at church, so I don't reproach myself for dereliction of duty. A fellow can't do more than he can.'

'No; but a fellow can do a great deal more than give an occasional half-sovereign at a collection, Fred. A little human sympathy is often better than gold to the needy. "Kind words are worth much and cost little," is an old saying and a true one. A little more personal intercourse between rich and poor would do wonders in removing the pernicious class-prejudices which exist at present; and that without causing the least derogation to the dignity of the higher class. A man may be rich and well-educated, refined and of perfect manners; but if he have not developed that part of his nature

which grows and strengthens from contact with the poor and ignorant and sorrowful, he is but half a man. What an ignorant, half-developed (albeit highly-educated, as the phrase goes) creature is he who has not studied with warm heart and earnest mind the various strata of human society, even to the lowest, to endeavour to discover God's purposes concerning them, and to work out those purposes so far as in him lies! Here is splendid work for philosopher and philanthropist,—work to call into exercise the highest faculties of our being, and cause us to grow unto the perfect stature of men, and as the Bible adds, of men "in Christ Jesus,' who set us the example of all that is good and strong, dignified and beautiful in human nature. We who live on the highest strata of society, and get the rain and sunshine, the flowers and grasses for our enjoyment, shall we not go down to those on the lower, and help them to get a glimpse of the world's brightness and beauty, and feel a little sunny, invigorating warmth? We will try. Here are the young ladies.'

They entered, all animation and smiles. 'I have ten shillings in my purse; do you think that will do, Gus?' asked Maud.

'O yes,' he answered, smiling.

'You must not think too hardly of me,' added Maud, 'for you know I do give money away to poor people sometimes whom I meet in my walks.'

'A wrong way to exercise charity,' said Mr. Gus, much to Maud's astonishment. 'You must never give money except in particular cases, where you find that nothing else will relieve Give *money's worth* with your own kind hands and words. Indiscriminate giving of money does more harm than good, and fosters a pauper-spirit, which you must always try to avoid doing. Now for a start.'

They set off bravely out into the snow. It had ceased falling, but it lay thick on the ground, and the scene all around was fantastic and fairy-like. Having left the grounds and come out into the public road, they set off towards the town, but on the way turned aside to speak to two children who were going up a lane leading to a few poor-looking country cottages. They were both girls, and the elder was crying dolefully. Our party soon reached them; for the poor children were walking lingeringly through the snow, as if loth to go home. 'What's the matter?' asked Maud, approaching them; and her silvery voice fell like music on their ears.

They came to a standstill and looked up at her, but did not speak. The elder drew her old hat over her dirty, tear-stained face; and the younger huddled shyly against her

sister. 'Tell me what's the matter,' persisted Maud. 'Why are you crying? Tell me, and if you are in trouble, perhaps I can help you.'

The elder girl uttered nothing but a sob; the little one, taking courage from the lady's kind words, said bravely, 'Please 'm, we has lost sixpence in the snow, as mother sent us to buy a loaf with.'

'Where do you live?' asked Maud.

'At the first o' them houses 'm, said the child.

'Very well; then I'll give you another sixpence, and you run quickly and get a loaf, and we will call and see your mother.'

Maud gave the money, and the children ran off, relieved and happy. Then Maud looked with earnest inquiry up at her cousin, and said, 'Have I done right, Gus?'

'You have done admirably, Maud,' he replied. 'I can see your heart will guide you far better than the most elaborate instructions from even a highly-experienced worker.'

'Oh, Gus!' exclaimed Maud, as if to disclaim all praise. 'Now, you must speak and act at the cottage,' she added.

'No, indeed! You must do the work, to-day.'

'Will you Grace? or you, Fred?' asked Maud entreatingly.

'I shouldn't know what to say,' replied Miss Beattie. 'Nor I,' asserted Fred.

'Just wait and see what there is to say, and you will find words, Maud,' said Mr. Gus, encouragingly. As they neared the cottage he added, 'I hope you are prepared to see a little dirt and squalor. You must not allow a trifle to terrify you from a good purpose.'

'O no,' laughed Maud,' 'I will be very brave.'

They entered a small garden, and heard a baby crying, and a woman singing in a low, soothing fashion.

Maud knocked at the door, and the singing was changed to an unceremonious 'come in!' Maud hesitated, but at a sign from Gus she lifted the latch and entered. The scene which presented itself startled Maud almost out of her self-possession, so that she was fain to draw back; but it was nothing new to Gus: he was accustomed to go into houses which far surpassed this one in dirt and wretchedness. Over a dull-burning fire of cinders cowered a good-looking woman, still young in years, but old in sorrow. She had a dirty old shawl drawn closely around her, under which she was muffling up an almost naked baby, trying to get it to sleep. The brick floor was bare of carpet or mat of any kind, and very dirty; the whitewashed walls were bare and smoke-blackened; a few articles of broken furniture were about the room, and all in a state of extreme

disorder. In one corner lay a little boy, on an apology for a bed; his face was flushed, and he was breathing heavily. Add to this that the atmosphere of the place was foul and stifling, and some excuse may be made for Maud's shrinking in the doorway.

As soon as the woman saw who her visitors were, she arose in trepidation, and seemed at a loss for words. 'Dear me!' she said at length, 'I thought it was one of my neighbours. And bless me! if it aint the young lady as goes by on horseback so often! And my place ain't fit for you to come into, Miss, and ne'er a whole chair have I got to ask you to sit down upon. You see, Miss, I can't do nothing with the baby always in my arms, and the child ill there. I'm tied hand and foot, as you may say.'

'Does the doctor come to see your sick child?' asked Maud, kindly.

'No, Miss; no one haven't been yet, and I can't get out. My husband said as he'd see what could be done for the poor thing; but he'll be sure not to: when once he gets out everybody at home's forgotten.'

She spoke in a hopeless, careless way.

'You seem to be in great trouble?' said Maud.

'Trouble, Miss? there's no end to it. You seem a kind feeling lady, though I've always thought you so high and mighty as you passed by; and I think I may speak out to you, though I can't abear to see you standing, and the other young lady too, and the gentlemen.'

'Never mind that,' said Maud; 'but I fear we ought not to keep this door open, the sick child will feel it: do come quite inside, Grace.' And as Miss Beattie made a gesture of repugnance, Maud added, 'Yes, do come in, and you, Fred; we shall stay but a minute or two.'

They came in, and Maud drew from the poor woman her painful, but alas! too common story. Her troubles were a drunken husband, and consequent brutal usage, neglect, poverty, and hopelessness. Her children and herself were bare of clothes, she was in feeble health, and in such a state of despondency through want and sorrow, that she let everything go as it liked, and had given over caring whether they lived or died; for of what value was her wretched life?

Not one of our party listened to her sad story unmoved. Fred whispered that they should there and then make a collection, and 'purse out' to the best of their ability, but Gus hurriedly objected; so, knowing that he had had most experience in such matters, they left him to plan a means of relief for the poor body.

Just then the two little girls entered with their small loaf, and a 'pen'orth o' tea, and a pen'orth o' sugar,' as the mother said, adding, 'I sent out my last sixpence, for the poor children must have something to eat to-day, if they've got to go without to-morrow.'

'They shall not go without,' said Maud; 'we will send you something by-and-by.'

'God bless you for your kindness, Miss,' said the woman, gratefully.

'You have but a poor fire for such wintry weather,' said Gus. 'Are you short of coal?'

'That bit in the basket is all I have got, sir; and I've been burning the cinders to make it last out,' said the woman.

He inquired where she bought her coal, and then promised to send her some in. After giving her some advice and instructions about ventilating her house, they took their leave.

'Now for your purse, Maud,' said Gus, when they got outside. 'I propose that you go direct to the haberdasher's shop, which I saw near the village school one day, get some flannel and other materials for warm clothing, have them sent to the schoolmistress, and ask her to cut them out for you; then have a sewing party at home for the next few evenings, and so be like the good woman of old, who "made garments for the poor."'

'Thanks for your advice, Gus, I think we cannot do better than follow it. What say you, Grace?'

'I am quite willing to turn seamstress,' answered Miss Beattie. 'It would be rather pleasant than otherwise to find one's self really busy.'

'Well, then, we will go direct to Morton, the haberdasher,' said Maud, with happy animation.

In the course of an hour they had arranged everything most satisfactorily. Their purchases were in the hands of the schoolmistress, who promised to cut out the required garments, and send them to Maud's home some time during the day.

Our party then went direct home, and Maud told her mother the story of their morning's errands. Mrs. Cowley expressed much astonishment, and enquired how it could possibly have entered Maud's head to engage in anything so novel, and so foreign to her general tastes. Maud explained, with many expressions of commendation, that it was 'good cousin Gus' who originated this new project of being useful. 'I don't know what to say about it,' responded Mrs. Cowley, 'you are exposing yourself to many dangers, child; still, it is well for young people to try to make themselves of use to

others, so I shall say nothing against your schemes at present; we will wait and see what comes of them.'

'The first thing I want you to do, please mamma, is to send some substantial relief to the hungry family, and something for the sick child; the next thing is to co-operate with Grace and me this evening in getting some work done for their comfort.'

Maud's enthusiasm affected her mother. She turned smilingly to her lady friends, and forgetting for a time all her little ailments, said gaily 'So we are to be set to work, you see! Will you lend your hands, too?'

They readily promised, and Maud thanked them, and continued chatting for some time, with great animation, on this pleasant subject.

Mrs. Cowley gave orders for certain necessaries to be packed up for the poor family, and sent off. But Maud begged that she might go with them, after luncheon, as cousin Gus thought it better that the poor woman should receive them from her hands than from a servant's. So it was arranged, and no sooner was the meal over than Maud got ready for her good errand. Miss Beattie excused herself from going, saying that the cottage was so small it could not contain them all, and then it was so dirty. 'Ah, yes,' said Gus, 'you must give the poor wife some lessons in cleanliness, when she gets a little better and more hopeful, Maud.'

'I!' laughed Maud. 'What do I know about housekeeping?'

'Not much, I'm afraid,' said Gus, with mock gravity. 'But at any rate you know the difference between dirt and cleanliness. But to get her house in order, the poor woman needs her husband's co-operation. We must see what we can make of him bye-and-bye.'

Out into the snow they went again, followed by a servant with 'a glorious basketful of things,' as Maud termed it. When they reached the cottage and witnessed the poor mother's thankfulness, Maud's heart overflowed with a new delight. Her hands were trembling visibly as she brought forth the different packets of tea, sugar, and other welcome gifts; and the murmured thanks of the sorrowful mother sounded in her ears as sweet as the music of angels. She had other thanks to offer for a supply of coal which Gus had ordered to be sent in; and for a visit from the doctor, who had prescribed medicine which he assured her would soon 'set the child all right.'

When the thanks were over, the poor woman looked wistfully at the things with which her little table was covered, and essayed to speak, but hesitated.

'What do you wish to say?' asked Maud, kindly.

'If you'll excuse me, miss, I was a-goin' to say there's my poor old mother as lives a good quarter of a mile off, and I haven't been able to go and see her these three days, 'cos I couldn't leave my Tommy here ill. Goodness knows how she's off this bitter weather, poor old soul! If you'd be willing, miss, to give her a bit o' the tea and sugar and rice, I should take it as kind, or more kinder, than as if you'd gave it all to me.'

Maud asked particularly about the locality of the cottage, and added, 'These few things will not be too much for you, Mrs. Wade; but we will go and find your mother and see what she needs. Her name is Jones, you say?'

'Yes, old Widow Jones she's called, miss.'

'Very well,' said Maud. 'And now what time could we find your husband at home? I should like to speak to him.'

'He's at home in mornings, miss, till nearly eleven, and then he goes out to look for a job o' work. But it's all the same to me whether he gets any or no, 'cos you see, miss, he spends nearly every farthing o' money afore he comes home.'

'Don't you think he could be prevailed upon to give up drinking?' said Gus.

'Oh sir, if he only would we should be right enough!' exclaimed the poor wife, but with very little hope in her voice, 'His old master 'ud take him on again, I dessay, for he pities me and the children; but then he've put up with so much from my man that I don't see how he could keep him on.'

'Who was his master?' asked Gus.

'Farmer Clare, sir, over at Bushby farm, about a mile from here, you know, sir.'

'I know, Mrs. Wade,' said Maud, 'I often ride that way.'

'He's a fair dealing man, miss, and that can't be said for all the farmers round here. When my husband kept fair to his work he got his fourteen shillin' a week as reg'lar as clockwork. Now we've got to pick up what crumbles o' food we can, day after day, jest like the birds.' At this moment who should enter but the subject of their conversation? Mr. Wade was a strongly built man of medium height, who looked capable of work, and equally capable of demoralising indulgences. His wife looked anxiously at him, and, seeing that he was sober, said, 'It's the young lady from Halie Hall, Tom; jest see what a sight o' things she've brought me.'

'Humph!' uttered Mr. Tom, dragging off his cap, and looking very awkward, 'It's very kind of her.' Then he relapsed into an uneasy silence. Gus came to his rescue, and asked him some questions about work, and his late employer. The man

was very ill at ease, and spoke evasively. After beating about the bush a little, Gus said, 'It seems to me quite a painful thing that these little daily necessaries should have to be supplied to your wife by other hands than your own, Mr. Wade, you look so strong and able to work; and then you must remember that as an Englishman you should have more independence of spirit than to remain idle and leave your family dependent on charity, while you have the power to work and support them.'

'A fellow can't work, sir, if he can't get work.'

'When he has it he won't keep it, if he isn't steady,' replied Gus. 'I know that this is the old story of want of work and food and happiness through *drink*. I meet with such cases every week of my life, in London. I also see men give up the drink, and so restore peace and prosperity to their homes. Now, will you give it up? You can work and live better without it. Your wife and family and home will be the better for your giving it up; your health will be better, and so will your soul; for to continue drowning your reason and degrading yourself day after day, is like selling your soul to the devil; that soul which God deems more precious than the riches of the world, and for which He gave His Son Jesus to die. We must be going now; but do think over what I have said, and I will call and talk to you again to-morrow. I can prove to you how well and strong a man can be without strong drink: look at me; now I never take any; but perhaps you will say I don't work; yes, I work hard, with my brain, not with my hands; but brain-work exhausts the body quite as much as bodily labour.'

'Well, really!" said the man, in a softened and interesting tone, 'so you never takes none, sir? Well, that 'mazes me, somehow; yet I know as folks *can* do without: I've met with some afore as did.'

'Of course you have, and of course you could do without yourself, if you would only try,' said Gus. 'Well, we will call to-morrow; meanwhile you can think over this subject.'

With many thanks and blessings Mrs. Wade let her good friends out. The afternoon was wearing on. 'It will soon be dark, Maud,' said her cousin. 'Would you like to defer going to Mrs. Jones?'

'Oh no, Gus,' said Maud, earnestly. 'Who knows what trouble she may be in? It might be cruel to wait till to-morrow.

'Come along then, you brave little woman!' responded Gus, drawing her hand within his arm, and starting off at a brisk pace. In a minute or two he added, 'It seemed like

taking the work out of your hands, Maud, for me to make an onset upon the poor fellow, Wade; but you must excuse me.'

'I was only too glad that you did, Gus. What could I have said to him? I know comparatively nothing of drunkenness, and still less how to deal with it.'

'I know that, Maud; it has never been brought under your notice much. You may have heard that so-and-so was a drunkard, and you may have seen drunken men in the streets; but you have never thought much about them, or tried to realise what life was to them and to their families. I am quite sure you have not; for if you had you would not have wanted words to utter to that man just now. You would not have felt unable to utter the inciting and helpful words, "Here is a path for you to tread, which will lead you to peace, and happiness, and comfort. I am walking in it, so I know that *you* can. Come, follow me." I knew you could not say that, Maudie; so I spoke in your stead for his sake.'

'Oh Gus!' exclaimed Maud, colouring; 'do you mean me to understand that I *ought* to be able so to speak?'

'Well, look here, Maud; I am hoping and believing that this day is the beginning of a new life for you, that you will henceforth try to live a more worthy life than you have ever yet done; that you will not continue this good work for a week or two, just while I am with you, and then give it up, and relapse into vapid young-ladyism. I have a pleasant belief that you will keep bravely on, endeavouring to make your life "a grand sweet song," which shall stir the hearts and bless the lives of your needy and sorrowful fellow-creatures; that you will live so that in the end it may be said of you, "she hath not lived in vain," and that you may get the commendation of the Most High, "Well done, good and faithful servant."'

'Oh Gus,' exclaimed Maud again, 'it quite pains me to hear you talk so. You are so good, so immeasurably above me, and you think my heart is like yours. You seem to forget that I have been completely wrapped up in selfishness,—so unlike you, who have been self-sacrificing and devoted for years.'

'I know you are only a beginner, Maudie; but then I believe that you intend to become an earnest worker. Am I right?'

'I do heartily intend now,' answered Maud, 'and I hope I may keep on, I am sure.'

'You must not forget to ask God's help, or you will most certainly grow weary in well doing. But to return to our subject: I do wish that you were able to speak as I did

just now to Wade, because I am sure that as you carry on the work which you have begun to-day, you will meet with many who are suffering from what has impoverished and distressed this family. There are cases of poverty arising from affliction or loss, or other causes over which men have no control; but as a rule you will find that the poverty and distress of the poorer classes arise from the curse of drink. Therefore, if you would labour successfully among them, you must take up this subject in a thoughtful, self-denying, prayerful spirit, and beware lest you should be a stumbling-block in an erring brother's way. If you were suffering from, say a spinal disease, and a doctor came to see you, you would not care for him to talk about your hands, or feet, or head. You would want some advice about the part from which you were suffering. So it seems to me that it is of no use going to a drunkard and talking about this thing and the other, and anything but that which is the uppermost thought in his mind. What he is most conscious of is that he has a craving for drink, that he is suffering from it, that he is wasting everything upon it that is worth possessing. Now if you have thought nothing upon this everywhere-prevalent form of sin and suffering, if you have not cared to study it, how can you possibly address words in season to its victims?'

'So you would make a temperance reformer of me, Gus?' said Maud.

'Why not?' returned Gus.

'And you would make what is called a teetotaller of me, too?' continued Maud, smiling.

'Why not?' repeated Gus.

'Oh Gus! it sounds to me like a term of reproach,' said Maud. 'It goes against all my notions of refinement and delicacy to take up this temperance question.'

'I would like you to analyze those notions, Maud, at your leisure, and see if they don't turn out to be a complete mixture of namby-pambyism and selfishness. You will excuse my plain speaking,' he added, smiling; 'you know I'm not going to mince matters with my little cousin. Then as to bearing the reproach of being a teetotaller, what a small thing is that when you consider it is on account of being a friend and helper to the despairing, that it is for being a truer woman and a more self-denying and earnest aspirant after the highest good (which is evidenced by lowly ministering), than those who so reproach you. I have faith in your tenderness and strength of heart, Maud, and I do not think you will be terrified by this reproach. Let me use a figure. Let me suppose you a dweller on a sea shore, and one of an immense party of daily bathers.

It is well known that it is most dangerous in this part, and that persons are being constantly carried out of their depth, and are in extreme danger of perishing. Some buffet with the waves with the strength of despair, and succeed in regaining the shore without any help but that of the Unseen; others are rescued by means of boats, which go out among the struggling to seek to pick up those ready to perish; others sink down like lead amid the waters, and are seen no more. Now observe that all admit on entering this sea that it is fraught with exceeding peril to many; it depends upon the capabilities of each individual whether these perils can be braved. Some perish almost directly; others go continually out of their depth, and yet return to shore again and again in safety. There are some on shore who with praiseworthy self-denial abstain altogether from indulging in the luxury of entering these waters, simply for the sake of example to the unwary, and to those who have not strength to keep above water if they enter. Not only so, but these abstainers actually man the boats of which I spoke, and go out to drag sinking persons from destruction.'

'Ah, that is brave and good!' quietly exclaimed Maud, as if she were hearing a true story.

'But you must know that these earnest and sympathizing cruisers—so to speak—have to encounter much scorn and reproach for their work. They are dubbed *rescuers*, and that noble word is used to signify great reproach. The swimmers call them fools for their pains, and cry out that every man is able to take care of himself, and knows what is best for himself. Sometimes after singling out a sinking one, and rowing up to him, the rescuer will meet with only revilings from the perishing person,—so infatuated are many of the swimmers. Now I put it to your heart, Maud, if you saw a friend or a neighbour far out struggling in these cruel waters, and you felt that you were capable of going to the rescue, would you desist and hold back from a cowardly fear of bearing a simple term of reproach, and not make one effort to save the perishing?'

'Indeed, I would not,' answered Maud, earnestly. 'I see what you mean, Gus.'

'Then, let me ask, Maud, what if you went out so, and met with such words as these from the perishing:—"Yes, you ask me to forsake these waters and never enter them again, and yet you enter them yourself every day. It is said that they are necessary to health, and they minister to pleasure; but you tell me to deny myself that which you enjoy." What could you reply, Maud? You might say that you were too

confident in your powers, and had too little inclination, ever to get out of your depth; but they might retort, "How do you know? I was once as confident as you are, yet here I am." But if you could say, "I can prove to you that you can be healthier and happier by refraining from coming near these waters than by entering them, for I never enter them, so come and let us bear each other company in the enjoyments of the safe and pleasant shore." '

'Ah, I see, Gus,' said Maud, giving his arm a little squeeze. 'You are a good, wise fellow, and you know how to convince me of my foolishness. I will certainly enter your bonnie boat, and deem it a duty and a privilege to be a "Rescuer." Whatever will they all say at home when I announce that you are making a convert to temperance of me!'

'You will brave all they can say quite nicely, I am sure,' answered Gus. 'Now before I drop my figure, I want to take you a step farther. We will suppose that it is to the interest of hundreds and thousands of thoughtless, selfish people to lure their fellow-creatures towards these waters, and to assist them in getting out of their depth. We will suppose that it is patent to everybody who has eyes to see that this enormity is daily practised, and that the well-known consequence is that tens of thousands of poor creatures perish every year through the efforts of these allurers. We will suppose that the Government of the place actually throws around these destroyers the mantle of its protection, and affords them facilities for carrying on their Satanic work. Not only so, but it has to spend thousands of pounds to rear and keep open buildings to receive those who get maddened in these waters, and have to be dragged out and consigned to keepers, and for those who get maddened so far as to cause them to commit violent outrages upon their fellow-creatures.'

'It would be insane of any Government,' said Maud.

'Yet that is just what our Government does,' replied Gus. 'But to continue. Suppose a band of men and women on shore protested against the Government's aiding and abetting these destroyers in their ghastly work, and urged upon it to withdraw its patronage and protection from such monstrous evil-doings, also to use its power to prevent the weak and unwary from thus gliding away to destruction, by placing needful barriers in their way,—what would you say about such a band of people? Would you call them mere fools and enthusiasts? or would you not rather say they were champions of the right—persons of common sense and right feeling?'

'The latter, most certainly,' replied Maud, who had been listening with great attention.

'Well, such a band exists in our country, Maud, and I, after much thought and deliberation, have joined it. I want you to read all about it, and think over it by-and-by, and see if you cannot intelligently become one of us.'

'So you think the law should and could put down drunkenness?' said Maud.

'I think that the law should and could foster the right, and not the wrong, as it is now doing in relation to the drink traffic. It should protect a people as much as possible from ruin, and not afford them facilities for rushing to it as quickly as possible; above all, it should not set traps to catch the feet of the young and unwary, and cause them to stumble to their irremediable hurt.'

After walking a little distance in thoughtful silence, he added, 'We will have a few more chats on this subject, Maud. I see a cottage which I think must be Widow Jones's. We must not stay there long, you know; if I keep you out much beyond dusk, your mamma will not thank me for my imprudence.'

They had no difficulty in finding the widow, and a very pleasant visit it proved to all three. The comely old body, very poor and infirm, but very neat and tidy in her person and her house, was overjoyed and astonished to be called upon by 'the young lady at the hall,' and a most providential call it proved to be; for the poor woman was reduced to great straits, and did not know where to look for food for the morrow, only to God. Maud's bountiful errand strengthened the old woman's faith. 'I am quite sure as God sent you, Miss,' she said, with tears of gratitude.

On their way home Maud's heart was lighter than she had felt it for a long time. 'It seems, Gus,' she said, 'as if you had led me into a new world to-day; and so you have, you good old thing! You have led me out of the world of self into the world of sympathy and work for others.'

'And you will remain in this new world?' said Gus.

'I hope so, and really mean to,' replied Maud.

'Don't trust to your own wisdom and strength, Maudie. Ask God's help and guidance continually.'

'I will try to,' said Maud, softly. 'Though it will seem so strange, Gus. I don't think I have ever really prayed in my life,—that is, you know, I have never deeply felt the need of anything. Now, I actually feel the need of forgiveness for being all my life so selfish, and unmindful of my duty to God and man.'

'That, and all else that you need, you may get through our Saviour,' replied Gus, with grave tenderness. 'I do hope,

dear Maud, that in the highest sense this will be the beginning of a new life to you,—a life of faith in Him; a life of good works resulting from that faith.'

Maud entered her home quiet and thoughtful. Her Mamma feared she was depressed by what she had seen, or over-tired; but Maud soon regained her cheerful demeanour, and playfully begged them to hold themselves in readiness to begin work directly after dinner. A very happy evening they spent. Even Mrs. Cowley forgot to expatiate upon her small personal afflictions, and there was gossip of no doleful sort. 'Band and gusset and seam' kept fair fingers in busy motion that hitherto had seldom, if ever, been employed on such worthy work. The gentlemen watched them with extreme interest, kept a constant supply of threaded needles for them, and took it in turns to read aloud or play for the fair workers' amusement. The time seemed to speed by on magically fleet wings. There was no room left to wish he would go faster, no yawning, no plaint of 'Nothing to do.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Cowley, as she was busy at a flannel petticoat, 'I could not have believed that I should be able to sit up at this time in the evening stitching away like a poor seamstress working for bread! Yet I do not remember feeling so easy both in mind and body for a very long time. I must thank you, Maud, for devising so good a remedy for our usual evening ailments,—mental and physical inertness.'

'There's a fellow at school,' remarked Fred, turning round on the piano-stool, after adjusting his music, 'a bit of a bore in his way, you know, who is always affirming that there's nothing like work to cure the blues, and make one forget one's self. Next time he bores me with his favourite axiom, I'll inform him that I learnt that at home in the Christmas holidays, and so put a stop to his cuckoo cry.'

Thereupon Mr. Fred turned, and filled the apartment with sounds more melodious.

To Maud's great satisfaction one or two garments were ready by the next morning to take to Mrs. Wade. Maud and her cousin had to go alone with them, as Miss Beattie and Fred wished to go out riding.

It was a bright frosty morning; yesterday's snow glittered under the morning sun like gems, and the air was clear and exhilarating. With a light heart Maud set out on her third benevolent errand. Gus enjoyed seeing her genuine enjoyment; and they laughed and chatted on their way, two as happy-hearted young folks as the sun shone upon that day.

They found Mr. Wade at home, washed and tidy, as if he had been preparing a little for visitors. He was nursing his

sick child by the fire, and the care with which he drew an old shawl around the little one's head while the door was open, evinced a fatherly care and thoughtfulness which his years of mis-doing had not wholly destroyed.

He presently confessed that he had waited in 'a purpose to have another bit o' talk with the good gentleman.' Gus was very glad of this opportunity to strengthen Wade's desire for a new and better life, and gave him what encouragement and advice he could. In conclusion Wade said: 'Well, you know, sir, I've been thinking as if *you* could do without the drink, surely *I* could, sir; and so I'm going to try. I'm very thankful as one came in my way who've set me the example: example is better than words, sir.'

'Well, Mr. Wade,' said Maud bravely, 'when this gentleman is gone, you will still occasionally see one who is following his example; for I intend to give up entirely taking the little I have been accustomed to, for the sake of being an example to those who take too much.'

'That's very good, Miss,' said Wade, while Gus smiled his thanks and warm approbation to Maud, who involuntarily turned her glowing face towards him. 'That's right, Miss,' added Wade; 'there's enough for the ladies to do as well as the gentlemen. Now, I think the ladies might speak to the women about this sometimes; but they don't seem to think as how the poor bodies needs it. 'Wever, I know one or two, not a hundred miles off, who wants speaking to about this very thing, for it's a dreadful thing to see wives and mothers giving themselves up to this drink, Miss.'

'Could I go and see the poor women you allude to?' asked Maud with great interest.

'You could one of 'em,' said Wade, 'and that is one of your old servants, Sarah Bryce, as was housemaid at the hall till she got married.'

'Sarah Bryce,' echoed Maud. 'And do you really mean to say that she drinks?'

'She does, indeed, Miss. I've heard a good deal about her, and I've seen a bit myself. I've had to pass her house twice a day for years, you know, Miss. She lives about half way to Farmer Clare's. If she could be seen to in time it 'ud be the saving o' the family from ruin, I'll venture to say.'

'We will certainly go and see her,' said Maud readily.

Before leaving the cottage Gus was quite satisfied that the man had a sincere desire to go on better, and to make an effort to conquer his drinking habits; so Gus promised to go and speak to Farmer Clare in his behalf, and see whether he could get the man re-installed in his old place. This raised the

spirits of the family wonderfully, and inspired them with happy hope.

In the afternoon our two earnest workers proposed going on horseback to Farmer Clare's. This errand of peace-making was most enjoyable to Maud. After some little pleasant altercation with the farmer, they succeeded in overruling his objections to taking Wade back, and got him to promise to 'try the troublesome customer once more.' So far that was well. On their way back to Wade's they called at Mrs. Bryce's cottage. Maud alighted, and Gus took her horse's bridle, and said he would ride about until Maud came out: he thought it best that she should go and see her old servant alone.

Maud was in the cottage a full quarter of an hour, and when she re-appeared her eyes bore traces of tears. Gus helped her to mount, and for a minute or so they rode in silence. 'It is a sad case, I fear, Maud?' Gus said at length.

'Sad, yet hopeful, if one may hope for the penitent,' replied Maud. And then she told with what gratitude the poor woman received her, and how with many tears she confessed her misery and wickedness, and her loathing of the life she was now leading,—estranged from her husband, and a terror and sorrow to her little children.

'I will go to her again and again,' said Maud in conclusion, 'and persevere in trying to allure her to become a good wife and mother. Oh, Gus! I have felt until this week that there was nothing for me to do in life, that time was long and very heavy on my hands: now I feel that there is so much to be done, that one would require fifty lifetimes to attend to different cases of sin, and want, and trouble, that one may meet with by just looking around and making a few inquiries. I feel confident that I shall evermore have my hands full of work: one case will lead to another, as I have found it do already.'

'And when you get more to do than you can possibly attend to, you must try to enlist some of your friends in your good work, and so extend the circle of your influence,' said Gus.

They took their pleasant message to Wade; and the next morning he returned in right good earnest to his old work.

The sewing-party stitched away for the next few evenings, much to their own pleasure and satisfaction, and to the benefit of those for whom they worked.

At the end of another week Mr. Gus went away, but not before he and Maud had held several pleasant confabulations about future work. Maud got abundance of good counsels and encouragements to proceed.

Miss Beattie remained behind for another fortnight. During that time she was Maud's constant companion in her benevolent errands. Maud tried to prevail upon her to take an active part on these occasions; but Miss Beattie invariably held back, and assured Maud that she really could not be spokeswoman. 'You know, Maudie, speaking is not my forte,' she said, one day, 'I confess, that during my visit here, I have been inspired with a wish to do something to help and benefit my fellow-creatures. As your cousin Gus said, it is not worthy of any woman to live wholly to herself. Well, I don't wish to live such a selfish life as I have been accustomed to live. I want to do *something;* but I must be content to work in a very humble way—at least at first. A young friend of mine near home was asking me in the autumn if I would join a sewing-class which she had established for the benefit of the aged poor of a district at the West End. I declined, of course, and laughed the idea to scorn. Go to a Dorcas meeting indeed? Not I! But now, Maudie, I have resolved to call on my friend directly I return to London, and offer her my services. That will be doing a little, and it may be the beginning of something greater.'

'I am very glad you have made such a resolve, Grace,' said Maud, with smiling enthusiasm, 'we shall both come to be very busy bodies, in the best sense of the term, by-and-by, I'm confident.'

Even the elderly Christmas visitors, the calm, easy-going, indolent old dowagers, caught the infection of Maud's zeal, and avowed their intention of looking out for something to do as soon as they found themselves back at their home in the Isle of Wight.

As the spring advanced Maud wrote her cousin Gus happy accounts of the progress she was making, of her enlarged sphere of action, and so forth. She was glad to be able to tell that Mr. Wade was going on admirably, and giving the greatest satisfaction to his old master; that Mrs. Bryce had taken the pledge two months ago, and was keeping it bravely, and that peace and comfort now prevailed in her once miserable home; that poor old widow Jones was as well as could be expected, and so forth. In conclusion she wrote, 'I am so taken up with my work that I entirely forget myself; and as for raising the doleful, and, I may say, *sinful* cry of "Nothing to do,"—that has not once escaped my lips since that memorable day when you led me to work.'

Gus replied with many words of commendation and encouragement, and in the course of his remarks said:—'You remember that fine poem of Jean Ingelow's,'—*The Star's*

Monument. I have been fancying the words which the lady uttered to the poet, as falling from your lips, Maud. After speaking of getting for her "wages and diadem" the love of those for whom she has worked, the lines run :—

> "Then when I died, I should not fall, (says she),
> Like dropping flowers that no man noticeth;
> But like a great branch of some stately tree
> Rent in a tempest, and flung down to death,
> Thick with green leafage,—so that piteously
> Each passer-by that ruin shuddereth,
> And saith,—*The gap this branch hath left is wide;*
> *The loss thereof can never be supplied.*'"

THE UNSTEADY HAND.

'THERE is a greater curse than drunkenness,' said Dr. Grantley.

'It may be so,' I answered, 'but it so happens that I am not aware of its name or existence.'

'Moderate drinking,' said the Doctor, with an emphasis of tone and manner that showed him to be very much in earnest.

Dr. Grantley was somewhat of an enthusiast on the subject of temperance; yet a clear, strong thinker. I did not expect from him any special pleading or begging of the question.

'I should like to hear you make good the assertion,' I replied.

'Nothing is easier. The fact is so plain, that I am surprised it is not seen by every one.'

'I am all attention; make it plain to me,' said I.

'You do not trust a drunkard in any responsible position,' he replied. 'You would not, if he were a lawyer, give an important cause into his hands; nor, if he were a surgeon, risk him with a delicate operation. Known drunkards are not put in command of ships, nor in charge of steam engines, nor assigned to places where life, property, or important interests are at stake. Once class a man with drunkards, and you narrow his influence, both for good and evil, to a small circle. You rule him out of the great world of action, and render him comparatively harmless. He is his own worst enemy—disgusting to all around him; but of thus much use, that he is a living expounder of the evils of intemperance, teaching by example their saddest and most humiliating lesson.

'But your respectable, virtuous, high-minded, moderate drinkers,' the Doctor, continued, 'hold to society a very different relation. They command your ships and armies;

they are your lawyers, your surgeons, your engineers, your merchants and manufacturers, with whom you risk your goods and money. You trust them with your highest and best worldly interests. And it never seems to occur to you that they who drink sometimes tarry long at the wine; and may, in some fatal moment, when a clear head or steady hand is the only guaranty of success or safety, hurt you, through a slight and temporary incapacity, beyond repair.'

I drew a long breath as the magnitude of a danger I had not thought of loomed up before me with an almost appaling distinctness.

'While we count the drunkards who are not trusted by tens,' said the Doctor, 'we may count this other class, who hold our lives and property in their hands, by thousands.'

I observed that Dr. Grantley's voice had in it a low thrill, and that he was unusually disturbed.

'You feel strongly on this subject,' I said.

'There is cause,' he answered, dropping his tones, and bending his head forward, as though a weight had fallen on it suddenly. He was silent for an unusually long time.

'I will give you,' he said at length, 'an illustration of what I mean. Are you at leisure for half an hour?'

'Entirely at your service.'

'I drink nothing stronger than tea or coffee, as you are aware. Once I took my glass of wine at dinner and in social circles. It was genteel; had in it a smack of good breeding, and familiarity with society. I cultivated the little vanities of connoisseurship, and talked in the usual self-satisfied way of brands, vintages, flavours and the like, as fluently as any one. I had, so to speak, all the wine-lingos at my finger ends, and was not a little proud of the accomplishment.

'My special work, as you know, is surgery; a work that, of all others, requires the clear head and steady hand. There are occasions when, if the knife passes by a hundredth part of an inch from the right direction, a fatal result is inevitable. We cut down into the quivering flesh, and grope about darkly amid sensitive nerves and life-blooded arteries, with death waiting eagerly for some fatal breach in the delicate organism.

'We hear frequent allusions made to steadying the nerves with wine or brandy. I was sufficiently well acquainted with the action of this class of stimulants on myself to refuse them altogether for at least twenty-four hours prior to the performance of even the slightest surgical operation. I would have regarded it as criminal to take a glass of wine just before using the scalpel, because its effect would have been to disturb

the free and rapid directions of my will to the cutting hand, hindering, confusing, and it might be rendering death certain where I was trying to save life.

'I know that it is the custom with some surgeons to steady their nerves with wine or brandy before going to the operating table; but I think it will be found in nearly all of these cases that the habitual use of these articles has substituted an artificial for a normal steadiness of nerve, and that the stimulant has become a necessity through abuse. It is said of professional gamblers that many of them rigidly abstain from drink in order to secure clear heads and steady hands for their infamous work. The surgeon, of all other men, should profit by their example.'

'Did it not occur to you,' I said, 'that in your own social use of wines you were gradually substituting this general artificial steadiness of nerve for the natural and healthy, and that, in time, your abstinence, preliminary to using the knife, might defeat the end in view? That nature might not rally her forces quickly enough after the withdrawal of substitutes?"

'Yes; this very thought that you suggest did often present itself; but I pushed it aside. It was not agreeable; and I would not look it calmly in the face. I had come to like the taste of wine, and to enjoy a social glass with my friends.

'Surgery was my first love, and I pursued its study and practice with an interest and ardour that never abated. My opportunities were good, and I made the best of them. After acting as assistant in a large hospital for two years, I went to Paris and Vienna, spending two years in the admirably conducted hospitals of those cities, under circumstances of special advantage. Returning, I entered, at the age of twenty-six, on the practice of my profession. In five years I had established a reputation as wide as the country. Many of my operations, some of them almost unheard of in the profession, were reported in our own and transferred to foreign medical journals. I had more than the fame I coveted.

'There was a period in my professional life when scarcely a day passed without some call on me for the skill that lay in my practised hand; and scarcely a week without some prolonged and difficult or dangerous operation. The strain on my nerves was very great; the amount depending very much on the character and condition of my patients, and the degree of risk involved.

'It was about this time, when reports of my brilliant operations were spoken of as a perpetual surprise, that the event occurred which I am about to relate.

'I had a friend, older by several years, with whom I had

long been intimate. He had watched my professional debut and career with an interest as deep as he could have felt in a brother; and he was very proud of my success. One day he came to my office, and after a word or two, said, a look of concern settling on his face—"I wish you would call in and examine a lump on Miriam's neck."

'He spoke of his wife.

'"What kind of a lump?" I asked.

'"It is about the size of a walnut, and is increasing in size, I think, quite rapidly."

'"It may be only the temporary swelling of a gland," I remarked, with assumed indifference. "Is it sore to the touch?"

'"Not in the least; but Miriam begins to complain of a sense of obstruction, as if there were pressure on a blood vessel. I've wished to speak to you about it for some time, but she would not consent."

'"Only about the size of a walnut?" I inquired.

'"May be a little larger, though not much."

'"I will call round this afternoon and look at it," said I. '"Tell Mrs. Baldwin to expect me about four o'clock. You will be at home?"

'"Oh, yes," he replied, and turned to go. But there were questions in his mind that he could not leave without asking. '"Doctor," he said, coming back and sitting down, "this may seem a very small matter in your eyes, but I am seriously troubled. It is no swelling of a gland, but a tumour. Of that I am satisfied."

'"What is the exact location?" I asked.

'"On a line with the ear, and just above the collar bone."

'We were both silent for a time.

'"As I said, Doctor," my friend resumed, "this thing has troubled me from the beginning. It rests like a heavy weight on my spirits. It shadows me with a strange foreboding. I am foolish, perhaps."

'"Over sensitive about anything that touches one so dear as your wife," I answered, with a smile. "It is natural. But don't give yourself needless anxiety. Tumours in the neck are usually benignant, as we say, and surgical skill ensures their safe removal."

'"Can they not be extirpated without using the knife?" he asked—"re-absorbed by a restored healthy action of the parts?"

'"In rare instances this has occurred. But there is no established treatment on which we can rely. In my own practice I have not met with a single case where a well-developed tumor was re-absorbed by a normal action of the parts."

'"At four o'clock this afternoon, Doctor." Mr. Baldwin arose.

'"At four promptly," I answered. And he went away.

'Mrs. Baldwin received me with a quiet cheerfulness of manner, saying—"My husband is apt to worry himself about little things, as you are aware."

'Her composure was only assumed; I felt that, as her hand lay in mine. My first diagnosis was not satisfactory, and I found great difficulty in concealing the doubts that troubled me. The swelling was clearly outlined, but not so sharply protuberant as I had been led to suppose by the likeness to a walnut which my friend had suggested. I feared, from its shape and presentation at the surface, and also from the fact that the patient complained of a sense of pressure on the vessels of the neck, that the tumour was deeply seated, and much larger than my friend had suspected. But I was most concerned as to its character. Being hard and perceptibly nodulated, there was in my mind an apprehension that it might prove malignant in character, and the apprehension was made stronger by the fact that my patient had a scrofulous diathesis.

'There was no congestion of the veins, nor discoloration of skin around the hard protuberance; no pulsation, elasticity, fluctuation, or soreness—only a solid lump that I recognised as the small section or lobule of a deeply seated tumour, already beginning to press upon and obstruct the blood-vessels. It might be fibrous or albuminous—benignant or malignant; which, in this, my first diagnosis, I was not able to determine. But for the constitutional habit of my patient, I should have concluded favourably.

'It was not easy to veil my concern from Mr. Baldwin, who followed down stairs after I had finished the examination, and plied me with eager questions.

'"Deal plainly with me, Doctor," said he. "I wish to know exactly what you think. Don't conceal anything."

'His blanching lips, and voice pitched to a low key that its tremor might be hidden, told plainly enough that I must conceal every apprehension that troubled me.

'"It presents all the indications of what we call a fibrous tumour," said I.

'"Are they of a malignant type?" he asked, with suspended breath.

'"No; they are entirely harmless, but for their mechanical pressure on surrounding vessels, tissues, and organs."

'He caught his breath with a deep sigh of relief; then asked—

'"Is there any danger in their removal?"

'"None," I replied.

'"Have you ever taken a tumour from the neck?" he asked.

'"More than a dozen."

'"Were you always successful?"

'"Always."

'His breath came more freely. Then, after a little pause, he said—

'"There will have to be an operation in this case?" I saw his lips grow white again.

'"I fear that it cannot be avoided."

'"There is one comfort," Mr. Baldwin remarked, his voice rallying to an almost cheerful tone, "the tumour is small, and evidently superficial in its character. The knife will not have to go very deep among the arteries, veins, and nerves, so thickly gathered about the neck."

'I did not correct his error.

'"How long will it take?" he next queried.

'"Not very long," I answered evasively.

'"Ten minutes?"

'"Yes; perhaps a little longer."

'"She will not be conscious of pain?"

'"No; no more conscious than if she were a sweetly sleeping infant."

'Mr. Baldwin walked nervously the whole length of the parlour twice; then stood still in front of me.

'"Doctor," he said solemnly, "I place her in your hands. She will consent to do anything I may conclude it best to do. We have entire confidence in your judgment and skill."

'He stopped short, and turned partly away to hide excess of feeling. Rallying after a moment, he continued, with a forced smile on his lips—

'"To your professional eyes I show unmanly weakness. But, you must bear in mind how dear she is, Doctor! It makes me shiver in every nerve to think of the knife going down into her tender flesh. You might cut me to pieces if that would save her."

'"Your fears exaggerate the reality, Mr. Baldwin," I replied. "She will go into a deep sleep, and while she dreams pleasant dreams, we will simply dissect out the tumour, with all its foreign accumulations, and leave the healthy organs to continue their action under the old laws of unobstructed life."

'"I am weak and foolish, I know," he answered, "but I can't help it. The whole thing touches too nearly home."

'"As I was leaving, he said, "Doctor, how soon ought it to be done?"

'"The sooner the better," I returned, "after the hot weather is over. Say in October. In the meantime, I will carefully watch its growth and condition."

'My next examination of the tumour, made in about a fortnight, satisfied me that it was deeply seated, and probably as large as a small orange. The protruding portion was only a small lobe of the foreign body. A substance so large, and of so hard a texture, must necessarily cause serious displacement of the blood-vessels, nerves, glands and muscles of the neck, and render an early extirpation necessary to save life. In the two weeks there had been perceptible growth.

'During the next two months I saw Mrs. Baldwin frequently, and noticed with concern increasing signs of pressure on the carotids, indicated by a slight suffusion of the face. The middle of October was set down as the time when the operation should be made. As the period approached, I felt a nervous dread about the case. I had consulted the most distinguished surgeon in the city, my senior by over fifteen years. His diagnosis agreed in every particular with my own. We were satisfied that it was a fibrous tumour, non-malignant, but so deeply cast among the great vessels, and probably so attached to their sheaths, as to render extirpation a difficult, and, without great caution, a dangerous operation.

'This was the only case, in all my practice, wherein I felt like transferring the responsibility to another. Not because of the difficulty—that would only have quickened my ardor—but because Mrs. Baldwin was the tenderly beloved wife of the oldest, warmest, and truest friend I possessed; and I knew that personal feeling would come in, and might disturb the cool equilibrium of mind so essential to skill and steadiness of hand.

'As the time approached, my concern increased. So oppressive did this become, that at last I sent for Mr. Baldwin, and seriously proposed that Dr. B——, the eminent surgeon to whom I have just referred, should be called on to perform the operation.

'"He is older, and has a larger experience,' I said. "All the profession award to him the first place in our city, if not in the country."

'"I have no doubt of his skill," replied my friend, speaking in a firm decided way, "but his skill is not supplemented with sobriety. You know that as well as I do. His habit of drinking too freely has become a thing of common notoriety, and is gradually destroying public confidence. Oh, no, Doctor! The

hand that cuts down into her dear flesh must be steadied by healthy nerves, and not by wine or brandy! I will not hear of it. The man is a drunkard—I call his habitual and excessive use of strong drink by its right name—and so I set him aside. I will not run any risk with a drunkard. He hangs out a sign on which is written, Beware! I read it, and pass over to the other side, getting out of the way of danger!"

'I felt strongly the force of all this, and said no more about Dr. B——. The day came at last. Ten o'clock was the hour at which the operation was to be performed. For two whole days I had strictly abstained from even a glass of wine, giving my nervous system that long period in which to recover the natural steadiness which might have been weakened through over-action occasioned by stimulants.

'Mr. Baldwin called on me as early as eight o'clock. He was very nervous, and oppressed by evil forebodings. The number and variety of the questions he had to ask, annoyed me; for I could not answer them truthfully, without adding to his overwrought fears. Not that I apprehended danger, for I was master of my profession, and knew the exact location of every artery, vein, nerve, gland, and muscle, among which I had to pass the scalpel. Nay, in order to make assurance doubly sure, I had spent an hour in the dissecting-room on the day before, giving to the anatomical organism of the neck a new and close examination. I had but to extirpate a tumour—badly located, it is true—and this any skilful surgeon might safely accomplish. A steady and confident hand, and favouring circumstances, were all that he required.

'I carefully concealed my annoyance under a light, almost playful exterior, and rallied him for his unmanly weakness—called the operation one of minor importance, involving little risk. I could not reassure him, however. A shadow of coming evil rested darkly on his spirit.

'At ten o'clock, accompanied by three assistants, one of them a surgeon of tried skill, I repaired to the house of my friend. The white face and scared look of the servant who admitted us, and asked us to go up to the front chamber in the second story, was nothing in my professional eyes, and did not in the least disturb the equipoise of mind essential to my work. In the hall above Mr. Baldwin's trembling hand grasped mine with a silent pressure. I smiled as I said, "Good morning!" in an unconcerned voice, and passed into the room where the operation was to be made. The table I had selected was there. Quickly and silently, acting from previous concert, we placed this table in the best relation to the light, arranged instruments, bandages, and all things

necessary to the work in hand, and then, after giving to this preparation the temporary concealment in our power, announced our readiness.

'In a moment after Mrs. Baldwin entered from the adjoining chamber. She was a beautiful woman, in the prime of life. Never had she looked more beautiful than now. Her strong will had mastered fear; and strength, courage, and resignation looked out from her clear eyes, and rested on her firm lips.

'She smiled, but did not speak. I took her by the hand and led her to the table on which she was to lie during the operation, saying, as I did so, "It will all be over in a few minutes, and you won't feel it as much as a pin scratch."

'As soon as she was in position, an assistant, according to arrangement, presented the sponge saturated with ether, and in two minutes complete anæsthesia was produced. On the instant, I made an incision, and cut quickly down to the tumour. It was a hard, fibrous substance; and a few carefully-made efforts to dissect it away from the surrounding parts, confirmed my previous opinion that it was large and deeply seated. But I understood my business, and was now so entirely interested in what I was doing, that I forgot my patient's identity, and so pursued the work in hand with a concentration of thought and purpose that gave science and skill their best result. It took full twenty-five minutes to separate the tumour from all the blood-vessels, nerves, and muscles it had involved. At the end of thirty minutes we bore our patient, still insensible, to her bed in the adjoining chamber, and laid her down gently, as one in quiet sleep—the ordeal safely over.

'I shall never forget the look of sweet thankfulness that came into her eyes, as, not long after, I told her that the operation she had so long dreaded had been safely performed.

'"And I knew nothing of it!" she whispered; then added, shutting her eyes, and speaking to herself—"It is wonderful! Thank God for this, among other manifold blessings!"

'As for my friend, he wrung my hands, and cried for excess of joy with unmanly weakness. A surgeon sees much of human nature on this side. My hands were in a tremor now, and I took a glass of wine to steady them. Two hours afterward I called on my patient, and found her sleeping; and at four o'clock I called again. At five I was engaged to dine at the house of a professional friend, and meet some gentlemen from a neighbouring city. Everything was, apparently, in a safe condition, and I went to my dinner engagement with a mind altogether at ease.

'Dr. ——, at whose house I dined that day, was what we call

a good liver, and dainty in wines. He liked to talk of his well-filled cellar, and of the brands and vintages from which it was stocked; and he usually succeeded in transferring to his guests a measure of his own weakness. Contagion works easily in this direction. There were, on this occasion, four or five different kinds of wine on the table, and our host seemed to feel that in no better way could he manifest hospitality than in pressing us often to drink. The abstinence I had practised for a couple of days, and the relief of mind felt in consequence of the successful result of an operation I had almost dreaded to perform, naturally led me to a freer use of the tempting liquors that were set before us. As bottle after bottle was opened, and the vintage announced, we filled our glasses, sipped, praised, and drank, greatly to the satisfaction of our host, who flattered himself that we were connoisseurs and full of admiration for his exquisite taste in selection.

'I was just lifting up my fifth glass, when a servant, stooping to my ear, said,—"Doctor, you are called for in haste."

'Rising, I asked to be excused for a moment, and went down stairs. One of my students was in the hall.

'"What is it, Harding?" I asked.

'"An artery in Mrs. Baldwin's neck has commenced bleeding, and they have sent for you to come as quickly as possible."

'"Have you my instrument case?" I inquired.

'"Yes, sir."

'"And the carriage?"

'"Yes, sir."

'"Ether?"

'"Everything that can be needed," he answered.

'"Thank you, Harding! Thank you! Your thoughtful promptness has saved much time." I hurried into the carriage with my student, and drove rapidly to the house of Mr. Baldwin.

'If I could have forgotten the fact of having taken so freely of wine, the stimulant of the occasion might have overridden the access, and given me the steady hand and clear mental poise so much needed now. But, so far from forgetting, the fact threw itself with a shock into my consciousness; and, with almost a shiver of alarm, I noted a mental confusion and want of physical command, that unfitted me for any use of the surgeon's knife. But the exigency was pressing. I could not tell, until I saw my patient, how copious the hæmorrhage might be, nor how immediate the danger.

'Mr. Baldwin met me on my entrance, looking greatly alarmed.

'"Oh, Doctor! I'm so glad you have come! I was afraid she might bleed to death."

'"No danger of that," I answered, with feigned unconcern. '"Some small artery, not well ligated, has given way, and will have to be tied again."

'Ah! if he could have seen the low shiver running along my own nerves, as the closing words of the sentence struck my own ears! Not that the religation of an artery under the circumstances was a very difficult or serious affair. It was my condition that made the case one of extreme peril.

'Don't think,' said the Doctor, 'that I was what is called the worse for wine Under almost any other circumstances, except those thrust upon me so unexpectedly, I should hardly have noticed a difference of sensation or condition.'

He paused, wiping the sweat from his forehead; then resumed—

'I found, on reaching my patient, that one of the largest of the small arteries I had deemed it necessary to cut in separating the tumour from the surrounding tissues, was bleeding freely. Half a dozen handkerchiefs and napkins had already been saturated with blood. The case demanded prompt treatment. I must open the wound, find the artery, and tie it again.

'Ether was promptly given, and as soon as the patient was fairly under its influence, I removed the dressings, and cut the few sutures with which I had drawn the wound together. The cavity left by the tumour was full of blood. After removing this with sponges, I could see, at the extreme lower part of the orifice, a free jet of blood, and knew just the artery that must again be taken up and tied. The surrounding parts had swollen, thus embedding the mouth of the artery, and I could not recover it without cutting deeper. To this I proceeded, but with a nervous unsteadiness of hand such as I had never experienced in all my professional life; a nervousness increased by a knowledge of the fact that the internal jugular vein was only a few lines distant from the keen-pointed edge of the bistoury, with which I was cutting down to get to the bleeding artery.

'There came a single moment in which I lost a clear perception of what I was doing. I seemed smitten suddenly with both physical and mental blindness; as if some malignant spirit, coming nearer through the disordered condition wrought by unnatural stimulation, took possession of all my powers, and in an instant wrought an evil that no human agency could repair. A sound it had never been my misfortune to hear before—and I pray God I may never hear again—startled me to an agonising sense of what my unnerved hand had done in a fatal moment of oblivion. Too

well I knew the meaning of that loud, hissing, sucking, and gurgling sound that smote my ear. I had wounded the jugular vein, and air was rushing in!

'If I had possessed full command of myself, as in the morning, imminent as the danger was, I would have been calm, and I think equal to the emergency. As it was, the new and perilous condition of the patient, that demanded prompt and intelligent action, paralysed me for several moments, and I only aroused to a full apprehension of the case and its duties by seeing my patient begin to struggle for breath as she inspired. Her face, which had been slightly flushed, became deadly pale and distressed.

'To close the wound I had made, and stop the influx of air, must be done immediately, or nothing could save her life. Already sufficient air had entered to alter the condition of the blood in the right cavities of the heart, and prevent its free transmission to the lungs through the pulmonary arteries. Life and death hung on every instant of time. I groped blindly for the wound, and when I found it, failed, in my terrible confusion, in a prompt application of pressure to the exact point.

'Too late! too late! I cannot dwell on the particulars! By the time I could close the fatal wound the destroyer's work was done. I opened, in my despair—clear-headed and firm-handed enough now—the right jugular, and passing a flexible tube into the auricle, tried by suction to empty the heart of the air and blood which had been churned up there into a spumous mass. But too much time had been lost, and my patient was beyond the reach of human skill. She sank rapidly, and in less than half an hour the last feeble pulses died.'

Dr. Grantley was strongly agitated. 'In pity for myself, I drop a veil over what followed,' he said, after sitting for a long time like one in a dream. 'Out from that agonising past I have lifted this fearful thing, that it may stand as a lesson and a warning. If I had been a drunkard, no such catastrophe could have happened in my practice; for men will not trust a drunkard in any case where the issue is life or death. But I was a respectable, trusted moderate drinker, able to take my four or five glasses of wine without betraying the fact to common observation; and so, too frequently in a state that unfitted me for the delicate and often dangerous operations I was at any moment liable to be called on to perform.

'From that day to this no stimulating draught has passed my lips. If I am fanatical, as some have said, in the matter of temperance, you have the explanation. And now, I re-

assert what I said in the beginning, that society is hurt more by moderate drinking than by drunkenness—yea, a thousand fold more. Towards the drunkard we are ever on guard; but we take the moderate drinker into our closest confidence, and entrust him with our highest and dearest interests—and all the while, through a weak self-indulgence, he is consorting with an enemy that enters when we open our doors to welcome him, and, in some unguarded and unsuspecting moment, injures us, it may be, beyond repair!'—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

SELECTIONS.

HYGERIA LODGE.

After eight hours' travelling, we stopt before a large handsome stone building, enclosed with high walls, and entered through iron gates into a broad avenue, shaded by tall trees, rejoicing in all their summer beauty. There was a rookery near, for I distinctly heard the cawing of the young ones, as it alternated with the deep mellow notes of the thrush and linnet, poured forth from their sylvan home in the branches of the trees. Dr. Williams threw open a window, and we stopt before the front of Hygeria Lodge. The cool air afforded momentary relief to my fevered frame, and cooled my hot forehead. I caught a passing glimpse of the many sash windows, which seemed to multiply themselves each time that I looked on them; some pale white roses, with clematis and Virginian creeper, were artistically trained over them, and I could just discern the leaves of a beautiful grape vine, which shaded some latticed windows at the end of the building. A parterre of flowers, and a broad gravel walk ran round the house, the former gay with stocks, carnations, lilies, and other varieties of the season. From a cluster of trees which grew near, two women stepped forward, and hastened to the carriage, where they awaited the commands of Dr. Williams, who with the Squire had now alighted and stood by the door. 'Fox and Vawse, take this young lady into No. 4, give her a cup of tea and some dry biscuits. Keep her still till I see you.' This behest was listened to with profound respect, and I instantly felt myself in the grasp of these officials, who evinced much superfluous energy in their zeal for my removal. As I slowly and painfully tottered up the steps, my attendants remarked to each other, that I was 'a tender one, and not good for much. Decently rigged out too, Fox,' observed the younger woman, eyeing me from head to foot. 'Three months,' said the other significantly, 'kill or cure, there'll be some *perkwisits* for somebody.' 'I don't say so,' retorted the first, 'it will perhaps be a tedious case; when folks goes crazed, there's no saying, and if they're long of coming round, then friends gets tired and stops the brass.' 'Anyhow there's some good clothes amongst that luggage, or my name ai'nt Liza Vawse.' 'Just as if I should not know best who am the senior nurse, and been here three years more n'er you, and was with 'em w'ien Hygeria Lodge was first opened, and brought master all the experienced ways of the establishment I was at afore, which was Dr. Dixie's, who, blessed gentleman as he was, telled me when he was engaging me hisself, as his missus was out, "You must be good to the patients and treat them very humanely, and if they want correcting, just put them under one of the taps, and let the water run on their heads till they come round; it won't hurt them if you don't bruise them against the lead work; and

mind you don't make any visible marks, or it may be a bit awkward for us both." Did not I follow out his *perscription*, and when the creatures turned obstinate-like give them a good ducking under water? "There's nothing like conquering them at first, Mrs. Fox," he used to observe, for he always spoke more deferential like than our doctor.' 'I wonder if the gentleman's her father,' said Vawse, without noticing the last speech of her companion. 'Perhaps he's her husband,' was the reply, 'there's no accounting for young girls' tastes now a days; come on, and hold her up whilst I unlock the door.' Saying this, she selected a key, from a bunch tied to her apron, and put it in the lock; the sound of that turning therein still grates on my ears, and sends an icy shiver to my heart when I recall it.

Prudent! matter of fact! often too eager relations; who consign to a living death for months and years, those whom God, or your sins, or even their own, have smitten sore, pause to consider, ere you deposit your cherished one in the sepulchre of a private madhouse such as Hygeria Lodge, or to the tending of heartless, ignorant, and selfish women—the very reverse of the high and beautiful ideal of St. Paul—'*Gentle, even as a nurse that cherisheth her children.*'

Weary and faint, I was at last disrobed of my travelling dress and laid upon a small bed without curtains, opposite to a window. A sense of oppression and suffocation induced me to ask for more air, and Fox went to the window and threw it open about a few inches. The air seemed scarcely to circulate through the heavy iron stanchions, which seemed to strike from my heart all sense of freedom and liberty. I shuddered when Vawse left the room for my tea, and I found myself alone with the elder nurse. After folding my clothes into a chest of drawers, and taking a general survey, first of the room, then of herself in the glass, she came to me and asked me how I felt. As I was trying to reply, she gave me a sudden shake, as suddenly jerking my head back on the pillow. 'How are you, I say? It's no use a throwing off and acting here, and so I'll assure you; no wonder your poor husband sent you here; you must have led him a dog's life, poor fellow! with your lack-a-daisical, ladyfied ways. By the-by, you had better take off your ring and give it me, the doctor will want it to put away.' Seeing I made no effort to comply with this order, she came and surveyed my hands. 'Why, how comes this? She's no ring, Liza,' she uttered, seeing that personage returning with my tea. 'Did you think she had? she looks too green for that. Maybe the gentleman's no good!' 'That's certain,' replied Fox. 'Take the other ring off, and never mind the gentleman; we need not tell the doctor, and if she don't get well, she'll never want it, and we can go halves.' 'Well, take care of it, and look sharp, for he's a-coming his rounds very soon.' Too weak for resistance, I submitted patiently to the abstraction of the ring, which was Mrs. Moreland's dying bequest, and saw it safely deposited in a piece of paper, and then consigned to a leather purse which Mrs. Fox drew from her enormous pocket.

I had scarcely taken my tea when a well-known step resounded through the corridor, and the doctor entered. He stood at the side of the bed viewing me attentively for a few seconds, and, asking for a pair of scissors, he ordered the attendants to raise me and unfasten my hair. Without any regard to the future appearance of my tresses, he cut or rather sheared it off at random, leaving only a few locks upon my aching heavy head. 'How does she appear to settle, Fox?' 'Only very bad, sir—never speaking nor saying nothing, nor giving like a pleasant word to us nurses, as are doing all we can to make her comfortable. She would not eat at tea, not even the smallest bite of biscuit.' 'She must be forced in the morning, if this obstinacy continues.' 'Certainly, sir.' 'And I will send a draught, which she must take at bedtime. One of you can sit up with her: you can order some extra porter and a chop.' 'Thank you, sir. And the young lady?' 'Needs nothing; you know I don't like our patients over-fed at first.' 'Right enough, sir; it makes them too *obstrepolous*.' Dr. W. made no reply to this judicious remark, but, taking another survey of me walked majestically out of the apartment. 'He never named the ring, Liza; it's just like him — he's a right gentleman.' 'Hold your tongue, fool—a still tongue makes a wise head." 'Who'll sit to-night?' "I will, so you can stop with her while I go and see after something for supper down in the kitchen; it's

poor if I can't find something going off there better than mutton chops—besides, I shall want a good salad, and something tasty beside. Don't give her the night-draught till I come back.' 'I guess that means getting her well soon, don't it?' 'Mind your own business, and leave the doctor to mind his." With this exhortation, Mrs. Fox left the room, slamming the door after her in a most unceremonious manner, leaving me, *pro tempore*, to the care of the junior nurse.

When morning dawns upon us in sorrow and suffering, instead of bringing with it a sense of relief, only renewed and aggravated troubles seem borne upon its wings, uttering their voices, and awakening us to listen to their story of misery. I had slept deeply, but not refreshingly: in my dreams I had been carried into strange lands, climbed high mountains, or gazed upon fearful precipices—suffered all the anguish of the traveller in the parched desert, and passed through raging fires, or wild and tumultuous waters. My first sense of consciousness commenced with the sounds of a heavy-toned bell, which aroused all the attendants, and shortly after Vawse appeared to relieve the other nurse. After clearing the tea things, she ordered me to rise and prebare for a bath, and glad to change the scene, even for a short time, I rose and suffered her to lead me to the bath room at the end of the passage. It was well fitted up, and a marble slab contained six or more basins, with taps and plugs to run off the water. A lady accosted me as I entered, with the manner that bespeaks high and refined breeding, and courtously wished me 'Good morning.' She was just returning from her morning ablutions, habited in an elegant wrapper. I recollect her mild blue eyes, and the compassionate look she cast on me. 'Poor young thing,' she began, in gentle tones, 'you seem very ill and weak; let me assist you.' As she said this, her eye rested on the crimson scar left by the recent blister, which continued in a state of fearful irritation. 'Ah! and they've been tormenting you, I see, with their horrible remedies, which are always worse than the disease.' Look, my dear, at my head; but the doctor cannot alter that. Saying this, she flung back some glossy curls of beautiful golden hair, and I saw a large protuberance which, she told me, was a tumour, and one cause of her present illness. I tried to utter a few words of condolence, but she stopt me, and began to tell me that her husband was coming to see her in the course of the day, and that she ordered him to bring her a *clothes basket* full of oranges, in the carriage with him; and then she assured me I should have some, as they would cool me, and prove very beneficial. After enquiring my name, she turned to the nurse, and said coaxingly, 'Now, Vawse, you must be very tender over Miss Etchell, for she is very fragile, and needs all consideration.' 'I wish you would not interfere with my business, Mrs. Renshaw, you are always so officious; its a poor thing if I can't *bath* a patient without your putting in *of* your word.' The lady thus rebuked, walked off, and after I had undergone an ordeal of splashing, scrubbing, and friction,* such as house maids usually bestow upon a mahogany table, I was dragged back to my room, and placed in bed to await my breakfast, and the further orders of the doctor. This first meal was brought by a young and pretty dark-eyed girl, called Ada, who spoke kindly, and, seeing how exhausted I was after my recent exertion, held the cup in her hand, whilst I drank the contents. Seeing I refused to eat, she broke off a morsel of bread and butter, and said, 'Do try to take a little bit; only a little, or I shall be obliged to report you as refusing food, and then you'll be forced.' I strove to yield to her request, but I was too weak to take solid food, and felt as if I was choked. 'It is a pity,' she observed with much concern, 'You must have something got that you can fancy, or you'll be starved. Perhaps, Mrs. Vawse'—'I'll thank you to keep your advice to yourself, and that's plenty for you,' interupted that personage, turning hastily from the window, where with arms a kimbo she had been gazing out for some time. 'I don't know whether

* I must not forget to notice here, a most reprehensible practice, common alike to public and private asylums. I refer to the use of a whale-bone brush, for the purpose of cleansing the hair of the patient whilst in the bath. As this process is usually performed by no light hand, its effects upon one of nervous temperament and sensitive skin, may be easily imagined. For forty-eight hours after its use, I have been in a terrible state, and experienced the same sensations as would result from a blister, or very strong mustard plaster. Can such an irritant be used, unless with a view of increasing the worst symptoms of the malady? I leave the reader to judge from his own common sense.

you're *softest* or *greenest*, Miss Turner.' The young girl looked pitifully at me, and seeing Vawse leave the room, whispered coaxingly, 'Never mind her, you'll be better soon, and then you will be removed to the front dormitory, and will only have the doctor's lady to look in occasionally; not often, I assure you, for she does not like trouble, and has besides a large family.' Half-past ten brought Dr. Williams and three satellites, in the form of consulting physicians, who whispered mysteriously together, after they had looked at me, and I heard one of them say, that 'it was a bad case.' I soon after lost all consciousness, and the next time that I was able to notice any thing I found myself in a little room, nearly darkened. A faint glimmer of light from a crevice in the window shutter made the furniture of the apartment just visible; an iron bedstead, a chair and small table; there was no carpet on the floor, and the heavy door was closed and fast. Not a sound reached my ear through the thick walls, still my first emotion was not unpleasing, for I was alone, and for a time at least freed from the officious offices of my tormentors. All my joints and limbs ached, and my hands and wrists were black with bruises, given, as I inferred, in some unconscious struggle between myself and the nurses. My aching head felt like a ball of fire, and intolerable thirst made me eagerly swallow some medicine placed in a glass at my side. I had no idea of the hour of the day; it might be morning, noon or evening; I knew not, but I longed intensely to be let alone, and left to die quietly. But it was decreed otherwise, and I was permitted after ten long years of misery, mingled with some bright rainbows of mercy, to come forth 'clothed and in my right mind,' to testify, from personal experience and daily observation, to a necessity of a thorough reform in the whole system of the treatment of lunatics, and primarily to the fearful abuses existing in many of our private asylums, for which the insufficient palliations usually urged are utterly worthless.

In many of these institutions the whole machinery is defective, if not altogether wrong. True the doctor of the private asylum depends mainly on his success for his good repute, and hence from him may have originated many improvements made of late years in the treatment of the insane. Yet he is to a great extent in the hands of his dependents, and I do not hesitate to say, that until moral excellence and intellectual perceptions are made indispensable qualifications for those who desire those onerous and responsible posts, no great reformation can be expected. The advantages of the hospital system of nursing, when performed by ladies of education and refinement, has been clearly proved, and the name of Florence Nightingale is associated in our imaginations with all that is self-sacrificing, high, and noble, as we read of her true and womanly discharge of her self-imposed mission of mercy. Perhaps future years will bring nurses properly trained and initiated in those higher mysteries of their profession—love, gentleness, and forbearance—to supersede the present race, who are too often cruel, cunning, and selfish, irritating and exciting their charges till they are driven hopelessly mad for the residue of their lives, and most of this mischief achieved, unknown, and undetected. For what is the testimony of the poor, bruised, beaten, insane creature worth, who will be visited next day with three-fold vengeance, if pain has urged her to speak of her treatment to higher authorities, taken against the assurance of the delinquent, who with a pleasant smile assures the doctor that '*the lady did it herself*,' if he chances to ask what is the meaning of the black mark, too palpable on the face, neck, or arms.

But to return to my narrative. A creaking of the key turning in the lock warned me of a visitor, who soon appeared in the person of Vawse. I suppose some cause of altercation had arisen between her and Fox, for as she opened the door I heard her pouring forth a charge of invectives against her, and declaring one of them should leave the place. Ascertaining that I was awake, she gave me some beef tea, and then arranged my toilette, telling me to keep my hands under the bed-clothes, and on no account to let the doctor see them, or it might be worse for me. That functionary soon appeared, with a small phial in his hand and a stethescope, which, after applying to my chest and side for a minute or two, seemed to induce his subsequent observations. "No actual disease of the chest or lungs, but great weakness in those organs, and considerable gastric derangement. Let me see, nurse, how long has she been in this room?' 'Three days, sir, at six

o'clock.' 'Very good, it only wants a quarter now; remove her back to No. 4, and give her some barley water frequently.' Accordingly, I was assisted by the two nurses to my own room, and once more saw the bright light of the sun, and felt the air of heaven!—*Ten Years in a Lunatic Asylum: by Mabel Etchell.*

THE COLD BATH IN THE ASYLUM

The doctor of Hygeria Lodge was essentially deficient in moral qualities, suffering a cool intellectual head to usurp the place of a warm sensitive heart; consequently he failed in the enforcement of his authority, and unlimited as it was, it carried with it none of that weight which ensures prompt and willing obedience to the good and revered Master. Nurses fulfilled his commands because they knew they must, and added to their delegated power as much superfluous tyranny as they thought fit. By way of illustration I record the following details:—One morning, Mrs. Renshaw had displeased Fox, by declining to do a little piece of embroidery for that personage; some altercation ensued, and the nurse bestowed many angry epithets upon her patient, threatening to be even with her before the day was out. The lady, who was amusing herself by filling a handsome china jar with scent, persisted in her refusal; so Fox, regardless of a fundamental principle, which formed a frequently broken rule at this asylum, began to irritate Mrs. Renshaw, and finally tried to get the jar from her. A struggle ensued, and in a few seconds, the porcelain was shivered to pieces on the floor. The enraged attendant struck her victim a heavy blow upon the head, which was speedily returned, and a fight ensued. Just then the doctor's foot was heard, and in her haste to calm the tumult she had raised, Fox struck against the door, and a stream of blood flowed from her nose. Dr. W., who had now entered, sternly enquired the cause of the scene before him; the cowardly nurse, who had managed to produce a few tears, and appeared to be writhing with pain, immediately stated that Mrs. Renshaw had fallen foul upon her and struck her. The brave woman stood by, with a flushed countenance, and proudly disdained an explanation. Her innate quickness told her that truth was not respected by either master or servant. The doctor looked round, as if to ask 'Who were the witnesses of this scene.' The two who could have spoken were absent, and I ventured to say, 'It was Fox who struck the first blow.' Never shall I forget that woman's face, as I turned a fearless eye upon her, and thus confronted her falsehood. But she stifled the rising storm with great presence of mind, and simply remarked, in that cool, insulting strain, which is more difficult to bear than open injury, 'Miss Etchell is not so well to-day, sir; has been much excited, and had a great many delusions.' 'Let her have a shower bath at bedtime, and give Mrs. Renshaw a cold bath at the same time.' There was a cold, satirical smile upon his lips, and his never-to-be-forgotten eye rested on mine for a moment as he completed his order. 'Cold-blooded wretch,' said Ellen Raymond, when on her return I recounted my temerity and its punishment, 'I wish I had been in the room, I would have *made* him hear the truth; but never mind, Mabel dear, as the poet says—

> "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

There's a fearful reckoning day for him looming in the distant horizon.'

Perhaps some who peruse these pages may say, 'A little cold water is not such a great thing after all,' and the doctor could only know what he was told, nor is it wonderful that the testimony of a nurse is taken before that of a patient. Let all who entertain these notions follow me through my description of the mode in which these punishments are administered; and bear in mind, that the great principles of justice and truth were sacrificed by those who were entrusted with power; and a sense of cruel wrong burnt upon the hearts of both of us, who were certainly, if so far responsible as to bear punishment, at least to be heard and considered in evidence of any passing event. From a child I have been so accustomed to cold water, that from the

time when Rebekah duly immersed me morning and evening in my nursery bath, to the time I entered Hygeria Lodge, and underwent the first scrubbing process, I had ever felt a pleasurable sensation in frequent use of the inexpensive luxury; but I had found this treatment, simple as it was in itself, made into a frightful instrument of terror and torture to the patients. Our bath-room was situated at the end of the passage, and as eight o'clock drew near, Fox, with a malevolent grin on her face, whispered to the other nurse, and then told Mrs. Renshaw to prepare for her bath. 'You may come too, Miss Etchell, seeing's believing, I heard you say this morning.' We all four left the room, and Fox set the bath on with the cold water tap. Mrs. Renshaw fastened her beautiful hair tightly with a band, and undressed for the bath. After the first shock she appeared to enjoy the position and I was thinking it was not very dreadful after all when at a signal from Fox, the other woman approached, and seizing the small white arms in their Titan gripe, they held her under the water for a minute or two. At first she struggled, and Fox ordered me to fill a ewer with water and pour it over her head every time it came to the surface. My blood boiled, fierce passion lent me resolution and energy. 'I will not,' I said, 'the doctor is a cruel wretch, and I will inform against him.' Trembling with rage, she reiterated her command, but I stood motionless. Again she shrieked forth her brutal order, but this time a fearful oath accompanied it. She filled the ewer and dashed it upon the head of her victim, repeating it many times; till horror-stricken and fearful, and with the remembrance of the poor blind creature, whose sight the wretch had taken in a similar way, vividly imprinted on my mental vision, I cried out, 'You will kill her. For God's sake leave off.' Another dash, and then I said, 'Put another drop on, and I will tell Miss Atherton when I go that you blinded Mrs. ——. I heard you say so yourself; you are a cruel woman; chaining, whipping, and torturing are no worse than this.' My sentence remained unfinished, for she desisted from her infernal occupation, and dashed the contents of the pitcher over my head and face, and when I recovered I saw Mrs. Renshaw pale, and almost breathless, trembling before me. A sheet was thrown over her, and she was conducted to her bedroom, whilst I stood uncertain as to what would be inflicted on me. Shortly, the women returned with Tilly, who, folding a towel small enough for ligature, tied my arms together, whilst the other two held me; then my ancles in the same manner, and raising me from the floor, where they had thrown me, plunged me heavily into the bath, striking my head violently against the sides of it. How long I remained under the water I cannot tell, for I lost consciousness, and was first made sensible by being dragged down the passage, at the other end of which was the shower bath. Smarting and bruised, I was placed under it and locked in, the water pouring over me, till I was again quite exhausted; for I was in a very delicate state of health at the time, and my nerves were completely shattered. I took a violent cold, which terminated in a fever, and when I was again able to leave my bed, I learned that Mrs. Renshaw was no more; never probably having recovered from the shock given her on the night the bath was administered, though she lived some weeks afterwards. Her body was removed by her own family, who had no suspicion of the tragic scene which had been enacted. Our readers will doubtless inquire, should such a mighty agency for good or evil be entrusted to the caprices of vindictive, ignorant women, who make it an opportunity for venting their ill-humour and spleen upon helpless nervous victims? Undoubtedly not! Yet this was the principle acted upon in the management of the insane in a private asylum in England in the nineteenth century.—*Ten Years in a Lunatic Asylum: by Mabel Etchell.*

THE PADDED ROOM.

When I recovered, I found myself in a room padded round, and quite dark, excepting as it was partially lighted from the top by a kind of aperture; glazed indeed, but not of sufficient consequence to be called a window. It felt very hot and close, though the only furniture in it was a mattress upon the floor, and the bed clothes. I could hear sounds from the nearest corridor, and the garden bell ringing, with the voice of the presiding nurse, 'Ladies all in!' I had taken nothing but the glass of wine since morning, and was hungry and exhausted for want of nutriment. The clock tolled out the hour of six, and I heard steps in the passage. I heard the door unlocked, and two women entered, whose faces were strange to me. The taller, a large woman, with great eyes and a powerful frame, had in her hands a kind of night dress made of strong ticking, and a leather strap. Advancing towards me, she bade me undress, and finding that I was too stupified and frightened to render prompt obedience, she seized me, and having divested me of my clothes, put on the ticking, which she laced tightly on me, proceeding to fasten my hands with the strap. She then pushed me into bed, motioning to her companion for the medicine glass in her hand. 'Hold her down tight, Fanny, whilst I give her it.' The girl obeyed, kneeling on my body with one knee, and so compressed was my chest, that I found it impossible to swallow, which the women perceived, and began to rub my throat till I gurgled, and was almost suffocated. A slice of bread and some tea was next administered, and then they left me for a little season. At seven Dr. Williams came, accompanied by a stout man, with enormous head and bloated face; a flannel coat, and white apron. I am sure the doctor must have seen the look of horror and disgust with which I eyed him, as he gave his barbarous orders, in his own peculiar manner. That he was in collusion with Mr. Moreland I knew well, nor could I misinterpret the low yet clever cunning that characterised the discharge of his professional duties. 'Mr. Jones, you can proceed to business, this lady has had a severe attack on the brain; shave her head as quickly as possible, and I will go and prepare a blister.' As he closed the door, I heard him tell my new attendant, whom he called Mrs. Basfield, to make mustard plaisters for my feet, and to keep them on twenty minutes.

Words are powerless to depict the horrors of that night; all my former troubles seemed lost in one unutterable sea of misery. Intolerable pain from the large blister which covered my head, and the stinging sensation of the mustard at my feet, were but part of my sufferings. Visions of the old confessors and martyrs of the rack, tortured by inquisitorial judges, seemed more tolerable than my present condition; for they endured for a speedy and certain recompense, and for the joy set before them, 'despised the shame' of their heavy cross, whilst I had lost my compass, and was foundering on the breakers, with the roar of a tumultuous, unfathomed ocean in my ears. My cup seemed to overflow with sorrows, but it was not yet full. A wine glass full of white liquid was forced down my throat; then my frenzy began. In my wild and awful delirium, I knew nothing, but that I was intensely miserable, the weight of the world seemed fallen upon my devoted head; a burning fever shot like lightning through my veins, and for three months, I alternated between paroxysms of a conscious madness, and the reaction therefrom, producing prostrations of the body, which left me weak as a new-born infant.—*Ten Years in a Lunatic Asylum: by Mabel Etchell.*

THE EVE OF ST. MARK.

In the north of England there is a great deal of superstition attached to this night, and many devoutly believe that the ghosts of all who have died in the previous year walk in solemn procession at the midnight hour, and that afterwards their coffins pass the church porch. This eve falls on the 24th of April. It so chanced, to the parish church of the village in which

Mary lived were two roads, one the public road, the other a bye-path across some fields. Mary and her good man had not lived on the best of terms, and it seems that each, without knowing the intention of the other, resolved to go to church to see if the ghost of either would appear. After tea the husband went out of the house for the ostensible purpose of foddering the cattle. Mary, as soon as his back was turned, put on her shawl and bonnet and went out on a pretended visit to a neighbour. It was a moonlight night, but the moon was obscured by the passing clouds. As soon as John had finished tending the cattle, half ashamed of his errand, he made his way across the fields to the churchyard. Mary arrived at the church-yard gate just as her husband reached the stile to it from the fields. Silently and quietly they both, unknown to the other, went into the porch. They reached it, and just then the moon shone out for a few minutes clear and full into the faces of both. They gazed at each other a long steady look, and then the moon's light was hidden beneath a cloud. When it again shone out the porch was empty. Both silently returned home, thinking they had seen one another's ghost. Now, as Mary confessed to me, she and her good man quarrelled so that scarcely a meal ever passed by without a squabble about some unimportant trifle. Each had the same likings, and each resolved to gratify them at the expense of the other. Their lives became grievous and burdensome, both to themselves and all connected with them, and they had positively grown to dislike each other heartily. When John got back to his cottage Mary was by the bright fire sewing. Some roasted potatoes and grilled ham, his favourite supper, were in readiness for him. Both sat down and ate in silence, John all the time wondering at the unwonted attention paid to him. After each had been fairly helped, one slice of ham remained on the dish, which to Mary's astonishment, John quietly laid upon her plate without a word. As quietly she removed it back to his, whilst the servant looked on, astonished at the unusual courtesy manifested by both parties. Again and again the same thing was enacted, each attempting to force it upon the other. The same feeling actuated both; each thought the other doomed ere long to death, and felt for the short time they had left to be together they could afford to be kind to each other. 'Ah! well,' thought John, as he crept up the little staircase that night to bed, 'I wonder when she will go; how soon or late in the year. Won't the house be quiet without her? Well, I'll be kind to her, and bear with her for the short time she has to live, so that my conscience won't reproach me when she's gone.' Mary's thoughts were much the same. And so week after week, and month after month, passed over, each giving a little and taking a little, bearing and forbearing with each other, till St. Mark's eve again came very near. One wild stormy March night, as both were seated over the fire, Mary spinning and John smoking, his thoughts went wandering over the past year, and again to the future. And as he sat and smoked, he felt sad, 'For after all,' thought he, 'she has been a good wife to me the last ten months. No doubt death has cast his softening shadow over her, and she feels changed by it.' Still it puzzled him, for she sat there looking so well and healthy. 'It will be sudden; ought not I to tell her what I know, and warn her to prepare for it? I will.' He got ready to speak. 'John,' said Mary, suddenly, 'I should miss you very much if you were to leave me.' He started, and jumped off his chair, for had he not the very same thoughts of her? 'Dear me, Mary, how you startled me. I was just thinking the same of you.' 'Were you?' rejoined Mary. 'Ah! well, I shall be sorry when you go.' 'I go, Mary! it's your turn first my lass, I am after thinking.' 'I do not think so,' she replied, 'I know you've to go soon, so I thought I'd tell you.' 'Why do you think so?' 'Because I saw your ghost walk on St. Mark's Eve,' said Mary. 'And I saw thine,' answered John. 'Humph! You were there then, John?' 'I was, Mary; and it seems thou too!' They were both silent a short time; and Mary sat spinning, and John smoked and thought. 'Dang it all, Mary,' said John, 'We've been uncommon happy this past year, why should it not be so to the last, eh? Thou'lt gie a little; and we'll try and hand on so for the future.' And to the end they tried to do so, and a happier life was the result. So, after seven years of married experience, the last five being mutual help and assistance, both were prosperous and satisfied.—*Ten Years in a Lunatic Asylum: by Mabel Etchell.*

A HINT FOR IDLE LADIES.

Miss Boucherett, residing in Lincolnshire, happening to meet with Mrs. Archer's pamphlet, obtained permission to try the plan from the guardians of her own union, some of whom had long been dissatisfied with the results of workhouse training for girls. We quote the following account of her experiment, addressed to the Editor of the *English-woman's Review*. 'In reply to your inquiries respecting my orphans, I beg to say that it is just three years and a half since I took out the two first. They were already fourteen and twelve years of age, so I had but a bad chance of doing them much good. Their habits and persons were extremely dirty; yet I do not believe our workhouse to be worse than the average. These two girls have now been earning their bread as servants; the eldest for two years and a half, the younger one for nearly two years; both, so far, are well conducted, though the youngest is a foolish, thoughtless creature.

'I have, in these three years and a half, taken out altogether eleven girls and one boy; the four eldest are doing well in service. A fifth proved totally unmanageable, committed a theft, and has been sent to a school reformatory, under sentence for five years. I hear she is doing exceedingly well, and is likely to be a reformed character. She was as complete a savage, when first taken out of the workhouse, as an African from Lake N'yanza. The rest are still children, living with their foster-parents.

'The elder ones have not, in all cases, made such friends with their foster-parents as will enable them to return to them if out of place; but I think it will prove different with the younger ones. I now take them out under ten years of age, and should prefer them at a much earlier age; but it would be very difficult to find homes for them under eight or nine. It does not answer to place orphans with a low-class of persons, even if kindly disposed and humane. To make good servants, they must be under the *very best* class of poor.

'I have seen the physically low type of these children much commented on, and described as if they were hereditarily inferior, and a distinct class from other poor. I have had such a case of disease among my girls. The appearances were entirely removed in about eighteen months, by an unlimited allowance of bacon, milk, cheese, and bread and butter, with some beer, and two shillings worth a week of butcher's meat. The old woman, who acted as foster-mother to the child, said she ate as much bacon as a grown man, besides the butcher's meat. I am quite convinced that it is the miserable gruel, the ill-cooked food, and the long fasts between meals, which fill these wretched children with disease.

'My girls are all fat and rosy now, and I hope that almost all will turn out respectable. It will perhaps be thought that for one of the five first taken to turn out ill is a large proportion of failure; but the year before I began to take the girls, *three* out of five returned disgraced to the workhouse after their first year of service. I consider, however, that in the present state of the law respecting the morals of the poor, it is *certain* that a considerable percentage even of the best brought up girls will turn out ill. Women of the middle classes live under different laws; and are protected by the law, which servant girls are not. Still, good training and principles will save many, who left in the workhouse must surely fall.

'When I send a child into a parish which is beyond my own supervision, the wife of the clergyman looks after it, sees that the child goes to school three or four days a week in the afternoon, and lets me know if it is ill or wants anything. The children do not go to school in the morning. They have got plenty of book-learning in the workhouse; and what they want to learn is household work, which is done by helping their foster-mother in her domestic affairs; but, by going to school in the afternoons, they keep up their book knowledge, and improve in needlework.

'The allowance given by the guardians to the foster-mother is two shillings and ninepence a week, the same that it would cost to keep the child in the workhouse. Thirty-five shillings is given for an outfit when they come to me,—nothing when they leave. I try to fit them for service at thirteen years of age,—not sooner, even if fit to go,

as it would not be fair on the woman who had trained them to take them away the moment they become of real use. If I did so I could not find homes so easily. This is no injustice to the ratepayers, as they would often remain in the workhouse till fourteen or fifteen, and return afterwards.

'Last Summer the guardians resolved, "That out-door relief should be always given, when possible, to women and children." This resolution is my greatest triumph, because it shows the conviction of the guardians that the workhouse is necessarily a place of corruption, which is the truth.

'When I sent the first girls out to service, I gave them plenty of good clothes. There cannot be greater folly. They should have only bare necessaries; and should feel that they must work to get more. The foster-mothers ought to to be very kind people, but it does not answer to get a very kind *first mistress*, or the girls are lazy. Firm, strict mistresses are the best at first; but they must be watched to see that no real cruelty or dreadful over-work is inflicted.

'This is the most delightful and least costly* mode of doing good. With care and attention I believe success to be certain; and the change in the poor little things' looks, and manners, and ways, is really pleasant. They are so happy and pleased, so healthy and rosy; and their letters afterwards say much for the health of their hearts and minds. Nothing makes me so happy as riding about to visit my children. It is a complete recipe for happiness.

'You will perhaps like to see a letter from one of the orphans to her foster-mother.

'Yours faithfully,
'L. B.'

'*November*, 1866.'

The letter referred to we give *verbatim*. The writer is a girl of seventeen, who has been two years in service.

'My dear Friend,—

'I received your kind and welcome letter on Wednesday morning all safe. I was very much pleased to hear from you. I thought perhaps you had lost my address, and I did not know but what you knew I was at Mr. S.'s. It did not enter my head you had forgotten me. I should very much like to have seen C—— and M—— when they were at home, but it was not to be this time; but I hope we shall all meet again at May-day next.

'You said in your letter that Miss B. had been kind enough to inquire what wages I had. I have £5 a year. When you see Miss B. thank her kindly for the kindness she has done for me; but for the benevolence of such a lady I should have been in workhouse yet.

'I am very sorry to hear your little girl is so ill, but I hope she will be better the next time you write. Give my love to all inquiring friends.

'I remain,
'Your affectionate daughter,
'M. G.'

'P.S.—Excuse me for using such an expression as daughter, but I think I was brought up as your own child. Excuse my mistakes as I am in great hurry. I have got to be nursemaid now.'*

Miss Boucherett, like Mrs. Archer, is impressed with the importance of obtaining the co-operation and sympathy of the honest poor for these forlorn little creatures; and, partly from this motive, partly to benefit by their practical experience, she often seeks their advice in making her arrangements. She one day applied to a woman, who was busy at her wash-tub, for counsel respecting the outfit suitable for the orphans when going to service. She gave very sensible advice, but without stopping a moment in her operations, and with so little courtesy of manner that her interlocutor felt tempted to curtail her questioning. She remained, however, until she had obtained the information she wanted; then, as she turned to depart, the woman paused in her work, and said, with her hands clasped in the suds, 'The Lord prosper you, and bless the poor lasses!'

Miss Boucherett has adopted the following mode, in applying for orphans to the guardians. Having selected a child, and found for it a home, she informs the relieving officer of its name, and gives the name of the woman with

* 'The cost of clothing each girl is about £1 5s. a year to me. Perhaps with journeys and other extras, six girls cost me £10 a year altogether. The two pounds of butcher's meat a week for the diseased child, I paid for myself. It is the only instance in which I have given anything for extra food.'

* *The Englishwoman's Review*. January, 1867. London: 23, Great Marlborough Street.

whom it is to board, and of the parish in which she lives—stating, also, that the woman is known to be respectable, to the guardian for that parish. She requests the relieving officer to state these facts at the next Board meeting, and her desire to be allowed to remove the child from the workhouse; and, leave being granted, she takes the foster-mother there to fetch the child. Before communicating with the relieving officer she sees or writes to the guardian in whose parish the child will be placed, informing him of her arrangement, and asking him to attend the board and support her application. Annually, she sends to the board a report on each child under her care.

Twenty-five children have been thus taken out of the workhouse by Miss Boucherett since she began her benevolent work; and it is satisfactory to know that as the operation of the plan becomes better understood, the number of suitable applicants for the care of the young people increases.—*Children of the State, by Florence Hill.*

SQUALORS' MARKET.

Exactly opposite each other stand a church and a gin-palace. The former is dedicated to St. Luke, the latter to his head merely, and stands sentinel at the corner of Squalors' Market. Just as it was growing dusk, and the potman pertaining to the palace was kindling the gorgeous outside lamps, I passed under his tall ladder and into the narrow and sinuous thoroughfare.

The business of the evening was yet young. The naptha man's white horse, harnessed in the evil-smelling cart, was still in the highway, and the naptha man, carrying his big can and clinking his measures, had still a goodish many stall-keepers to serve; the secondhand shoeseller was busily arranging along the kerb, and in single file, his dissipated regiment of 'wellingtons' and 'bluchers,' administering a little more blacking to this one to make its patches seem less patchy, and solicitously patting and caressing that whose constitution was so fatally undermined that, for all its blooming appearance, it would succumb before a day's wear, and part body and sole; the Hebrew who sold cloth caps and slippers was idly chatting with the Hebrew who, having nicely arranged his brummagem jewellery, had nothing else (but customers) to do; the 'unfortunate miner' was, with his afflicted wife, partaking of a final whet of rum at the 'Black Boy' before taking their stand, their five sleekly-combed but starving children for the present larking in the gutter, while from out the horrible courts and alleys — head-quarters of fever and pestilence — came pouring great stores of cabbages and turnips, and fruit and shell-fish—the latter looking none the more refreshed for their night's repose beneath the truckle bedstead, and the former yet tearful from their long soaking in grimy tubs in the cellar. Besides these, there likewise streamed out from the courts and alleys 'trotters' and hot penny puddings, and 'ham sandwiches,' for the delight of the most dainty of the thousand, who would presently crowd every inch of road and footway.

Of the two hundred and twenty houses of which Squalors' Market is composed, *one in every thirteen* is devoted to the sale of intoxicating liquors, and it must be borne in mind that in this calculation are not included several public houses that, skulking in crooked chinks and under dark archways, although deprived of the manifest advantages enjoyed by their seventeen brethren in the open highway, yet by means of a beckoning claw in shape of a signboard, affixed at the mouth of the court or alley, 'To the George and Dragon,' 'Back way to the Chip in Porridge,' &c., manage to trap many drinkers of the sly and sneaking sort.

That bread even is less in demand in Squalors' Market than gin and beer is demonstrated by the fact that but ten bakers' shops can there find support. The catsmeat interest is liberally represented, no less than five establishments of that character flourishing in the market. How is this? Do the squalid court and alley dwellers, with their proverbial extravagance, each keep a cat? or——. No; the supposition is too dreadful. Besides, it should be fairly

stated that the five horse-flesh dealers vend sheep's heads, split and baked, and the livers of bullocks, and other offal.

The butchers of Squalors' Market number two less than the gin and beer sellers, and are, dear reader, by no means quiet, well-behaved creatures, such as you are acquainted with. *Your* butcher wears a hat, generally a genteel hat, and a blue coat, and a respectable apron; perhaps, even snowy sleeves and shiny boots, and a nice bit of linen collar above his neckerchief. You give your orders and he receives them decorously, and wishes you good morning as you quit his neatly-arranged and sawdusted shop. Contrasted with him the butcher of Squalors' Market is a madman—a raving lunatic. He unscrews the burners of his gaspipes, and creates great spouts of flame that roar and waver in the wind in front of his shamble-like premises, endangering the hats of short pedestrians and the whiskers of tall ones; far out from his shop, and attached to roasting jacks, revolve monstrous pigs' heads and big joints of yellow veal, spiked all over like a porcupine with figure-bearing tickets, that announce the few pence per pound for which the meat may be bought. He wears on his head a cap made of the hairy hide of the bison or some other savage beast; his red arms are bare to the elbows, and he roars continuously, 'Hi-hi! weigh away—weigh away! the rosy meat at three-and-half! Hi-hi!'—clashing his broad knife against his steel to keep time. How is it that my butcher is charging me 9d. per lb. for leg of mutton, while Mr. Blolam, here, is charging only 4½d.? Is my butcher a rogue, or is Mr. Blolam going headlong to the debtors' prison at the end of his street? I know my butcher to be an honest fellow, and to judge from appearances, Mr. B. is not the man to bring his sleek, redhanded wife and his glossy children to grief, either by reckless trading or excessive charity. This being the case, let the court and alley dwellers thereabout, rather than regret, rejoice and thank their lucky stars that they have no money wherewith to trade with Mr. Blolam.

The business of the market grows with the night. First come the decent folk—men and their wives, with the chief olive-branch to carry the big basket. Shrewd people are these early birds with an eye to plump worms. It is not, however, till it has grown quite dark, and the gas is lit, and great tongues of naptha flame start from crazy lamps, and scorch and lap up the living air greedily, that the buyers come shoaling in. Then the fruit and vegetable mongers give tongue, and roar the quality and price of their various wares with a bullying air; and the brummagem Hebrew jabbers of his rings and brooches; and the secondhand shoeman, having beguiled a gentleman to take off his boot and 'try something on,' keeps him standing on one leg in the mud (and so he will be kept till he consents to buy a pair of shoes); and the miner and his family, ranged in a row, chant their necessities.

Strolling through the market out of market hours the dearth of fishmongers at once struck you. True, there are fishshops, five or six of them, but the dealings of the proprietors are almost entirely confined to vending the article in a dried or fried state, one or two of them dabbling in shrimps and periwinkles. Where, however, is the fresh fish—the plaice, the soles, the cod—of which, according to Billingsgate statistics, at least one half of all that comes to market is consumed by the very poorest of the London population? Now, however, when the business of the market is in full blast, the question no longer exists. Here is the fresh fish, in broad flat wicker baskets, slung round the neck, in solitary 'pads,' standing in the mud, on little boards or trestles, lit up by a feeble candle, and on great boards, eight or ten feet long and six broad, standing on substantial legs, and lit by a great flaring naptha lamp. The owners of these broad boards are no mean fish-pedlars, standing dumbly behind their wares till a customer happens to call. They are wholesale dealers, fish auctioneers. As many people stand round the board as would fill the largest fishmonger's shop in the metropolis. Yet, excepting a heap of copper money—half a peck of it, probably—the board is quite clear. Surrounding the auctioneer, however (who is dressed in corduroy trousers and blue guernsey shirt, the sleeves of which are rolled above the elbows of his great hairy arms), is a large number of 'pads' of plaice, and, just behind him, is a big tub full of water. One of his attendants (he generally has two) presently plunges his arms into one of the 'pads,' brings out a couple of fish, souses them

into the water-tub, and then hands them to his master. Without paying the least attention to the lookers-on the man coolly proceeds to disembowel the fish, to chop through the backbone, to make them handy for the frying-pan, and to thread them on a willow twig. All this while, and unsolicited, the people round are bidding 'Threeha'pence!' 'tuppence!' 'two-un-arf!' 'Yours, mum,' observes the laconic fisherman, handing the fish to the 'two-un-arf,' and proceeding to disembowel and thread two more. It was curious to observe the various countenances of the bidders and buyers; the eagerness with which these women scrambled over the heads and shoulders of their neighbours to get at their bargains, and with a look that plainly said 'the price of these will astonish my Jack, I'll be bound;' while others parted with their halfpence regretfully, and as though conscious of having been a *little* too hasty in their bidding. Worst of all, however, were the gaunt women with their mites of shawls and ample aprons, and with husband out of work and any number of children, looking out of their anxious eyes as they watch the cutting up of the fish, and whether it be thick or thin. That seems a likely lot! Shall they bid? Better not, perhaps; wait and see the next lot. So they wait till ashamed to wait any longer, and take the 'next lot' and chance it.

It is, however, a great consolation to know that these poor mothers may at the worst depend on ample value for their precious halfpence. Soles and plaice were the fish chiefly dealt in by the auctioneers, and the prices they realised were absolutely ridiculous. Soles, for a pair of which Mr. Greves would charge half-a-crown, were disposed of, after a by no means spirited bidding, for threepence-halfpenny. Touching the cheapness of plaice, I can't do better than quote an instance to which I was an eyewitness. A monstrous fellow, broad and thick as a turbot, was fished out of a 'pad,' cleaned, gutted, and made ready for the pan, and, after all, the price it brought was *fourpence*. 'If you aint got him at 'apenny a pound it's funny to me,' observed the auctioneer, and a friendly potato salesman's stall adjoining his, he put the fish in his scales. The potato-man had no weights of less than a pound, but the fourpenny plaice asserted its superiority to the seven-pound weight, and only consented to a balance when a large potato was added and brought to bear against him.

It is a curious fact—and one more proof of the extravagance of poverty—that in nine cases out of ten the fish purchased was intended for the frying-pan, and not for the pot. It was easy to ascertain this, as whenever a bidder wanted a fish to boil, she signified the same at the time she made her bid, 'Thrippence—for bilin!' some one would exclaim; whereon the auctioneer would arrest the descent of his big-chop ping knife, and deliver the fish entire. Among the squalid poor the same prejudice exists as regards mutton. Fish fried, and mutton baked or roast, if you please; but as to boiling either, except when ordered by the doctor, the practice is regarded as 'namby-pamby,' and French.

This universal fish-frying is the key to another mystery common to the neighbourhood. In every 'general shop,' in every rag and bone shop, in the high street, and in the hundred courts and filthy alleys that worm in and out of it, may be seen solid slabs of a tallowy-looking substance, and marked with a figure 6, 7, or 8, denoting that for as many pence a pound weight of the suspicious-looking slab may be obtained. It is bought in considerable quantities by the fish-eaters for frying purposes, and is by them supposed to be simply and purely the fat dripping of roast and baked meats, supplied to these shops by cooks, whose perquisite it is. This, however is a delusion. The villainous compound is *manufactured*. There is a 'dripping-maker' near Seabright-street, Bethnal-green, and another in Backchurch-lane, Whitechapel, both flourishing men, and the owners of many carts and sleek cattle. Mutton suet and boiled rice are the chief ingredients used in the manufacture of the slabs, the gravy of bullocks' kidneys being stirred into the mess when it is half cold, giving to the whole a mottled and natural appearance.—*Unsentimental Journeys, by James Greenwood.*

DIFFICULTIES OF IDENTIFICATION.

A large proportion of ordinary persons, it may be even a majority, but certainly a very large proportion, are very untrustworthy witnesses to identify when dependent on appearance alone. They are either from nature or habit incapable of appreciating form, and form alone is the unerring proof of personal identity. The difficulties in the way of identification, more especially of the dead, are to them insuperable. In the first place, people are much more similar than we always remember. Without accepting or disputing the extraordinary idea which exists in so many countries, and is the basis of so many fables, that every man has his 'double' somewhere, an individual absolutely identical in appearance with himself, it is quite certain that the most extraordinary likenesses do exist among persons wholly disconnected in blood, that there are faces and forms in the world which are rather types than individualities — people so like one another that only the most intimate friends and connections can detect the difference. The likeness of Madame Lamotte to Marie Antoinette is a well known historic instance, and there are few persons who have not in their own experience met with something of the same kind. The writer has twice. In one case, he was on board a ship in which were two passengers, who neither were, nor by possibility could be, connected by birth or any other circumstance whatever, except, indeed, caste. Oddly enough, they were unaware of a likeness which was the talk of the ship, dressed in the same style, but from some inexplicable repulsion—we are stating mere facts—disliked and avoided one another. The writer, in a six weeks' voyage and with a tolerably intimate acquaintance with one of the two, never succeeded in distinguishing them by sight; and of the remaining passengers, certainly one-half, say thirty educated persons, were in the same predicament. In the second instance the evidence is far less perfect, but sufficient for the argument we are now advocating. The writer stopped short in Bond-street utterly puzzled by the apparition of one of his closest connections not two yards off. Clearly it was he, yet he could from circumstances by no possibility be there. Still it was he, and the writer advanced to address him, when a momentary smile broke the spell, leaving, however, this impression, 'I would have sworn to Blank in any Court of Justice. His double must be walking about Bond-street.' The likeness was really astounding, quite sufficient to have deceived any number of policemen unacquainted previously with either man. The writer has a faculty for likeness or a stupidity about identities? That is a plausible though an erroneous explanation, and it brings up just the point we want to make. Is it not just possible — it is rather a serious supposition, when our criminal procedure is considered—but is it not just possible that something like colour blindness affects this matter of identification? that there is a large number of persons whose evidence upon any question of identity, though perfectly honest, is worthy of very little trust? that men upon this, as upon most other matters, are guilty of an unconscious carelessness, like that which makes testimony about figured statements so often valueless.? We are all apt to think that we observe faces very carefully, but it is quite certain, more certain than almost any assertion of the same kind, that we do not so observe them. We are also apt to believe that the difference in faces is very great, is radical, and not dependent upon accidental features, yet it is almost certain that no such difference exists, that men are in reality as nearly alike as animals appear to be. Take, for instance, in evidence of both these propositions—of the carelessness of our usual glance, and of the similarity among men—a fact which a number of our readers can test for themselves. No man on landing at an Indian or Chinese port for the first time can for a few days tell one man from another. The natives are more decisively unlike than so many Englishmen, because in addition to every other distinction their complexions cover a wider range of colour; but being similarly dressed, they seem for a few days as much alike as so many sheep, who are all alike to a Londoner, but among whom a shepherd or a dog makes no mistake. Now, if men were much unlike, more unlike than the sheep are, no such curious haziness would be possible, nor

would it be if the observer were unconsciously in the habit of studying the form and character of each face. He has, as a rule, no such habit, but, unless an artist or a policeman, relies unconsciously on accidental circumstances, colour, hair on lip or chin, gait, expression, or peculiarity of some one feature, and should that by any accident disappear he is utterly puzzled. One-tenth, at least, of Western mankind is consciously or unconsciously short-sighted, and never *sees*, in any true sense of seeing, any face whatever, never quite catches its *nuances* of expression, never is quite sure about its minor features, never quite ceases to idealize according to a preconceived theory of character. Even of those who do see perfectly, a large proportion are not artists, never catch the speciality of the face they are looking at enough to caricature it,—some faces won't submit to caricature, Lord Derby's, for instance, and Mr. Gladstone's, in both of which the caricaturist invariably intensifies the whole expression — and really recollect it mainly by its accident of colour or the like, accidents which may disappear in life, and which do disappear in death. It is not easy to recognise the photographs of men whose appearance depends on colour, and death does its work in destroying colour even more perfectly than the sun. Fatness and thinness, too, are great aids to recognition; yet they are temporary, dependent sometimes on mere accidents of health. We have all of us met friends whom we have not seen, say, for three years, who have grown wider, if not wiser, in the interval, and whom we should not without speech have recognised. Death, as a rule, while it leaves much unchanged, absolutely destroys every distinction based either upon colour or upon fatness, and modifies thinness in the most unexpected way, revealing unsuspected depths about brow and mouth, while leaving the cheek untouched. No child is recognisable in death by mere acquaintance, because in children's faces the prominent points are colour and contour. An actor cannot change his real face, but only the accidents of the face; yet Mr. Webster, for example, has once or twice deceived his audience for some minutes, and could, we suspect, deceive them, if that were his object, altogether. Think, again, of the excessive difficulty with which the memory retains a face. Portrait painters of half a century's standing will tell you that they hardly retain the impression of a sitter five minutes, though they have been studying him keenly: that their own first touches from him as he sits are invaluable helps; that they would all, if it were convenient for art reasons, like to keep a photograph in full view for their work when the original is away. We think we remember, but in five minutes we forget, the half of a friend's face nearly as perfectly as we forget the whole of our own. Clearly if identification were as easy as we are apt to believe, we should not so forget faces. And their expression? Doubtless expression being, so to speak, an intellectual rather than a physical fact, stirring and rousing the intellect of the observer, his secret and almost instinctive likes and dislikes, remains longer fixed in the mind than mere feature. The witness who arrested Judge Jeffries might have forgotten his face, did forget it, in fact, for Jeffries when seized had only changed his wig, but he could not forget the ferocious glare of those insufferable eyes. But expression changes quickly, may change permanently. We all say every now and then, 'His face quite changed,' while nothing is changed except, perhaps, the expression and the colour. Madness, extreme anger, drink, will all change a well-known face till it is almost irrecognisable, and though, no doubt, it requires a combination of circumstances to deceive a wife as to her husband's identity, still there is one expression which in a case like that of Hackney Wick she has never seen, and that is death, of all influences the one which may most modify expression, both by altering the set of the features, and changing the emotional medium through which we regard them. No doubt there are faces so marked and so individual, so completely isolated from any type, and so independent of accident, that it is almost impossible they should ever be forgotten or mistaken. It would have been nearly impossible for Sir Thomas More to disguise himself, and we question if Dr. Newman or Mr. Tennyson could abolish the expression of eye and brow sufficiently to baffle recognition; and there are artists, and as the public believes detectives, who would recognise any face under any disguise. But the majority of men trying under changed circumstances to recognise ordinary faces from their memories of feature alone are liable, we

feel convinced, to self-deceptions as extraordinary and yet as natural as that we may charitably attribute to this Mrs. Banks, or that which prompted the evidence against the marine so nearly hung for his share in the recent Manchester *émeute*—*The Spectator.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Children of the State. The Training of Juvenile Paupers. By Florence Hill. Pp. 275. London; Macmillan and Co.

The education of pauper children has been hitherto for the most part a great mistake. Instead of being trained so as to be fit to be taken up into the ranks of industrial life, and become independent of public aid, they have been held apart, in wholly unnatural conditions. The unspeakably precious discipline of family life has been entirely withheld from them. All possibility of developing the young affections healthily has been denied. Routine, with its benumbing hands, has wrapped them round; and not having had to meet the unlooked for emergencies of life, there has been no development of power to deal with them. Hence, of all beings, the workhouse child is the most helpless; and when he goes out into the world is least fitted to withstand its temptations, or to exercise wise self-guidance in any of its difficulties. The young girl, polluted in mind by association with abandoned women, goes out of the workhouse for the first time to seek her fortune, and comes back, by an almost certain and irresistible law, with a bastard in her arms, and to the workhouse as her necessary and rightful refuge. The young lad is bound apprentice, but having learnt nothing of the value of property he has never been allowed to possess, nor of self-remunerative labour he has never been permitted to exercise, he proves worthless to his master, and naturally betakes himself, if enterprising, to crime, which leads him to the jail; and, if unenterprising, to the workhouse, in which a maintenance is always at his command. And so, instead of becoming re-absorbed into the industrial ranks they had been precipitated from by the vice or misfortune of their parents, these 'children of the state' are tied hand and foot to the wheel of a pauper destiny, and with it, from childhood till death, they helplessly revolve.

A just and powerful protest against this dreadful mismanagement of young people in workhouses is made by Miss Florence Hill in the book before us. She adduces statistics, instances, cases, and supplies arguments which irresistibly prove the need of a thorough change in the current method of dealing with pauper children. From a hundred sources of information, native and foreign, she shows what commonly is and ought not to be, and what might be and ought to be and in some instances actually is. Her facts are startling, her arguments convincing, her conclusions irresistible.

After reviewing all the other varieties of treatment of the children of the state, in workhouse schools, in factory apprentice schools, in separate schools, as at Limehouse, in district schools, in the Norwich homes, and in private industrial training houses (as at Brockham), Miss Hill adverts to the boarding-out system, which exists in several countries, and is, she considers, deserving of general adoption. She says:—

'It has been pursued long enough, and under sufficiently varied circumstances to reveal its excellencies, and for us to estimate how far the defects disclosed are capable of removal or amendment. In Ireland, as a purely voluntary enterprise, it has attained marked success and won general approval; while in Scotland it has been widely adopted, and entirely administered by the parochial authorities. Of their satisfaction with it, under both a moral and pecuniary aspect, we are informed; and we have seen that it has obtained also the qualified approbation of disinterested but peculiarly competent observers, who are of opinion that an admixture of voluntary agency, including some additional supervision by ladies, would render it still more efficient.

'In the United States we learn that it has been for many years adopted by

voluntary workers, and by semi-official labourers in reformatory schools and cognate institutions. In France we observe it to be largely practised by a department of the State; and where successfully pursued—under the administration, namely, of the Bureau Ste. Apolline—we learn that voluntary aid is invoked in the form of sympathy and friendly supervision from persons of social eminence residing in the neighbourhood of the children's homes.

'In Germany we find distinguished men, whose opinions founded on official knowledge carry just weight, approving the plan,—particularly with reference to girls; and there also we see independent philanthropists, who have made the salvation of destitute children their special mission, elevating the influence of domestic life above every other agency that can be brought to bear for their reclamation.

'We learn that the same system is pursued in Russia in the disposal of orphans; and, as regards *them*, it would appear successfully. The neglect of their own offspring by the foster-mothers is a result too shocking to be compensated by any advantage to the alien child; but by regulating the payment so that it shall afford no temptation to cupidity, this evil, as we have seen by the experience of other countries, and markedly of Germany and Ireland, is avoided. That the foster-parents should not be out of pocket by their acceptance of an orphan is, we are persuaded, all that should be aimed at in apportioning their remuneration. Food, clothing, and shelter, may be paid for by the State; but the love, watchfulness, and sympathy which are equally essential to a child's welfare should be the far more precious contribution of the foster-parent; and in this, truly, the giver and the receiver are equally blessed. Such feelings may reveal themselves in care for the daily comfort and little pleasures of their object, as well as in providing for its moral and spiritual advantage. We have rarely witnessed a more touching scene than presented itself in the modest home of one of the little orphans we have already referred to as placed to board in an English cottage—the abode of two old maids. They doat upon the child, and she has become to them the very light of their house. The joyous pride is not to be described with which they displayed her neatly-arranged clothing, the patchwork they taught her to make, the mittens she had knitted for them and herself, the umbrella they had persuaded her to save her pence to buy, and which was to protect the pretty little hat into which a well-worn bonnet of their own had been converted,—a little history of kindness attaching to almost every garment; for though all substantial requirements are provided by the Guardians, there is still ample scope for affection to employ itself in making up the material invitingly, and adding the various *et ceteras* which mark the difference between the little pauper in its dull uniform, and the well-cared for cottage child. The orphan in question peculiarly illustrates the beneficial working of the boarding-out system. An illegitimate child, she was about at her mother's death to be consigned to the workhouse, when a lady in the neighbourhood obtained permission to place her in a cottage, the Board of Guardians allowing her out-door relief. An aunt in service at a distance had come to attend the mother's funeral, and the child's patroness appealed to her to contribute to its maintenance. Thankful that the little creature should be saved from the workhouse, she gladly agreed to give a shilling a week,—a large sum for her, and has transmitted this money ever since, not only cheerfully, but with expressions of the warmest gratitude to the benevolent suggestor of the plan. The woman is deeply interested in her niece's welfare, with whom a natural and wholesome connexion is maintained; whereas, if the little thing had gone into the workhouse, her relative would probably have felt ashamed of, or even forgotten, her. We make a great mistake, as the child's patroness remarked to us, in assuming that pauper orphans are isolated beings without relatives in the world. They are rarely thus destitute; and frequently have connexions able, if not to support them entirely, at least to help in their maintenance. But they reside perhaps at a distance from the place where the parents die, and unless there is some one sufficiently interested in the child to appeal to their better feelings in its behalf, they remain neglectful, or perhaps even ignorant of its bereavement; it drifts into the workhouse, becoming a heavy burden on the rate-payers during its childhood, and too often a disgrace to its family and its country for the rest of its life.

'When the time arrives for the little maiden, whose history we have sketched, to go to service, her patroness trusts the aunt will seek for her a place and keep her under her eye; but should this not come to pass, we can hardly doubt that she will have the friendship and protection, as long as they live, of the two women to whom she is now as a beloved child.

'We could not, however, conscientiously advocate the boarding-out system unless it be accompanied with constant and active supervision. This the authorities assure us is amply exercised by officials in those districts where the plan has originated with Boards of Guardians. But, zealous and kind-hearted as the officers appointed to this important duty may be, it must be performed by them to a greater or less degree as a matter of routine; the time of their visits of inspection may generally be calculated, and these cannot be sufficiently frequent to prevent, at any rate, the *possibility* of ill-usage. Moreover, a man, however thoughtful for the children's welfare, does not possess the knowledge of their wants and difficulties which comes to a woman almost intuitively; and to supplement, therefore, official authority by the friendly watchfulness which a woman of superior social position, residing within easy reach of the orphan's home, can exercise, appears to us the keystone of the system, ensuring to it public confidence and permanent success.'

'Treating the same subject Miss Carpenter remarks, "The girl is especially adapted by nature for a home. . . . The affections have large sway over her whole being. Nature has given her varied scope for them in the true home. She is the object of the tender love of the parents, and of her brothers and sisters, and love is constantly awakened and called out by her position in the family. She has the babies to fondle and nurse like a little mother herself; she has a thousand households cares to attend to, and learns cooking practically while she helps to get her father's dinner; and, if the eldest girl, feels herself a very important help in the house. After going regularly to a good day-school, and learning needlework, and enough of reading, writing, and arithmetic for all common purposes, she is prepared at fourteen to take her humble position in life as a little servant, or her mother's helper and right hand, and to fill it with credit. A real good home is infinitely better than any school for the education of girls,—even a second-rate or a third-rate one is preferable. There her true nature is developed, and, unless she is thus prepared to fill its duties well in after life, all other teaching is comparatively useless."* The passage just cited speaks only of young persons dwelling with their parents, but they are equally applicable to foster-children; and if, thus accustomed to the duties, hardships and pleasures of ordinary life, these could have the additional boon of one or two years' training at an Industrial Home, in the branches of domestic work it must be able to perform in a gentleman's house, it appears to us that a future career of usefulness and respectability would be, in the present lack of servants, almost absolutely ensured to it. The Industrial Home would thus take the place of a "finishing school;" and we would complete the analogy by permitting the pupil, where practicable, to return for occasional short holidays to its cottage home, that the family bond, on which we count so much for it future guidance and protection, might not be severed.

'The want of skilled servants is daily making itself more and more felt. The demand increases while the supply, from various causes, as markedly diminishes. "The greatest step taken will be," says a writer, discussing this fact in the *Edinburgh Review*, "when we can raise the lowest social class into the late position of that which is escaping from our command,—when we can replenish domestic service from schools which will have rescued paupers and ragged children from pauperism and raggedness."† The 12,000 pauper orphans, thrown annually on our care, may be regarded at once as the *élite* and the most manageable of that class; and they afford a stock of raw material from which we may hope, by due training and the development of their moral nature, to replace the capable and attached servants who are finding their way into other paths of life.

'An objection to the Boarding-out system to which we have already referred, namely the insufficiency of good cottage homes, is, we ourselves believe, from inquiry and observation, ill

* *Social Science Transactions*. 1862.
† *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1862.

grounded; and the experience of those benevolent persons who have introduced the plan in various parts of England strengthens that conviction. All who are intimately acquainted with our humbler brethren (whose generosity in giving far exceeds that of the wealthy classes) are aware it is no unusual circumstance for a child who loses its parents to be spontaneously received into another family. Again, it must be remembered that where Mrs. Archer's scheme is adopted the very presence of the orphan will tend to improve the cottage in which it is placed, by laying it open to the inspection of a person whose good opinion the cottager will be anxious to preserve; while the orphan will in some respects enjoy even an advantage over the offspring of the cottager, namely in its regular attendance at school, and still more in the fact that it is an object of interest to a neighbour of superior position who is responsible for its welfare, and able to remove it if the circumstances of its home are unfavourable.

'But, if, on a general adoption of the system, good homes should not be found in sufficient abundance, they might be supplemented by a plan which suggested itself many years ago to the Dean of Bristol, and which is recommended also by Canon Moseley, whose long experience as a School Inspector renders his sanction invaluable. Canon Moseley, we may add, entirely approves Mrs. Archer's scheme for boarding children in cottages, which has been in satisfactory operation in his own parish for two years, under the supervision of his wife and daughters. "It struck me," the Dean informs us, "when brought in contact with sundry country schools, that it might be possible to graft on them a boarding-system, the boarders to be children who would otherwise be in poorhouses. I assume that there might easily be found among the country schools, a very considerable number of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses who were quite capable of undertaking the care of boarders. I felt that it would be a very great advantage to the pauper children to be thus dispersed in country homes,—not the least being that they would by natural process be absorbed into the labour market. I thought also that the guardians might be induced to grant such allowance with the children as would enable many a school to struggle out of present difficulty, and as might perhaps be conducive to bring others into existence. Superintendence would have to be provided, but that is already given in most agricultural schools by the clergy and other friends."'

We cannot here complete the quotation so as to show how Miss Hill meets objections and provides for the residuum of inapplicable cases. The following is her own summary of the principles her book appears fully to establish:—

'1st. Our Poor-law implies a right to aid from the State in all incapable of supporting themselves.

'2nd. The State in granting such aid obtains a correlative control over the recipients.

'3rd. The vast power she thus takes to herself furnishes her with means for the reduction of pauperism which her own interests, apart from higher motives, render it imperative on her to employ.

'4th. These means lie, as regards the young, in so training them as to impart the desire and the capacity for self-support.

'5th. One condition essential to this end is their complete separation from adults of their own class,—such separation being impossible where the school forms part of the same building with the workhouse.

'6th. That must be the best method of training children which is appointed by Nature,—namely under family influences; and when artificial methods are employed, they should be made to approach the model as closely as possible.

'7th. The method practised in our Pauper Schools is contrary to that established by Nature; and fails signally in producing good results.

'8th. The "family system," as pursued in Industrial Homes, and as still more precisely followed in "boarding-out," while it secures separation from adult paupers, conforms, as nearly as practical obstacles permit, to the course prescribed by Nature herself.

'9th. Its success has been proved by long and varied experience.'

Report upon the Educational and other Conditions of a District at Gaythorn, and Knott Mill, Manchester, visited in 1868, *with Observations suggested by the Visitation.* By Thomas Read Wilkinson.

We have been favoured with an early proof of this valuable paper, which was

read on the 8th of April, before the Manchester Statistical Society, and is printed in the new number of that Society's Transactions. To add to the already large but somewhat disputed amount of reliable statistics shewing the educational condition of Manchester, Mr. Wilkinson undertook during last winter, at the cost of the president of the Society, Mr. Langton, to have a house-to-house visitation made of a district previously uncanvassed, which should give as far as possible a fair sample of a few hundred families of the weekly-wage earning class. Although situated very near to three of the best primary schools in Manchester, as well as to several other day-schools, yet, of 733 children in the district, over three and under fourteen years of age, only 339 or 46.2 per cent. were reported at school; whilst 87, or 11.9 per cent. were said to be at work, and 307, or 41.9 per cent. professed to be neither at school nor at work. Again, 35 per cent. of the children between those ages had never been to a day-school. Mr. Wilkinson proves that the number of children attending Sunday schools, in proportion to the population, shows a steady retrograde movement during the last thirty years; and whilst the increase in the number of children at day-schools in Manchester and Salford, between the years 1834 and 1864, has been 54 per cent., that of the population has been more than 80 per cent. In his paper, Mr. Wilkinson adduces many other statistical comparisons and results, all tending to show that voluntary effort has been quite inadequate to effect the great work of education in Manchester; that, in his own words, 'there are lower and lower strata of our social world which are too feebly touched by the impulsive benevolence of individuals or charitable organisations, which can only be raised from their dark conditions by the strong and all-reaching arm of wise legislation.' He advocates local rating and local management, with governmental inspection. Payment for results he would continue as at present out of the Consolidated Fund; but he would apply local taxation to the establishment and maintenance of schools under county and municipal boards, instead of voluntary contributions and school pence. He would not disturb the management of religious denominational schools, so long as the secular instruction given in them is efficient; and in the new schools to be founded out of the rates, he would conform to the present requirements of the Committee of Council, as to daily Scripture reading. All public day schools he would make free; then, and then only with justice, might clauses be enacted, compulsory on employers of labour and on neglectful parents. We can only thus briefly indicate, at this late hour, the nature of Mr. Wilkinson's paper, which supplies much ground both for painful consideration, and for prompt action.

The Story of a Blind Inventor; Being Some Account of the Life and Labours of Dr. James Gale, M.A., F.G.S., F.C.S., Inventor of the Non-explosive Gunpowder Process, etc., etc., and Founder of the South Devon and Cornwall Institution for the Instruction and Employment of the Blind. By John Plummer. Pp. 299. London: William Tweedie, 337, Strand.

Mr. Plummer—himself a remarkable man—is here the biographer of one still more remarkable. It is not often that we have the '*memoirs pour servir*' of distinguished men recorded in their lifetime; nor would it be well that the plan should be commonly followed; yet, on the whole, we are not sorry that custom in the present instance has been departed from, for there is much that may be really very cheering and helpful to blind persons in the history of Dr. James Gale, and why should they wait to be put in possession of it until the perhaps far distant day when Dr. Gale shall have gone to that happier land where his sight will be restored? Mr. Plummer informs us that the compilation of this memoir has been considerably facilitated by the kind assistance which the author has received from sundry friends of Dr. James Gale's. His intention has been to bring forward everything of public interest relating to an inventor whose history not only offers a bright and encouraging example of the power and value of self-help, but also tends to afford considerable encouragement to those engaged in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, by showing how perseverance and energy can vanquish the most formidable obstacles, converting impediments into so many stepping-stones to success. On the whole, he has fulfilled this intention very satisfactorily. We do not mean to imply that it would not have been possible to have brought all that is essential to the

purpose of the memoir into a somewhat narrower compass. There is certainly an air of book-making about some of the chapters. The total amount of topographic matter, of remarks on blindness in the abstract, and of reflections on things in general, might have been reduced with advantage to the fulfilment of the proposed object of the volume. Notwithstanding the necessity of making this deduction, the book is well worthy of a place in the library. It sets before us the outward lineaments, the mental characteristics, the brave struggles, and the useful inventions, of a man who has met misfortune, not only patiently, but with a cheerful manly courage worthy of all imitation, and entitling him to the warm regard of all who are able to appreciate it. It shows how a youth may be smitten with blindness yet not crushed into inefficiency; deprived of a thousand aids to improvement, yet resolutely bent on advancing his education at all points; made irresistibly dependant on others to some extent, yet scorning to yield one hair's-breadth to misfortune where it was possible to resist, and going about with a still augmenting fund of self-helpfulness which should act as a wholesome tonic to all who, suffering from 'the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' are inclined weakly to succumb.

Ten Years in a Lunatic Asylum. By Mabel Etchell. Pp. 368. London: Simkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court.

'The social condition of our lunatic asylums,' the author says very properly, 'should not be shrouded in uncertainty or mystery. To produce a faithful picture of the inner life there presented, is the first object of this little volume.' Although, therefore, her book is cast in a mould of fiction, and we may not regard 'Mabel Etchell' throughout all her story as a person upon whom identification can be thrust, yet there is no doubt we have here descriptions from actual experience of incidents occurring in asylum-life, and that the book before us is one to which those may apply who desire to know what there is in the management of ordinary asylums for the insane that may require reconsideration and amendment. It is an artless, affecting story that the author tells. As the result of insanity induced by illness, consequent on the machinations of an unconscientious guardian, Mabel is removed to a private asylum in the first instance, and, after a while, into one of the county institutions for the insane. In these places she undergoes much needless and even wantonly-inflicted suffering, partly through the apathetic and inconsiderate management of the authorities, resulting in arrangements that tell severely on the delicately nurtured and sensitive patient, and partly through the ignorant coarse-mindedness and greed of the attendants. Several scenes illustrative of these defects we have placed amongst our 'Selections.' The book is written so as to be at once interesting as a tale, and to supply much matter for thought and many hints for the amelioration of asylum life, to all who are in any way concerned in the management of the insane.

A Glimpse at the Social Condition of the Working Classes, during the early part of the Present Century. Trade Strikes, and their Consequences to the People who may be immediately connected with them. With Reflections upon Trades Unions and their Management. By the Author of 'The Auto-Biography of a Beggar Boy.' Pp. 156. London: Heywood & Co., 335, Strand.

The 'Beggar Boy,' whose autobiography was published some years ago, now seeks in his old age to put on record his recollections of the state of the people of this country as they were early in the century, and his various reflections on their now existing condition. He effects his purpose in five chapters. In the first he describes the difficulties the people had to struggle with when he was young. In the second he treats of trades' unions and friendly societies. In the third, he discourses of the price of labour and its sustentation. He returns to trade societies and their arrangement in the fourth; and, winds up with an account of, and comments on, the American trade convention of 1867. In regard to strikes, he has endeavoured to show that great and serious errors have been committed in the management of them,—that turn-outs, as a rule, have been failures for want of common prudence in calculating the circumstances, and that the men engaged in strikes have not only commonly suffered defeat, but have lowered themselves in the estimation of the public, and, as a necessary consequence, have had the credit of being wrong when they were morally right. In depicting the

difficulties the people had to struggle with in the early part of the present century, the author puts some interesting scenes before us. Whilst sympathising strongly with trades unions, and taking a working man's view of the labour question, he is well aware, and does not fail to point out, that no combination of men can keep up the value of labour beyond its power to remunerate the capitalist; and he does not forget that a higher standard of wages becomes in itself a tax upon the people, by forcing up the price of the necessaries and the common luxuries of life. He maintains that something must shortly be done to legalise trades' unions; that it will not do to allow these institutions, with their great and powerful social machinery, to remain beyond the pale of the civil law; that what is good in them should be fostered and protected, whilst what is mischievous should be made amenable to authority. On the whole, the 'Glimpse' and the 'Reflections' he supplies, well deserve looking at and considering, by those who desire to understand the present condition of this country.

Unsentimental Journeys; or, Bye Ways of Modern Babylon. By James Greenwood. Author of 'A Night in a Workhouse.' 'The True History of a Little Ragamuffin,' &c., &c. Pp. 232. London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row.

Mr. Greenwood has a singular ability in observing low life, and in remembering what he observes; and as he has also no little descriptive power, he produces pictures almost equal to photographs in faithful minuteness. Instead of taking us, as Legh Hunt took us, into the highways and byeways of London to point out the half-effaced footsteps of departed genius or talent, or to produce rubbings from the quaint monuments of former times, Mr. Greenwood sees nothing in London but the current human life of to day, and of that, by preference, the lowest and meanest portion, though by no means the least important if the future destiny of our country be kept in view. He stands at the hospital gate, and paints the much misery, and the modicum of happiness also, which are there. He takes us round 'Squalor's Market,' as our readers will have seen in the passage reproduced amongst our 'Selections.' He shows us over Newgate Market; insists on our going with him to a dog show of the most vulgar sort; sketches the night coffee-booth and its customers; discourses to us concerning muffins; accompanies us to the horse repository and the horse market, Mr. Dodd's dust yard, the county court, the leather market, the young bird market, the Houndsditch jewellery market, and the dancing saloon; and treats of the bones of London, the boat of all work, Christmas Eve in Brick Lane, the highway pastor, watercresses and their supply, the gleanings of the Thames bank, the half-penny barber, Epsom races, the coster's carnival, and the navvy; in short, nothing is too low to attract his regard, or to engage his pencil; and if one half the world would acquire the proverbially impossible knowledge of how the other half lives, Mr. Greenwood is the man to point the way to the acquisition.

Memorials of the Rev. Wm. J. Shrewsbury. By his Son, John V. B. Shrewsbury. Pp. 528. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., Paternoster Row.

In the bad old days of West India Slavery, William Shrewsbury played a part which gave him a very extensive notoriety. He was in 1823 a Methodist missionary in Barbados, and had the great honour of being mortally hated by the planters and their white agents on the island. One effect of his ministry was that the coloured women refused to continue in concubinage with white men; and this greatly enraged the licentious. 'There was a force and pungency about his reproof of sin that bad men could not endure.' As an earnest minister of Christ, prudent to a proper extent, but not inclined, as easy-going rectors and others were, to hide every honest conviction of his heart in deference to the iniquitous men who were in power, he became odious to the class, who actually invented, as an atrocious charge against him, the story that he had once said that 'as nothing was too hard for God, God could easily make the slaves free,' and who pulled down his chapel, endangered his life, and finally drove him from the island. The same class of mind in England that now admires Mr. Ex-Governor Eyre, and that a few years ago let itself be easily hoodwinked and misled by the *Times* in its American Confederate proclivities, took the part of the planters, and set the brand of its infamy, which

was really a mark of honour, on the missionary Shrewsbury, whose name was long under a cloud in consequence. To vindicate his father's honourable fame in this matter, as well as to set forth his life-long experience, joys, labours, and sacrifices as an active minister of the Methodist body, his son has produced this interesting volume. The first edition having been sold in less than two months, a second is now out, with the addition of a portrait and a table of contents.

Graham's Temperance Reciter and Public Reader; containing an interesting Chapter on Reading and Reciting, with instructions for the Management of the Voice and Body, Practice Pieces, Readings, Recitations, Dialogues, &c. Vol. I. Maidstone: Graham Brothers, 8, Kingsley Road. London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

We do not believe in the oratory that is learnt—that is acquired by rules undertaking to guide tones of the voice and postures and gestures of the body. We have too often seen the result of that sort of training on the platform, to be disposed to greet it with anything more hopeful than a derisive smile. But for those who have faith in it, this Reciter of the Messrs. Graham will supply all the assistance that they can require. The rules are governed by good sense and taste, in accord with the manner in which all really good public speakers guide themselves—though they do it by instinct, not by rule. A large number of generally excellent readings and recitations fill the greater part of the volume.

John Wesley; or, the Theology of Conscience. By the Author of 'The Philosophy of Evangelicism.' Second Edition. Pp. 96. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Author of this treatise has in it designed to prove 'that there is no necessary antagonism between thoroughgoing evangelical orthodoxy, and the favourite rationalistic dogma that a religion, to be suitable for the world, must have its intuitive root in the world's conscience.' 'The whole question,' he says, 'turns upon whether the conception of an objective sacrifice for sin has, or has not its origin in the moral instincts. If it have, the evangelical hypothesis admits of being evolved out of this primary truth with perfect scientific consistency.' He maintains stoutly that it has; and does so with an ingenuity that entitles him to a prominent place amongst those who seek to reconcile evangelicism with reason.

The Opinions and Practice of Medical Men, with regard to Intoxicating Drinks as a Medicine viewed from the Non-Scientific, but Common-Sense stand point of Practical Experience. By George Ward, United Kingdom Alliance District Agent for Yorkshire. Leeds: John Kershaw and Son.

A pamphlet in which Mr. Ward states some very interesting facts coming under his own observation. These tend to aid at once both temperance and longevity by strengthening the resistance of patients to the alcoholic quackery of medical men who, whilst very properly scorning to direct their patients to apply to the patent medicine vendor for physic, have no scruple in sending them for it to the alehouse or dram-shop.

On Remunerative Prison Labour, as an Instrument for Promoting the Reformation and Diminishing the cost of Offenders. By Sir John Bowring, LL.D., F.R.S., J.P., and Deputy Lieutenant of Devon. Exeter: Wm. Clifford. London: W. Kent & Co.

The proposition that remunerative labour gives the strongest incentive to the reformation of the guilty, and has been practically found a potent instrument for the diminution and suppression of crime; and that consequently, subject to the needful requirements of prison discipline, the labour of prisoners should be made as profitable as possible, is very ably maintained in this pamphlet, with the help of a powerful array of evidence from British and Continental sources.

The Dietetic use of Alcoholic Beverages. By Dr. James Edmunds. London: Heywood & Co., 335, Strand.

A corrected report of a very instructive lecture given at Cambridge Hall, Newman-street, London, on the 6th of February last. We are glad to have it in so cheap and available a form; but still more pleased by the announcement we find in it, that the author, who has long promised to put together a series of lectures on the chief points of the alcohol question, now expects very shortly to be enabled to redeem the promise.

Savage Island: A Brief Account of the Island of Niué, and of the Work of the Gospel among its people. By Rev. Thomas Powell, F.G.S., twenty-three years Missionary of the London Missionary Society to the South Seas. With Introductory Preface, by Rev. R. Ferguson, LL.D. London: John Snow and Co., 2, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

A PLEASING description of Savage Island, of its inhabitants, and of the great work of religious civilisation done amongst them by missionary enterprise.

The Dawn of Light: A Story of the Zenana Mission. By Mary E. Leslie, Calcutta. With an introduction by Rev. E. Storrow. London: John Snow and Co., 2, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

A STORY of East Indian life, and of the dawning of Christian light on the minds of certain natives, of whom a charming tale is told by the writer.

The Ginshop. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. London: S. W. Partridge.

THESE clever compositions appeared originally in 'The Band of Hope Review,' and are now republished in two forms—on a sheet, and in a book.

A Sketch of the History of French Railways: with Suggestions in favour of thorough Railway Reform at Home. By Samuel Haughton, Dublin, R. D. Webb and Son.

Graham's Popular Temperance Harmonist. Edited by the Rev. John Compston. Arranged for Four Voices and the Pianoforte. Maidstone: Graham Brothers. London: F. Pitman.

PART I. contains sixty popular pieces, words and music complete.

The Church of England Temperance Magazine. A Monthly Journal of Intelligence. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday; and S. W. Partridge.

The Scattered Nation. A Monthly Magazine. Edited by C. Schwartz, D.D. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Hive. A Storehouse of Material for Working Sunday-school Teachers. Monthly. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

An Address on Temperance to the Churches of the Evangelical Union. T. D. Morrison, 8, Bath-street, Glasgow.

Old Jonathan, the District and Parish Helper. London: W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate-street.

The Church. A monthly penny magazine. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Substitute for Capital Punishment. London: W. Tallack, 5, Bishopgate-street, without.

The Prisons of London and Middlesex. Issued by the Howard Association.

Meliora.

SUNDAY DRINK-SELLING, AND THE SELECT COMMITTEE OF 1868.

Special Report of the Select Committee on the Sunday Sale of Liquors Bill, with the Proceedings of the Select Committee, and Draft Reports proposed by Mr. John Abel Smith, M.P., and Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P. Also the Minutes of Evidence. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. London, 1868.

DID our subject call for an exordium, we might descant on the uses and abuses to which the Parliamentary select committee system may be put. The practice of referring to a small body of gentlemen a question requiring careful examination, by the light of evidence from various quarters, is not only void of objection, but seems eminently desirable; and actual usage shows that it is often attended with sterling and striking advantage. An example of this was afforded last session in connection with the Electric Telegraphs Bill, whose passage through both Houses was facilitated by—and, indeed, was dependent upon—such a reference. But factious men well understand how to turn excellent forms to ill account, and not seldom has the artifice of opposition devised a select committee as a pit in which some measure of public utility might be snugly consigned to obscurity and inevitable defeat. It has often been remarked that few votes are ever known to be changed by the most brilliant debate; and the inquiries of select committees, whatever their other results, are almost as much distinguished for their lack of influence, except in confirming the convictions and prepossessions of those by whom they have been conducted. The recent inquiry into the Malt Tax, carried on through a part of two sessions, terminated—as it began—in seven members retaining one set of opinions and six members another set. Still, where the composition of a select committee is tolerably fair, the subject is sure of a thorough ventilation, and the public get the benefit, if not of

a more impartial report, at least of a more valuable body of evidence germane to the questions reviewed. Sometimes select committees have been so much divided in sentiment as to be able to agree on nothing else than to report the evidence without comments or recommendations of their own. Probably the most glaring specimen on record of onesidedness in the composition and conduct of a select committee was offered in the one appointed in 1855, on the motion of Mr. Berkeley, nearly all the members upon which were of one mind to begin with, and which devoted itself with great assiduity to the selection of evidence favouring the one object for which it had been named. Times change, but some people do not change with them, and when, on the suggestion of Mr. Hibbert, the bill of Mr. John Abel Smith for restricting the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday was referred to a select committee, the tactics of 1855 were recurred to with an adroitness and a pertinacity not to be mistaken. Still, had not the Government acted the part of a wet-nurse, no skill on the part of private members would have sufficed to crown these tactics with a fleeting success. Mr. Smith's bill was marked by two features—a suppression of all sale of liquors for consumption on the premises (except along with meals in the Metropolitan district), and a restriction of hours of sale for consumption off the premises in all parts of England and Wales. When this bill was read a second time—which virtually affirmed the principle of some further restriction of the Sunday drink traffic—the nomination of a select committee was left to three parties—to Mr. Smith, as the author of the bill; to Mr. Locke, as the chief spokesman in opposition; and to the Government, which professed to hold an attitude of impartial observation. Mr. Smith nominated five members—himself, and Messrs. Bright, Baines, Hibbert, and Horsfall—not seeking for allies who even accorded with him as to the desirableness of a distinction between selling for consumption on and off the premises. Mr. Locke nominated himself and Messrs. Berkeley, Roebuck, Knatchbull-Hugessen, and Evans. The Government, with professions of the strictest fairness, nominated Sir J. Fergusson, Colonel Fane, Captain Stanley, Mr. Malcolm, and Mr. Yorke. But it was not long in appearing that the moral weight of the Government five would be cast, from the first, against the purpose of the bill. The rejection, contrary to general usage, of Mr. Smith as chairman, in favour of Sir J. Fergusson, was an indication not to be misread; and as Mr. Bright seldom attended the meetings of the committee, the tendency of the nomination was not so much betrayed as palpably disclosed, in the attempt to exag-

gerate every form of objection and depreciate every statement of fact making in favour of restrictive legislation. The tone of the questions proposed by Messrs. Roebuck, Locke, and Knatchbull-Hugessen, even more than the phraseology, displayed an assumption of numerical superiority and a confidence in the final trial of strength on a division. The chairman must be acquitted of any gross exhibition of party feeling, but his interrogatories were generally of a kind to weaken the case in the bill's behalf, and to his inspiration, as will be seen, is owing one of the most indefensible passages of the special report. Against this hostile current Messrs. Smith and Baines ably contended, occasionally assisted by Messrs. Horsfall and Hibbert, and slightly by Mr. Bright; and so searching was their examination of the witnesses brought by the opponents of the bill, that it speedily became manifest that the witnesses were inflicting more damage on their own cause than on the bill. The Select Committee met to take evidence on eighteen days; for the first time on April 22nd, and for the last on June 25th. The witnesses examined were 59, to whom 8,488 questions were addressed. Of these witnesses 38 were in favour of increased restrictions on the Sunday sale of drink, and many of them cordially supported the stoppage of all sale of liquor on that day. Of the 21 other witnesses four were persons officially connected with licensed victuallers' associations, and one was Mr. Berkeley himself. Such was the weight of the evidence in favour of further restrictions, that it must have deeply impressed the committee had it been composed of persons coming to the question with unbiassed minds. But there were members of the committee beyond the reach of evidence, however cogent and conclusive. Having ears they heard not, having minds they apprehended not; and nothing could more signally demonstrate the almost resistless stress of the testimony actually adduced than the fact that, when the committee deliberated on June 25th, a motion submitted by Mr. Roebuck, alleging that 'further legislation of a restrictive character is not required,' was carried by a majority of one only, in opposition to an amendment by Mr. Hibbert, affirming that 'an earlier closing of public-houses on Sunday evenings will be attended with public advantage;' nor would this slender majority have been obtained had not Mr. Bright, the only member absent, not arrived at the House until after this decision was taken. Subsequently a report drawn up by Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen was adopted, with some alterations; in preference to one proposed by Mr. John Abel Smith for which the votes of Messrs. Baines, Hibbert, and Horsfall were tendered in addition to

his own. Having touched upon these reports, we shall briefly sketch the purport of the evidence contributed by each of the witnesses examined.

The report of the majority, as finally adopted, consists of eight paragraphs, and occupies less than two pages printed in the largest type. While cautiously moderate in tone, it avoids all close dealing with the opposite case, and leaves the reader to wade through the 'evidence' as best he may, if his patience and perseverance do not desert him in the effort.

The first paragraph admits the existence of 'a considerable feeling in favour of further restriction upon the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sundays' in 'certain parts of the country, and especially in some of the large towns in the north of England,' as proved by 'the evidence of witnesses conversant with the state of opinion in those communities and claiming specially to represent the working classes, by the reports of public meetings held upon the subject, and by the returns of many canvasses made in large towns with the view of ascertaining the sentiments of the inhabitants upon this question;' but, in paragraph two, the committee 'observe that great caution must be exercised in affixing a value to the results of any such canvass. Although no imputations of dishonesty rest upon the canvassers, it has been proved to your committee that in many instances the canvass has been of a partial nature, and does not adequately convey the real sense of the community whose opinions it professes to represent.' The epithet 'partial' here constitutes this sentence one of those ambiguous phrases which Archbishop Whately has marked as the favourite weapons of sophistry. It may mean 'partial' in the sense of 'selected for a purpose,' or 'partial' as distinguished from universal. A canvass to which the first sense could be affixed would be justly discredited, but no such discredit could attach to a canvass which was simply 'partial' in the second sense. But it was never found, or even insinuated, except in regard to a few London workshops, that any canvass had been 'partial' in the evil sense; and if—as was abundantly shown—the canvasses made were complete in themselves, and of a really representative character, their value as evidence was of the very highest order capable of being adduced. The committee add: 'Moreover, it is evident that a canvass conducted by persons whose object is to obtain a particular expression of opinion is not one of a character to command such implicit confidence as one conducted by more impartial persons.' But impartial persons sufficiently interested to bear the trouble and expense of such canvasses are rarely to be found, and the opponents of Sunday closing have never

exhibited any desire to contribute a moiety of the charges incident to such investigations. The committee dismiss the canvasses by not recognising them as proof of such 'a general demand' in favour of restriction 'as should induce Parliament to disregard those other considerations which lead to a different conclusion.' These 'other considerations' are touched upon in the five subsequent paragraphs. First of all comes the charge of 'serious inconvenience' to 'a very large number of persons against whom no complaint whatever is alleged,' and while 'great discontent' would prevail among such persons, 'it by no means follows that a commensurate benefit would result with regard to the class against whom such restrictions would be especially directed.' It is alleged that 'those who drink to excess form a very small percentage of the whole number of persons who make use of public-houses upon a Sunday, and it is probable that many of these persons, if deprived of their present facilities for obtaining liquor, would have recourse to drinking in private houses and to various methods of evading the law.' It is observable that this style of objection might have been just as pertinently plied in opposition to the proposal of the existing restrictions now in force; and that this was perceived, though dimly, by the author of this report, appears from what he subjoins: 'For, however beneficial may be the results of restriction within certain limits, its enforcement to such an extent as to cause any violent interference with the habits of the people has a tendency to create a discontent which is sure to be followed by evasion, the law is brought into disrepute, and effects are not unfrequently produced the very reverse and opposite of those intended by the Legislature.' So might it have been said, and probably was said, by those who regarded the Sunday morning closing with aversion. It is worthy of some notice that the draft report, as it first stood, ascribed these prospective evils to legislation 'in the direction' of Mr. Smith's bill; but this was amended, against the votes of its five stoutest opponents—Messrs. Roebuck, Locke, Berkeley, Knatchbull-Hugessen, and Yorke—by substituting the words 'to the extent contemplated by the bill,' and so far relieving the report from such an objection as applicable to any further restrictions. Paragraph four expresses the opinion that there would be 'great difficulty' in enforcing the restrictions proposed in the bill, but no special reference is made, except to the clause which suggested a relaxation in London of the prohibition against all drinking on the premises by allowing liquor to be consumed along with a *bonâ fide* meal. If Mr. Smith admits the force of the objection, he will

remove this exception from the next edition of his bill. In paragraph five the committee allude to the apparent improbability of any settlement of the question upon the basis of Mr. Smith's bill. 'Most of the advocates of the measure openly avow that they would accept it only as an instalment, and many of them declare their desire to put a stop to the whole retail trade in excisable liquors.' Hence the committee, pitying the people embarked in 'a recognised and legitimate trade,' think it unjust that they should be embarrassed 'and their property depreciated in value by constant attempts to impose upon them restrictions which do not appear to be demanded by any urgent public necessity.' This is a very pretty objection of the class that assume as proved the thing requiring proof; nor is it easy to perceive how the committee propose to prevent that depreciation in the value of drinking-house property which proceeds, they tell us, from these constant 'attempts' at further restrictions. Are these 'attempts' to be prohibited? If not, the depreciation must clearly go on. Either the reasoning or language of the report is here a little unsteady. The committee suggest, as 'a question worthy of consideration,' whether liquor dealers should not be allowed to take out licences for six days at a reduced rate. Paragraph eight is the one added to the original draft report on the motion of the chairman, and is in these terms: 'The beneficial working of the Public-house (Scotland) Acts, 1854-62, which has been declared by a royal commission, and of which evidence has been given before your committee, does not in their opinion establish any proof that a law similar or approaching to it in strictness would be either acceptable or expedient in England. For even those witnesses who spoke to the success of the Scotch law admitted that there was so remarkable a difference between the habits of the English and those of the Scotch people in their use of public-houses, that your committee are of opinion that no trustworthy inference could be drawn from the fact of that success.' In assenting to the introduction of this additional paragraph, the opponents of Mr. Smith's bill charmingly outwitted themselves; for they have deliberately assured the country that the Forbes-Mackenzie Act of 1853 (not 1854) and the Amendment Act of 1862 have been a success, and that therefore, as respects Scotland, not the shadow of a reason exists for any attempt to repeal or modify those enactments! Messrs. Roebuck, Locke, and Berkeley have given their express imprimatur to an entire Sunday closing act for Scotland, and their effort to set up such a difference between England and Scotland as to prevent the success of that act from being quoted in advocacy

of a similar one for England, is too much of a tweedledum assumption to stand a moment's scrutiny. There is no such 'remarkable difference' between English and Scotch as has any intrinsic bearing on legislation against Sunday tippling, still less is the alleged difference a substantial reason against proposals, such as those of Mr. Smith, which evade the dinner and supper beer difficulty—peculiar to England—in conceding all the facilities required. The seventh paragraph admits that drunkenness is to be found to a considerable extent both on Sundays and other days, 'yet the admission appears to be general that the present law is working well, and that under its operation a great diminution of drunkenness has taken place. From this fact it has been argued that further restrictions would lead to further diminution; but, having regard to the experience of the past, and to the agitation consequent upon the passing of a less stringent measure than the present in 1854, which measure was repealed in the following year, your committee are inclined to believe that the safe limit of restrictive legislation has been reached, and that further measures in the same direction would be unwise and injudicious.' It was proposed to omit the words after 'believe,' and substitute for them 'restrictive legislation to the extent proposed by this bill.' This amendment, moved by Mr. Evans, was supported by five other members and opposed by six, and there being a 'tie,' the chairman declared himself in favour of retaining the original words; so that, in fact, the opinion of the committee in opposition to all further restrictions has been declared by a majority of one only. The reference to the bill of 1854 is both disingenuous and misleading; for the agitation against that measure was solely a publican's movement, and though it was technically repealed, several hours of the additional restrictions imposed by it were re-included in the repealing act. The committee add: 'The praiseworthy exertions of the advocates of temperance must not be undervalued. These have, no doubt, materially contributed to the diminution of drunkenness, and simultaneously with these exertions, and the salutary influence exercised by the ministers of religion, the opening in several of our large towns of parks and other places wherein fresh air and innocent recreation may be obtained by the working classes upon Sunday, has drawn many of them from public-house associations, and induced them to spend their only leisure day in a manner more advantageous to themselves and to their families. Other causes have likewise contributed to this desirable result.' So that, this committee being witness, it is a desirable thing for the working classes to be found absent from public-houses; yet

these places, whose existence is absolutely dependent on a legal privilege, are not to be circumscribed in the evil associations which they cast around hundreds of thousands on the only leisure day they possess! The seventh paragraph adverts to the signs of social progress; and as the upper and middle classes are more temperate than formerly, the committee hope 'as the working classes also advance in self-improvement, and are actuated by that self-respect which is engendered by improved education, the vice of drunkenness will gradually disappear without the necessity of further coercive measures on the part of the Legislature.' The hope that a hundred and fifty thousand places of public resort, whose associations are confessedly dangerous and injurious, will cease to exert the influence which has appertained to them from time immemorial, may be amiable, but is certainly one of the vainest to which any body of legislators could have given expression; and it is a singular oversight on the part of the committee that they should have failed to perceive that to lessen the power of the drinking-shop for evil, is one of those methods by which the object they desiderate may be most efficiently attained. What would they have said of an argument, constructed on their own model, in favour of legalising or permitting bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and a hundred other kinds of debasing amusement, this argument finishing up with the hope that the spirit of self-respect and improvement would preserve the people generally from contamination? It is the standing device of all obstructionists to reform to plead that we are going on very nicely already, and that sudden changes will lead to disturbance and incur the hazard of reaction. The trick has now been played out in its relation to political reform, but social reformers will still have to meet and drive it back while advancing step by step in their triumphal course.

Turning from the Report of the majority to that which was proposed by Mr. Abel Smith, we find ourselves in an atmosphere at once bracing and transparent. This report, extending over nearly twelve pages, is not only ten times longer than the other, but presents an analysis of the evidence, classified under the four branches of the committee's inquiry—1st, the influence of legislation already restricting the period for selling intoxicating liquors, especially on Sunday; 2nd, the extent to which intemperance and social demoralisation are still induced by the Sunday traffic in strong drink, and their probable reduction by legislative action; 3rd, the measure of acquiescence and support on the one hand, or of disapproval and opposition on the other, which additional limitations on the

Sunday traffic in strong drinks would receive from the public generally and the working classes in particular; 4th, the nature and force of the objections entertained by those who oppose further restrictions. These points are carefully and even elaborately discussed, and rays of light are directed, sometimes in a perfect flood, upon every ramification of the cardinal question at issue. After showing, under the first head, that restrictive measures have already operated with great advantage, even where they have embraced complete Sunday prohibition, it is justly remarked that the facts adduced 'are a complete answer to simply abstract arguments against a restrictive policy (such as the right of a person to do what he pleases, unless in so doing he directly produces some perceptible mischief); arguments which are usually so advanced without a perception on the part of those who use them, that they are as available against the degrees of restriction already in force, and confessedly of great value, as they are against other degrees of restriction which may be desired on the ground of the general weal.' Under the second head, it is conclusively proved that to test Sunday drunkenness by the number of police charges is delusive and absurd, and that immense mischief is effected by public-house customs and company, even where the frequenters are not classed among incapable or disorderly drunkards. Taking 30s. as the average profits of the Sunday trade of every public-house, and adding a fifth for every beerhouse, an annual profit of £6,260,000 is arrived at; 'and it is impossible to suppose that this enormous sum [to say nothing of the more enormous amount expended and not counted as profit] can be obtainable, so much of it from the working class, without serious detriment to the domestic comfort of their wives and children.' The bad effect of Sunday drinking on week-day industry is also illustrated, and the Report observes—'The inference suggested by evidence of the character above cited—that further restrictive legislation is admissible and desirable—was strongly advanced by many of the witnesses themselves. The opposite sentiment was, indeed, expressed by several magistrates and the chief constable of Wolverhampton, but no satisfactory reason was assigned for an opinion which resembles rather a foregone conclusion than a deduction from a body of well-established facts. Nothing was elicited in examination to prove that the limits of judicious legislation had been reached, or that a power operating for good up to the existing boundary would cease to act, or act in a reverse direction, if that boundary should become in any degree extended.' On the third head—the probable popularity or otherwise of further restrictions—

a mass of evidence is marshalled, including the testimony of witnesses, the results of canvasses, and the aggregate collection of public petitions; and it is then pertinently remarked, 'Imputations cast upon the petitions, such as having been signed by children, or as bearing fictitious signatures, have in no single instance been established. It may be sufficient to remark of petitions on the other side, that they have invariably been projected and circulated by persons pecuniarily interested in this inquiry, and do not afford any evidence of a deep or wide-spread public sentiment against the curtailment of the Sunday liquor-traffic.' Under the fourth head, a whole bevy of objections against fresh Sunday legislation are introduced, one by one, only to be dismissed, after examination, as mere pretenders to a worthiness they cannot reasonably claim. This portion of the report will be found specially useful where the objections enumerated are frequently quoted as if they were possessed of unanswerable force. It is edifying to see the ass dragged out from under the lion's skin; and it may be hoped that the exhibition will dissipate the error of those who have mistaken the donkey's bray for the lion's roar. This work of detection and exposure completed, three conclusions are announced as suggested by a careful review of the evidence laid before the committee. '1. That extended restrictions on the Sunday sale of alcoholic liquors would result in sensible public benefits, including a diminution of drunkenness and crime, and an improved condition of the homes of the people more directly affected by them. 2. That to realise these benefits no corresponding drawbacks would be incurred, and no serious inconveniences occasioned to the sober and respectable of all classes. 3. That the restrictions required to obtain these results would be in accordance with public sentiment, and, therefore, that nothing in the way of popular reaction may reasonably be feared.' The whole report concludes with a recommendation 'that in the coming session of Parliament a Bill should be introduced, with a view to legislation of the character here approved.' Discretion, we think, was shown by Mr. Abel Smith in confining this recommendation to some change of the law without indicating its particular complexion; and it is an omen of some significance that the *Times*, in commenting on both Reports, confesses its sympathy with the object advocated in the minority Report, and admits that in its pages several of the strong positions of the majority of the committee have been successfully controverted and overturned. To those of our readers who may not have access to the bulky blue book containing the full Minutes of the evidence presented to the Select Committee, it

may be useful to have tersely stated the tenor of the testimony adduced by each of the witnesses as they successively appeared. On April 22nd, Sir Richard Mayne and Sir Thomas Henry were examined. Sir Richard Mayne, as chief commissioner of the Metropolitan Police (whose duties extend to about sixteen miles round Charing Cross, and embrace a population of 3,452,246*), explained the changes of the law in regard to Sunday drink-selling, and produced statistical tables of the apprehensions for drunkenness from 1830-40 and from 1858-67 inclusive. In respect to the Public-house Closing Act (from one to four a.m.), he said he did not remember any exception being called for in favour of trades requiring night work—'I was told, in fact, that it was not necessary,'—a notable commentary on the outcry at first raised of the sufferings which night workmen would undergo if access to the public-house were denied them between one and four in the morning. He could not say whether the greater number of drunken cases originated in public-houses or beershops. He believed the police honestly discharged their duty in the execution of the present Closing Acts. He did not think that closing at ten o'clock on Sunday would inconvenience excursionists, as they could be served at the railway stations as travellers. His general objection to restrictions on the sale of drink was their application so partially to the different classes of the community. He believed the Wilson-Patten Act was repealed owing to complaints preferred by licensed victuallers, principally and prominently, but he could not give any specific instances of complaints from other classes. One evil effect of restriction, he said, had been the opening of 'Tom-and-Jerry shops,' which he seemed to regard as unlicensed houses, though the term is popularly applied to low beershops. Having ascribed an increase of unlicensed drinking to Wilson-Patten's Act, he was asked why he had stated an opposite opinion before Mr. Berkeley's committee of 1855? and to this inquiry he could only answer, 'If I said so, I thought so at the time, but I do not remember it now.' But, in 1855, his testimony was explicit enough (Question 1027),—'I am not aware that drink is sold in greater quantities in coffee-houses than formerly. The opinion of the superintendents is that there is not more drinking in unlicensed houses

* Within the same area there are 6,549 public-houses and 4,421 beershops, an aggregate of 10,970—with a shop frontage of at least thirty-three miles—probably forty or fifty miles. With such a licensed machinery in daily and nightly operation, tending to impoverish, corrupt, and criminalise the people of London, why should we wonder at its regiments of criminals, its army of paupers, and its hosts of neglected children?

than there was formerly.' In reference to the effect of drunkenness, Sir Richard Mayne gives this opinion:—'I am sure that it produces a great deal of crime, both directly and indirectly. It leads directly to crime, disorders, assaults, and violence, and it also leads to the commission of offences against property immediately and indirectly by poverty, and it leads to a reckless, dissolute state of morals.' On the paucity of apprehensions for drunkenness as compared with the population, a cardinal objection to further restriction, Sir Richard confessed that 'drunkenness is a very vague word in police understanding,' so vague, indeed, as to make it ridiculous to measure its extent by the number of dead-drunk and disorderly-drunk persons who are consigned to the police cell for want of a better lodging. Sir Thomas Henry, chief magistrate of Bow-street, expressed himself as opposed to all restrictive measures, past and present, except the week-day early closing Act; as his theory was that drunkenness was a midnight vice. He did not believe that opening public-houses on Sunday morning would increase drunkenness; and as the result of a visit paid to public-houses, when he was first appointed a magistrate, he gave it as his opinion that a majority of the landlords discouraged drunkenness; and he had always observed, in the cases that had come before him, that the landlords were in the habit of saying, 'Now, my man, you have had enough.' Self-denying landlords! how wonderful that, with so large a staff of temperance guardians, there should be any public-house intemperance at all! On April 24th, Messrs. Burcham, Woolrych, and Ellison, police magistrates of Southwark, Lambeth, and Worship-street were examined. Mr. Burcham believed drunkenness was decreasing, but had no returns to adduce in confirmation. He believed certain restrictions on the sale of liquor to be reasonable, but was opposed to further restrictions; and when asked why? could only answer, 'Because I do not think they would be of any service.' Restrictions were not injurious 'unless carried too far,' but what the limit was he 'really could not say.' Mr. Woolrych was opposed to additional restrictions, and believed Sunday drunkenness had diminished, but could give no returns, and he allowed that further limitations on the sale would probably cause a diminution of drunkenness in spite of 'private drinking, drinking by associated bodies, and so on.' Being pressed on this point by Mr. Locke, he said, 'I think they would get drink somehow, but not to the same extent that they can now get it.' Mr. Ellison was more cautious than his fellow-magistrates in venturing any opinion as to the effect of further restrictions; he appeared in doubt

on most of the points presented, except as to the serious fact of very nearly one-half the cases of drunkenness brought before him being cases of drunken women; to which he added, 'I should rather think that drunkenness is increasing among women.' On April 29th, Major Greig, Captain Palin, and Mr. Jackson, chief constables of Liverpool, Manchester, and Sheffield, were examined. Major Greig gave strong and forcible evidence in favour of the bill. He believed that it would diminish intemperance, and be supported by public opinion. Inconvenience would be felt by some, but the general good should be paramount. He considered drunkenness in Liverpool was on the increase, and especially among women, and that rather more than three-fourths of the criminal acts of the country were attributable to that vice. The extent of that evil was not to be estimated by the number of apprehensions. He thought the women would be very much in favor of greater restriction—'it would make a very great difference to their own homes.' A very considerable amount of the working-class earnings is spent in public-houses on Saturday night and Sunday, 'and is diverted from the clothing and education of the family.' Captain Palin, chief of the Manchester police, had no doubt that Sunday drinking to excess prevailed to a large extent in Manchester. He could not say whether a limitation of Sunday drink-selling would be popular or not, but he did 'not think it would be a very serious inconvenience.' Even the decent people who resort to public-houses would be 'reconciled to it in a short time, and would not care for it.' Further restriction 'might diminish drunkenness, and probably would.' Mr. Jackson, chief constable of Sheffield, had previously been chief constable of Oldham for nearly ten years, and had found the Wilson-Patten Act 'diminish drunkenness very considerably' in that town. Drunkenness had decreased in Sheffield, but not among women. Those who would object to a shortening of the hours on Sunday would, in Sheffield, 'be not only a minority, but the minority would be small.' On May 1st, the witnesses examined were Mr. Glossop, chief constable of Birmingham, Thos. Avery, Esq., mayor of Birmingham, Arthur Bigge, Esq., stipendiary magistrate of Brighton, and the Rev. Dr. Garrett, of Manchester. Mr. Glossop stated that at a very large meeting, held in the Town Hall for the advocacy of the Permissive Bill, 'there was an immense number of working men in the body of the hall, and they all voted for the Permissive Bill,' and the feeling of those working men was, he thought, a fair picture of the better class of working men in Birmingham. The women of Birmingham were very much in favour of further

restrictions, and in illustration of the view that even the publicans would generally be willing to close if all were compelled, he stated that 1,600 other shopkeepers had been keeping open, but that a vigorous effort to compel them to close had been completely successful, the result being 'very beneficial to the town—it looks like another place, it is so respectable and orderly.' Restriction of Sunday drink-selling would not cause the same discontent now as it once did, and would be 'advantageous.' The discontent would be limited 'to a few people'—'those who are always thirsty'—'they would have to go to the pump.' Question by Mr. Locke: 'Do you think that that would do as well?' Mr. Glossop: 'It would keep them sober, at any rate; it would keep them out of our hands.' Thos. Avery, Esq., believed that the terms of the bill would form 'a moderate and reasonable restriction.' He had presided at a very large meeting, called by the United Kingdom Alliance, and the working men, who constituted a large proportion of those present, were unanimously in favour of a Permissive Bill. From careful observation, he believed that 'public opinion is advancing in the direction of additional restrictions upon the liquor trade. As we all know, it is purely a question of degree, and all statistics are in favour of the opinion that restriction upon the facilities diminishes drunkenness.' Arthur Bigge, Esq., was strongly in favour of the bill. He explained much public-house drunkenness by the remark: 'People go there and meet their friends, and then the end of it is they get drunk, because the door happens to be open. People who go to clubs go there for totally different reasons. They go to the public-house perhaps with a good intention in the first instance, and then gradually slope into drunkenness.' 'Further restrictions would prevent drunkenness, and it is a thing to be desired.' The respectable working class in Brighton were, he thought, in favour of further restrictions. He did not think the bill would produce the least disorder or confusion in Brighton—'not the least in the world.' The Rev. Dr. Garrett gave evidence drawn from his experience as a clergyman in different parts of England, as a chaplain, and as having made himself acquainted with public opinion on this particular question. When vicar of St. Paul, Cornwall, it was found, by strict examination of the parish books, that for the previous twenty years, eight out of every ten cases of pauperism and crime were traceable to drink; and it was further calculated that if drinking could have been stopped, nine-tenths of the expense of pauperism and crime to which the parish was at that time put, and would be put for the next ten years, would have been prevented. The influence of Sunday drinking on

female virtue and on Sunday schools was exceedingly pernicious. He believed that 'a very large majority of the working classes are anxious for the entire closing of public-houses on Sunday,' and this was the expression of sentiment on the part of deputations appointed to wait upon Mr. Gladstone and Earl Derby. Dr. Garrett's subsequent statement, that Mr. Smith's bill had a much larger body of supporters than the entire Sunday closing movement, is not, in our opinion, in accordance with credible evidence. The results of the canvasses, wherever a comparison has been instituted, and a glance at the 903,987 signatures for Mr. Somes's bill in 1863 (which was more than a Sunday bill), as compared with the 340,000 signatures for Mr. Smith's bill in 1868, are suggestive of anything but a numerical superiority of those who wish for partial Sunday closing over those who would prefer the total stoppage of all Sunday traffic in intoxicants. On May 4th, the witnesses examined were Archbishop Manning, the Rev. Newman Hall, and the Rev. Cyril Page. Archbishop Manning furnished very useful evidence of the good effects of the ecclesiastical Sunday closing rule put in force by two Irish Roman Catholic prelates—the Archbishop of Cashel and the Bishop of Ferns. He prefaced this evidence by his personal conviction that the Legislature 'has multiplied the facilities and the temptations to drunkenness,' and that both working men and their wives would be glad of a law that would at least limit these temptations. He would not be afraid of such a law 'even in London,' nor did he think that the enforcement of a measure like the Forbes-Mackenzie Act would occasion great difficulty in England. When asked by Mr. Locke whether it was not important first to improve the dwellings of the working classes and afford them more recreation on Sunday, the Archbishop replied, 'No, I think not; I think that in order of time this is the more urgent, and I think in the order of moral mischief it is the more vital.' Further asked, whether it would not add to the inconvenience of the miserably-housed to pass a bill like Mr. Smith's, he answered, 'I do not think that the word inconvenience is the one which I used; I said, I think, that the bright fire and the comparative cleanliness of a drinking-house is a temptation to a man to desert his home and his family. I do not think that that deprivation ought to be a subject of complaint by a father, or husband, or any man. . . It appears to me that a house which is sufficient for a man's wife and children, he ought not to judge as insufficient for himself.' The Rev. Newman Hall, in referring to the state of London south of the Thames on Sunday evenings, observed, 'I consider that public-houses

being open on Sunday night, when the masses of the population are turning out, to be most incalculably injurious morally, and that there can be no wonder at the prevalence of licentiousness when we have those places open for drinking at such times.' In pointing out how the drinking habits of men invade the religious liberties of their wives, he said, 'The greatest impediment to the progress of religion among us is the influence of the public-house;' and having detailed the religious and secular agencies in connection with Surrey Chapel 'to serve as a counter attraction to the public-house,' he added, 'but we find that the facilities afforded to the population for drinking are such that they interfere with every effort we put forth to elevate the people around.' The Rev. Cyril Page, incumbent of Christ Church, Westminster, wished the public-houses to be closed during the hours of the evening service. On May 6th, Duncan M'Laren, Esq., M.P. for Edinburgh, the Rev. V. M. White, LL.D., of Liverpool, and Robertson Gladstone, Esq., J.P., of Liverpool, were examined. Mr. M'Laren's evidence had respect to the operation of the Forbes-Mackenzie Act, which he showed to have been, in an anti-criminal point of view, a legislative success seldom witnessed, and he asserted his belief (contrary to the letter and spirit of the paragraph in the committee's report afterwards suggested by Sir J. Fergusson) that similar benefits might be expected from a similar law if applied to England. The Rev. Dr. White's evidence was conclusive as to the willingness of the people of Liverpool to welcome legislation much more extensive than that proposed by Mr. Abel Smith; and in this he was corroborated by Mr. Robertson Gladstone. The witnesses examined on May 11th were D. Lupton, Esq., J.P., the Rev. Edward Jackson, and Mr. George Walker, all of Leeds. Mr. Lupton proved that in Leeds the intelligent operatives were in favour of Sunday closing, and that both to workmen and masters the sale of drink on Sunday was an unmitigated curse. The Rev. E. Jackson, as a district clergyman, strengthened the case presented by Mr. Lupton; and Mr. Walker, as a quondam journeyman bootmaker, and now employer in that trade, made some trenchant remarks, of which one must suffice as a specimen of many: 'All the means that I have seen tried for thirty years hitherto have been inadequate; new drunkards are continually being manufactured from our boys and our girls, and to make a man a drunkard is to make him one of the most expensive creatures that there is almost in the kingdom.' Mr. Joseph Hume would have bristled up at this presentation of the drunkard under an 'expensive' aspect. On May 13th Mr. S. G. Jowett

and the Rev. S. A. Steinthal were under examination. Mr. Jowett, as superintendent of the Bradford Town Mission, spoke with authority on some of the most important points of the inquiry, and Mr. Steinthal, besides giving excellent information at first hand, and laying before the committee the returns of extensive canvasses, was drawn into a colloquy with Mr. Locke on the superior value of abstainers' lives in insurance offices. The hon. member for Southwark made a ludicrous display of his unacquaintance with this subject by inquiring, 'Are not the immoderate drinkers and total abstainers both objectionable lives in an insurance office?' though he naïvely confessed in the next question that in the office of which he is a director he had never heard of 'anybody of that sort' (abstainers) having been insured! On May 18th, Mr. J. S. Eldridge, clerk to the Southampton magistrates, Jas. Barlow, Esq., mayor of Bolton, Mr. Alderman Mackie, of Manchester, and Mr. J. T. Enright, ex-chief of the Southampton police, appeared as witnesses, and all in favour of restrictions on the present hours of Sunday sale of liquors. Mr. Barlow's evidence, concerning the popular feeling in Bolton, and as a large employer of labour, was exceedingly pertinent, and not less so was Mr. Alderman Mackie's demonstration that even a large wholesale and retail drink-seller could be an earnest supporter of entire Sunday closing. May 20th offered a strong reinforcement of favourable witnesses in the Rev. J. Flather, of Sheffield, C. Bushell, Esq., a Cheshire magistrate, John Howard, Esq., the great agricultural implement maker of Bedford, Mr. G. Freshwater, a workman in his employ, and the Rev. T. de Vine, of Newcastle-under-Lyme. Mr. Flather asserted that the predominant feeling in Sheffield was in favour of the bill; Mr. Bushell acutely replied to various objections; Mr. Howard gave important evidence as mayor and master; Mr. Freshwater spoke with a working-man's knowledge of things as they are; and Mr. de Vine reported the result of a canvass in the town he represented. On May 25th, Mr. George Potter, of Trades Union celebrity, R. S. Newall, Esq., mayor of Gateshead, Mr. S. Eliott, of Plymouth, and the Rev. G. M. Murphy, of London, were examined. Mr. Potter's declaration that the cream of the working men of London and the country were in favour of greater restrictions made an impression on *Punch*, who re-stated the fact next week for the information of his 'beloved bungs.' Mr. Newall spoke for the people of Gateshead; Mr. Eliott witnessed to the state of sentiment in Plymouth and Cornwall; and Mr. Murphy covered in his evidence a wide surface of interesting facts. At the next sitting of the committee, May 28th, Mr. T.

Smith, secretary of the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society, of London, contradicted a statement of Mr. Murphy, that he had admitted the complicity of his friends with the Hyde Park riots; and then evidence for the bill was given by Mr. Joseph Leicester, of London, Mr. W. Cockburn, foreman of Messrs. Pease's mines, in Yorkshire, the Rev. E. Mathews, of Bristol, and the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, of London. Mr. Leicester spoke of the evils inflicted on the most skilled workmen in his trade, the glassblowers, by public-house associations; and Mr. Locke and Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, overleaping the limits of the committee's inquiry, entered into a sort of disputation with the witness, out of which the Parliamentary interlocutors came second-best, as any one may see who reads this portion of the Minutes. Mr. Leicester aptly baffled the tactics of his questioners when attempting to draw him into contradictions. When asked if he was in favour of the Permissive Bill, he said, 'Decidedly I am.' He replied to another question, that the localities were the proper tribunals to judge of all such cases; and being then pressed, 'If that is your opinion, how do you advocate a bill by which the central Legislature imposes a restriction upon the opinion of localities?' he answered, 'Because it is simply a reflex of public opinion even then'—thus neatly exposing the sophism that lurked under the assumption that a general Sunday measure would be hostile to local sentiment. Mr. Cockburn dealt in facts that could not be gainsayed as to the results of Sunday drinking; the Rev. E. Mathews offered the statistics gathered from a canvass of Bristol; and Mr. M'Cree brought to bear on the inquiry a fulness and exactness of knowledge concerning the state of matters in London among the poor of all classes that instructed, if it did not gratify, a majority of the committee.

On the 8th of June was commenced the examination of witnesses avowedly hostile to the bill of Mr. Smith, the witnesses for that day being Mr. R. M. Morrell and Mr. T. Winterbotham. Mr. Morrell, who occasionally figures in newspapers as the secretary of the Sunday League, was careful to state that he did not appear before the committee in any official character, and little more was to be extracted from his evidence besides the points that he had read the bill—which he afterwards explained to mean that he hadn't read it, but knew what it was—that he knew working men were greatly opposed to restrictive measures, that the bill would be an inconvenience to the people who listened to the Sunday bands and to excursionists, and that the canvass returns were huge shams. In illustrating this last proposition he instanced a canvass of St. Pancras in 1863, all his statements about which

were subsequently proved in a letter to the committee to be the reverse of true. Mr. Winterbotham, as a licensed victualler for thirty-six years and an ex-governor of the Incorporated Society of Licensed Victuallers, testified to the disfavour with which 'the trade' entertained all proposals of restrictive legislation, and endeavoured to show that certain returns put in by Mr. Murphy were incorrect. On June 11th, a short explanation was given by Mr. Berkeley, M.P., respecting the address he had received from 1,580 electors to support Mr. Smith's bill, amongst whom, he admitted, 'were some of the most respectable gentlemen in Bristol'—which had been followed by another address, with 4,000 signatures, asking him to exercise his own judgment on the subject. The examination of Mr. Winterbotham was then resumed, in the course of which he endeavoured to show that the publican's interest was diametrically opposed to drunkenness. 'Experience teaches me that a drunkard is not employed one-third of his time upon the average. Assuming, then, that we receive from him the whole amount of his wages, he is really, as a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, not so serviceable a customer to us as a man who legitimately and regularly supplies his family with the articles in which we deal.' So that, in Mr. Winterbotham's 'essentially practical' view, sober working men spend more than one-third of their earnings on the publican's liquors, and are justified in so doing. We know what the reference to the 'family' means; but we can only hope to measure the horseleech rapacity of the baser traffickers when we hear one of the superior dealers coolly give vent to such a statement, and consider it, withal, as a vindication of his 'trade.' Mr. Alderman Fisher, of Sheffield, chairman of Mr. Roebuck's last election committee, declared the feeling of that town to be against further restriction, but had heard nothing of the workshop canvass lately made, and 'believed that if any one with good address asked a working man to sign a petition he would sign it, though thinking there was a strong feeling against it.' The Rev. G. M. Murphy then gave evidence in support of the genuineness of the returns he had previously put in, and was followed by Mr. Jabez West, one of the canvassers employed. Mr. Roebuck had intimated his intention of carrying this case up to the bar of the House of Commons, but, after hearing Messrs. Murphy and West, his tumid resolutions dissolved into air, leaving not a rack behind. On June 15th, Mr. J. T. Rowland, the publicans' canvasser, was examined, who simply proved that a discrepancy existed between two canvasses—the Sunday closing one carried out with printed forms, the publicans' by

viva voce inquiries. Mr. R. Waygood, a London engineer, strongly disapproved of restriction on the Sunday sale of liquors, which he denounced *in toto* even to its present extent; but some eccentric statements of this witness as to the extent of Sunday morning intoxication on Glasgow Green, and the discovery that he considered the Victorian era to be a disgrace to English history, made it expedient for the hon. members who were opposing the bill to let their client retire with the least possible delay. Mr. J. T. Staton, on the staff of a Bolton newspaper, unsuccessfully endeavoured to disparage the evidence of the mayor, J. Barlow, Esq., and made a variety of misstatements as to the attitude of the Bolton press on the Sunday drink question and the candidature of Mr. Pope, that proved his utter unfitness to appear before the Select Committee. On June 18th, Mr. M'Laren, M.P., explained a point in his former evidence; Captain Segrave, chief of the Wolverhampton police, gave testimony with a tendency against the bill; Mr. Wyburgh, clerk of the Liverpool magistrates, opposed all Sunday restriction, but admitted that the people of Liverpool did not share his views; and Mr. M. Beal and Mr. J. Wilson, of Sheffield, testified to what they thought to be the popular aversion in that town to the proposed measure. On June 22nd, Mr. Joseph Wadhams, of Birmingham, president of the United Towns' Association and National Licensed Victuallers' Defence League, embracing about 6,000 publicans residing in twenty-two towns, was examined, and, of course, disapproved of Mr. Smith's bill, but recommended a special class of police-officers to be employed to watch public-houses during the prohibited hours, as the ordinary constables were too often bribed to wink at violations of the law. After this admission he ought not to have trusted to the credulity of the committee by stating, 'I do not think that any licensed victuallers would look at the amount of business they do so much as to the inconvenience to their neighbours' by further Sunday restriction! In reference to the somewhat famous interview between Mr. Bright and the Birmingham publicans, he said, 'He gave us some very excellent advice, which we find we cannot possibly carry out.' Mr. W. Aitken, a schoolmaster of Ashton-under-Lyne—from whom it was extracted that he had been asked when sitting in a public-house to appear before the committee, the chief inviter being a publican—was exceedingly dogmatic till a succession of questions bearing on some antecedent events in his career brought his examination to a sudden close. Mr. W. Rea, of Stockport, deposed to the inconvenience Mr. Smith's bill would occasion the collectors of burial societies in that town. Mr. J. Henshall,

of West Gorton, near Manchester, professed to speak against the bill as a Unitarian Sunday-school teacher, but was compelled to admit that the annual assembly of the Unitarian churches in Lancashire and Cheshire had just petitioned in favour of it. On June 25th, Mr. George Candelet, secretary of the Manchester and Salford Licensed Victuallers' Association, and secretary of the Provincial Licensed Victuallers' Defence League, composed of 5,430 publicans, residing in about thirty towns, was examined at considerable length, but nothing new and true was elicited by the 250 questions asked, except the admission that the friendly societies might satisfactorily arrange their affairs if public-houses were not open as at present on the Sunday.* The last witness was A. J. Johnes, Esq., a man of note and influence in Wales, and a County-court judge of great experience, who furnished the committee with valuable statistical evidence as to the wishes of the people, and offered important statements as to the benefits resulting from the prohibitory policy of certain landlords in North Wales. Mr. Johnes having been dismissed—and the majority of hon. members present did not care to protract his examination—the committee decided, as we have before remarked, by a majority of one, Mr. Bright being absent, to report against further restriction. Subsequently, they have so reported; but whether their decision is tested by the number and character of the witnesses, or by the texture and quality of their testimony, it is impossible to regard it as founded on the evidence submitted; and as a body they come fairly within the canon of Publius Syrus—made famous by its adoption as the motto of the *Edinburgh Review*—*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*—the judge himself is found guilty when the culprit is set free. The *nocens* in this particular case, appropriately represented by the Sunday drink

* Mr. Candelet succeeded, however, in insulting Mr. J. A. Smith by remarks which were expunged from the official minutes, after drawing upon himself the rebuke of the chairman. He also allowed it to be understood, in answer to Mr. Berkeley's question, that the Alliance was spending its funds on behalf of the Sunday closing movement, till a more correct, but still inaccurate, version of the facts was extorted from him by Mr. Smith. Mr. Berkeley addressed him as 'an old friend;' and remembering the remarkable genius displayed in 1855 by that hon. member for putting forth as facts the most preposterous arithmetical fables, it is not surprising that his 'old friend,' in making use of a paper purporting to show certain apprehensions for Sunday drunkenness, should have referred to the first column only, showing 606 cases of drunkenness alone, omitting the second column, showing 1,309 cases of drunkenness *with disorder*. Mr. Candelet, when pressed on the point, said the omission was not intentional, but on a subject of so much moment such an omission should have been scrupulously avoided; and to the last he refused to admit that the second column was more important than the first in showing the connection of the sale of intoxicating liquors with Sunday abuses.

traffic, though released by a biassed tribunal, can enjoy only a temporary respite. In a court of Parliamentary inquiry, one verdict of 'not guilty' is not a final discharge; and when the cause recently closed is re-opened, as it must be before long, another and truer finding will be delivered, vindicatory of those public interests that have been too long sacrificed to the shameful terror with which the liquor dealers have hitherto inspired the professed representatives of the British nation.

THE PRESERVATION OF COMMONS AND OPEN SPACES.

IT is painful to reflect upon the private greed which in so many cases has been permitted to obliterate public rights in our own country. Especially have the rights of common over open spaces suffered; and inclosure after inclosure is still being perpetrated in disregard, or in defiance, of them. The apathy of the public upon most matters affecting their social condition is largely to blame in this matter. Had our forefathers carefully watched the slight encroachments made on their rights of common, and taken measures to prevent their repetition, much of the mist that hangs about this portion of our legal code would never have arisen. The mist, however, is by no means so dense as some people wish to make it appear, and it is gradually clearing off. Still, much misapprehension exists on the part of the public as to the relative rights of lords and commoners to the waste lands of manors; we will, therefore, endeavour to explain some circumstances connected with their history.

During the rule of the Anglo-Saxon kings, there was felt to be a want of cohesion of interests between the monarch and his subjects. The latter certainly owed and gave allegiance to his royal power, but that was all. There was none or little of that unanimity of sentiment and action which constitutes the power and strength of a nation, and without which a monarch is such only in name. To remedy this unwholesome state of things, and at the same time to reconcile the petty differences that were continually taking place, certain plots of land were parcelled out and granted to the most influential supporters of the throne; the grant, nevertheless, was not unconditional, as the lord of the manor (for such he was thenceforth to be called) was compelled to under-

take certain duties in return for the favour shown to him. He was the military head of his district, as well as the dispenser of justice. His duties in the latter capacity were rather onerous, comprising the holding of three distinct courts. The Court Leet took cognizance of criminal offences, and with the exception of a few privileged persons, all residents were obliged to attend it. The holding of this court was no doubt a severe tax on the time of the lord of the manor, and it is highly probable that he felt greatly relieved when the incubus was taken from him and transferred to the justices of the peace. The second court was the Court Baron, and related only to freeholders and their rights. The third, called the Customary Court, was exclusively connected with copyholders and actions that might arise affecting their interests. It will appear, therefore, that the duties of a lord of the manor were not of such a shadowy nature as many people have considered; on the contrary, they involved a considerable amount of time and attention, scarcely adequate, though, we should think, to the value of the property with which the lord was endowed.

But apart from what may be regarded as the freehold of the manor, and yet attached to it, were certain waste or common lands which, though often originally of great extent, were considered as almost valueless, because of their being wild and uncultivated. The property in the soil of these wastes was vested in the lord of the manor, subject to certain rights of his tenants. These rights varied somewhat in different manors, but generally consisted of common of pasture, which is 'a right of taking a produce of land by the mouths of the cattle;' common of estovers, or the right of cutting wood for fuel, for making fences, and for the repair of the house and implements of husbandry; common of turbary, or the right of cutting turf for fuel; and common of piscary, or the right of fishing. While the rights of common exercised by the freeholders exist by virtue of a direct grant made by the lord of the manor at the time when they first entered into possession of their estates, the rights of the copyholders are proved by prescription, the supposition, however, being that originally grants were made in their favour. But whether such be the case or not, the existence of such rights would be taken as proved if it could be shown that they had been exercised from time immemorial, which, in law, means from the accession of Richard I. Even this it is thought would not be necessary, as, coming under the operation of the Prescription Act, a proof of their uninterrupted use for thirty years would constitute a sound legal claim.

There are some customs which from their very unreason-

ableness would not be acknowledged in law, such, for instance, as a custom adduced by the lord of the manor in *Arlett* v. *Ellis*, by which he claimed the power to inclose any part of the waste land without the consent of the copyholders. This custom was declared invalid, on the ground that its tendency was that of the gradual but sure extinction of the commons. Mr. Cole, Q.C., gives a rather curious illustration which we will transcribe :—

'We learn from the grave statement by Manwood Justice, in a case reported in Leonard, that in an action against the hundred for a robbery on Gadd's Hill, the defendants pleaded "that time out of mind, &c., felons had used to rob on Gadd's Hill, and so prescribed to be discharged," but the plea was unsuccessful.'

Probably few lords of manors would in so many words excuse themselves on the ground of custom for inclosing commons; yet it is certain that there is but little difference, so far as relates to moral culpability, between the man that commits a robbery on the common, and the lord that takes the common itself. If there is any disparity between these two instances, we are inclined to think it is in favour of the former, as the injury he does is trivial and temporary when compared with the never-ceasing evils that follow in the track of the spoliator of common lands. These remarks bring very forcibly to mind the old epigram :—

The crime is great, in man or woman,
Who steals a goose from off the common;
But who shall plead the man's excuse,
Who steals the common from the goose?

Unfortunately, lords of manors have no lack of advocates ready and willing to bolster up their cause to the detriment and injury of the public.

The rights of common of pasture, estovers, turbary, and piscary would be esteemed valid in law, unless there were some peculiar combination of adverse circumstances that might render the custom unreasonable. Considering them, however, apart from any such exceptional contingencies, we can safely affirm that their uninterrupted user for a long term of years would be taken as establishing their legality; their extent being limited only by the particular customs of each individual manor. Hence it will appear that the tenants of the lord have a real interest in the common or heath attached to his manor, and that their claim is not a mere fiction which can be dispelled by the first breath of law. But if any still dispute the existence of these, as we think, clearly defined rights, we need only appeal for confirmation to the process generally adopted by lords of manors when desirous of inclosing waste lands for their own pecuniary benefit. The interests of the

lords are such as to place the lowest possible value on claims advanced by commoners, and yet, should they desire to inclose, or, as it is technically called, 'approve' any waste land as against copyholders, it is necessary for them to establish, first, the existence of a custom authorising the Customary Court to pass a resolution in favour of an inclosure; and secondly, that every copyholder has given his unqualified consent to such resolution, else it is not valid; and this will be to lords of manors an insuperable difficulty, as in most manors some copyholders will be found that are not desirous of such a proceeding; and then, again, should any of them be minors, their consent would not be admissible. It will be clear, therefore, that when such a custom exists it is almost impossible to effect an inclosure, as a diversity of opinion is sure to be found among those interested. Granting, however, that perfect and absolute unity and unanimity were found, and that the resolution were duly passed by the court, another difficulty would arise, viz., that such resolution would empower the lord to 'approve' only as against copyholders, and would leave the rights of freeholders to common as perfect and as uncontrolled as ever. Finding in times gone by that the freeholders were always standing between them and their long-wished-for Eldorado, they applied to Parliament in the reign of Henry III., complaining that they could not make a profit of the residue of their manors, as of wastes, woods, and pastures, although there was more pasturage than was necessary for the freeholders' use, and asking for the enactment of a measure which would place them in a more independent position as regarded their power of approving. As the result of this petition, a statute was passed which is generally known as the Statute of Merton, because of its having been enacted at that place, empowering lords of manors to approve against freeholders so far as concerns common of pasture, provided a surplus be left sufficient for their use. The rights of freeholders are thus recognised in a manner that must, we think, carry conviction to the mind of every thinking person. The proof of sufficiency of pasture being left for the use of the freeholders rests with the lord of the manor, and we are prone to believe that the establishment of that proof would be no easy task. Assuming, then, that the lord was not successful in obtaining the consent of those whose consent was absolutely necessary before he could legally inclose, there was but one other resource open to him, that of applying to Parliament for an Inclosure Act; and the great expense attending such proceedings, with the consequent uncertainty of success, may probably account for the comparatively small number of in-

stances in which such Acts were applied for. This is borne out by the following quotation from one of the Reports issued by the Board of Agriculture, which is appended to the Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons which sat in 1795, under the presidency of Sir John Sinclair:—

'It is a well known fact that no common-field land, or commonable land, can be inclosed without an express Act of Parliament, unless, indeed, by the consent of all persons interested; but from the nature and disposition of mankind, such a consent is difficult to be obtained, and particularly where some of the parties are minors, abroad, or labour under any legal disqualification. It is, indeed, almost impossible to procure such consent. With interests so clashing, and difficulties so various, Parliament becomes the only resource; but what with the expense in carrying the Bills through both Houses of Parliament (and which, for aught we know, may be extremely proper), together with the much greater expense of bringing the parties to London, there to wait the unavoidable delays occasioned by other more important concerns of Parliament, until decision shall take place upon the subject, operate in many cases as a powerful discouragement to undertakings of this nature, and not unfrequently to an entire exclusion from the attempt.'

About the termination of the last century there was a great scarcity of corn in the country, and with the view of remedying this deficiency and simplifying and harmonising the mode of procedure adopted for the attainment of inclosures, the Legislature passed a general Inclosure Act, and thus diminished the numerous and heavy expenses attendant on the passing of private bills. The policy of inclosure, however, was adopted in the interests of the public, and not for the personal aggrandisement of lords of manors. This is an important feature, and one upon which great stress was laid by Sir John Sinclair's Committee in 1795, as will be seen by the following extracts from their report:—

'In general, those who make any observations on the improvement of land, reckon alone on the advantages which the landlord reaps from an increased income; whereas, in a national point of view, it is not the addition to the rent, but to the produce of the country, that is to be taken into consideration. * * * * * * * * Before concluding this address, it is necessary to take notice of one important circumstance. For some years past this kingdom has been under the necessity of importing grain from other countries; and the importation seeming to increase, rather than otherwise, it was seriously apprehended that this country could not furnish grain sufficient for the use of its inhabitants. * * * * * * * * When it is considered the high price which grain and other articles of provision bear at present, and the consequences which might arise were these articles to become still scarcer and more expensive, it surely cannot require any additional arguments to prove the necessity of not losing an instant in taking such measures as may be thought most advisable, for the purpose of acquiring from extensive tracts, situated in the very bosom of our country, the certain means of national subsistence and prosperity.'

Despite this emphatic declaration that the policy of inclosure was adopted more for public than private reasons, some of the most recent writers on the subject have urged a contrary view, evidently because it would scarcely suit their purpose to grant that the public, as such, were recognised by our early legislators.

This is undoubtedly an inconvenient fact, as it places them on the horns of a dilemma, compelling them either to repudiate and deny *in toto* the statements of a Parliamentary Committee made after careful consideration and due inquiry, or to concede that the interests of the public were considered even more than the desires of the lords of manors. Finding themselves in such an awkward situation, they have chosen to deny the truth of the assertion made by Sir J. Sinclair's Committee, although it is strongly supported by the opinion of Mr. Justice Ashurst.

Again, they maintain that copyholders' rights had not sprung into existence at the time when the Statute of Merton was passed; and yet, strangely enough, they contend that such rights were controlled by that statute. One writer, after labouring hard to prove that such rights are of a modern date, says:—

'It does not, however, follow that copyholders' rights, as afterwards established, would interfere with the operation of the statute, nor am I aware of any authority for the proposition.'

This language, besides being ambiguous, is calculated to lead to much misconception. The writer intends, we suppose, to say that the modern right, although fully recognised as such by the law, would be and is utterly useless as against a statute passed probably scores of years before the right was established, and certainly before its existence could have been contemplated; or, in other words, to say that a copyholder's legal right is no right at all. To a non-legal mind this is an anomalous state of things not in the least calculated to increase respect for the law. The Statute of Merton was passed to give lords of manors power to approve (inclose) against freeholders only, and as there were then no copyholders' rights, power to approve against them could not have been intended. Some time after the passing of that Act the rights of copyholders began to be recognised, and as these rights interfered somewhat with the wholesale inclosures of lords of manors, our friends desire to assert that they also were in part curtailed by the Act. But to curtail a right which is said to have had no existence, would indeed be strange. If, then, these copyholders' rights date from a period subsequent to the passing of the Statute of Merton, and are legally recognised as rights; and if no measure has since been enacted restricting their exercise, they must, one would think, be perfectly valid and uncontrolled. At least, such is the common-sense view of the matter, supported also by the opinions of many eminent lawyers.

Assuming, as we may fairly do, that the inclosure policy

was dictated by the necessities of the times, and principally for the public good; and that such necessities do not now exist, but that on the other hand the exigencies of the times tend to preservation rather than inclosure, it will be apparent that there is no glaring inconsistency in the House of Commons pursuing a policy similar to that which has recently characterised their proceedings in connection with this subject. The modern advocates of inclosure do not ask that the system may be pursued so as to facilitate the increase of the production of corn, nor do they for one moment contemplate that if they were to succeed in their project, the waste lands would be put to any such purpose; on the contrary, their only object appears to be to destroy these natural parks in order to erect numberless dwellings, and thus put into the coffers of lords of manors and speculative builders enormous sums of money. The continual growth of the metropolis and our large towns and cities renders it imperatively necessary that some provision should be made to secure for the use of the public the large open spaces which invariably surround our populous towns, where the pent-up resident of the city can refresh and invigorate his wearied frame.

Recognising the importance of this, a committee of the House of Commons sat in the early part of 1865, under the presidency of Mr. John Locke, Q.C., and, after a lengthened deliberation as to 'the best means of preserving for the use of the public the forests, commons, and open spaces near the metropolis,' they made two reports which have since furnished the basis of a bill introduced by the Right Hon. W. Cowper on behalf of the late Government. This bill had a comparatively difficult transit through the two Houses, but ultimately, with a few modifications, received the Royal assent. The leading features of this Act are, that the Inclosure Commissioners are not in future to entertain any application for the inclosure of the whole or a part of any common or other open space within the Metropolitan Police district; and that the lord of the manor, the commoners, or other local authority, may present a memorial for the preservation of the open spaces in their immediate vicinity; such memorial to embody a draft scheme which shall make due provision for the draining, sewering, and otherwise ornamenting of these natural parks, the expenses connected with which are to be defrayed by a local rate levied for the purpose. After the presentation of this memorial to the Inclosure Commissioners, an assistant commissioner will be appointed by them to visit the locality, take evidence respecting it, call a meeting of those interested (if necessary), and obtain as far as possible a correct estimate

of the views of the residents in the neighbourhood. The Inclosure Commissioners will then, if they deem it advisable, prepare a scheme and submit it to those most immediately connected with it—after which it will be laid before Parliament for approval and adoption. Should it happen, however, that there are any hostile petitions, it will be referred to a Select Committee of the House of Commons, who will investigate the matter and report.

The Act just alluded to applies only to commons and open spaces situated within fifteen miles of Charing Cross; and commons outside that boundary can be legally inclosed only by the consent of all parties interested, or by an application to the Inclosure Commissioners. The general Inclosure Act has been modified and altered from time to time, one of the conditions now existing being that a certain portion of the common intended to be inclosed shall be set apart as a kind of village green for recreation purposes. When the inclosure at Chigwell, in Essex, was suggested, eight or ten acres only were intended to be set apart for the use of the public, but the Legislature refused to give its sanction to the undertaking unless fifty acres were reserved as a recreation ground for the people. This seems tantamount to asserting that where the public have, by the acquiescence of both the lord and commoners of a manor, used a common as a place of enjoyment and recreation for a long period, they have, by virtue of such use, obtained an easement over the common, and a dedication to the public will then be inferred.

The legal rights of common, if duly exercised, will tend in a great measure to retain the advantages to the public resulting from such spaces being kept open and uninclosed; still, there can be no doubt that more legislative action on the subject is urgently needed, so that the desirability of having the common lands preserved, particularly when situated near large towns, may be realised by the actual fact. The theory now most current is, that while villages have an undoubted right to greens and recreation grounds, cities and large towns are devoid of any such right. This seems absurd on the face of it, and we hope will not long retain possession of the public mind. The larger the town, the greater the necessity for such open spaces; and we, therefore, hail with satisfaction the Metropolitan Commons Act, which forbids the Inclosure Commissioners from inclosing any common lands within fifteen miles of London, and also provides the machinery for the preservation of these open spaces, when the inhabitants residing near them are public-spirited enough to set the Act in motion. This legislation is in the right direction, and we anticipate that the success

attending its operation will be such as to warrant the extension of the Act to the whole country. The temptations to inclose are now greater than at any previous time, in consequence of the increased value of land: hence the necessity for further action on the part of the public.

PAWNBROKING.

EITHER the real necessities of many people have unduly increased with the growing prosperity of the nation, or their improvidence has allowed their wants to run ahead of their means. Be this as it may, one thing is certain, the habit of pawning personal property of late years has become quite common among classes of persons who some time ago would have been ashamed to have had recourse to such a method of raising money.

Sixty years ago public opinion was anything but favourable either to pawnbrokers or to the class who made use of them. At that time, in many places with which the writer was acquainted, it would have been a serious cause of reproach to any person laying claim to respectability to have been known to have pledged any personal property. Some of the people engaged in the business were then so much under the influence of public opinion that they were actually ashamed to hoist the insignia of their trade; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that they felt that the sign of the 'Balls' would have had a tendency to keep away the needy members of society. In the early part of the present century, it was quite a common thing in many of our provincial towns for this business to be carried on *sub rosa*. Things have wonderfully changed since then. The great body of the people seem to have been relieved of all such delicacy. The gilded symbols of the trade are seen in nearly all the public thoroughfares of every town and not a few of the villages in the kingdom, and these signs are now common.

It would seem that wherever trade and commerce take root, pawnbrokers' establishments, like nettles near a human habitation, are sure to spring into existence, and with the gin palaces, come in for a large share of the produce of the people's labour. It may be observed that both these places of business flourish to the greatest advantage in districts occupied by the labouring classes. The constant dribbling of

the poor people's pence is more than equivalent to the shillings of the middle classes.

It may be of some little interest to the uninitiated members of society to know who are the parties who keep the machinery of the pawnbrokers' establishments lubricated, so that the friction does not overcome the motive power. There are four distinct classes of people who have dealings with the 'uncle' to the unfortunate and improvident members of society. These may be classified. First come persons in business who occasionally are unable to meet the demands of their creditors, or who run short of money to pay wages to their workpeople. One division of this class have no friends to aid them in their difficulties, and the other are too independent to place themselves under obligations either to friends or relations, so they leave their deposits under the three balls with the comfortable impression that whatever they have left will have increased in value at the rate of twenty per cent. when they may call for it. The second class are more numerous than the above, and have more just demand on our sympathy. The members of this class belong to that struggling order of humanity who have been overtaken by some one or other of those misfortunes or calamities which are continually sporting with human happiness in an artificial state of society. As a general rule, the great bulk of the property pledged by the members of this class is never redeemed, for the simple reason that a large number of them fall down to the bottom of the social system —or into the grave. The pawnbrokers are aware that the people who form this class are not likely to be able to redeem their pledges, however valuable they may be either intrinsically or otherwise, and the amount lent upon them is regulated by a knowledge of this circumstance. We have known many a hard battle between the lingering pride of respectability and the pangs of hunger fought by people who were falling from positions of social comfort into the black gulph of abject poverty, before they could avail themselves of the relief to be obtained in one of these establishments. There is a much greater number in this class than is generally supposed. Those of whom it is formed seldom parade their miseries before the vulgar gaze. In the large towns of Great Britain there are thousands of people who are continually gravitating from one platform to another in the social system, and many of them are virtually down at the bottom before they are aware of the full measure of their misfortunes.

The third class of pledgers is made up of two sorts of people; the first division comprises mechanics, artisans, and gentlemen's servants who are unemployed; and the second consists of

a number of lounging, lazy, dissipated men, who have a sincere hatred of work and an inordinate love for drink.

The fourth class is more numerous than all the others put together. This, too, may be said to consist of two distinct divisions. The first is composed of slatternly, careless, and improvident married women, many of whom have good incomes, but, in consequence of their mismanagement and general thriftlessness, they are continually living from hand to mouth. We know many women of this kind who make a habit of pawning the Sunday suits of their husbands and sons as regularly as the Monday comes round; all they care about is to raise the money, and if it ever strikes them that they are paying the brokers fifty-two months' interest instead of twelve months', and four shillings and fourpence for tickets instead of one penny in the year, it gives them no trouble. It is quite a common thing for women of this class to involve their husbands in both debt and disgrace by getting from 'Tally-men' articles of clothing, either such as they do not need, or as are unsuitable for their social position. Many of the articles thus obtained are sent out upon interest, and goods of this class are seldom redeemed. The second division of the fourth class of pledgers is almost wholly constituted of women of dissipated habits. As a general rule the members of this worthless body are full of deceit and mean selfishness, they are wanting in shame and all feelings of self-respect, and many of them will stoop to anything, however degrading, in order to gratify their morbid love of stimulants. This class of women are continually breaking down both the moral and physical energies of numbers of industrious, sober, and well-conducted men, and covering their homes with the black pall of desolation. If the hellish scenes which are constantly being enacted by these alcoholic furies in the homes of working men could only be exposed to the public gaze in all their hideousness, the well-conducted members of society would be appalled at the sight. Unless some restraint can be put upon the actions of the class of women who have become confirmed drunkards, they soon swallow the contents of any working man's house. We have known many instances in which well-furnished houses have been dissolved into alcohol, through the aid of pawnbrokers, in a very short time. If a working man is cursed with a wife of this description and a family of young children, what can he do to relieve himself? He cannot afford to send the wife to an asylum; and if he leaves her, what is to become of his family? It may be, too, that the man clings to the hope that his poor wife may yet reform, and, though she has outraged all the best feelings of his nature, he cannot

forget that she was once the idol of his heart. There are thousands of industrious, well-conducted men, who would hail a period, even though it should be a short one, of sobriety on the part of their wives as a time of the sunshine of domestic happiness. Many of these men never cease hoping; and bear their heavy loads of misery in silence. But with the best tempered and even the most forgiving of men the home of the drunkard can never be one of peace.

It will be seen from what has been said that to the first two classes in the catalogue of pledgers, pawnbrokers' establishments are really useful places of business; and, though the members of the second are seldom able to redeem their pledges, they are really no worse off than if they had sold their property to people who did not require it. Moreover, by having had recourse to the 'uncle' of the public, they have been saved the disagreeable necessity of hunting for customers for their property and advertising their own necessities. But, although pawnbrokers are useful to the class of people who are continually being stranded on barren shores by the action of the great gulf-stream of commerce, we are much afraid that their evil influence upon the lives and fortunes of the other two classes more than counterbalances that usefulness. It must be pretty plain to most people who are at all acquainted with the social condition of the pledgers at the bottom of our list, that were it not for the aid of the pawnbrokers they could not have the means of patronising the gin shops and degrading themselves to the extent they do.

The conductors of pawnbroking establishments, we dare say, seldom or never look at their business and its bearing upon society from a moral point of view. They know that the trade is a legal one, and that they pay for a government license. But, unquestionably, the pawnbroker is continually aiding in generating vice, crime, and madness, with all their train of horrors. It is a great misfortune that one class of men should be habitually engaged in assisting the members of another class to bring ruin upon themselves and misery upon their families, without intending any harm. Yet it is so. Every shilling lent by a pawnbroker to a drunken woman is virtually a ticket for so much poison in the gin shop, and an additional contribution to the misery of her husband and children, if she has any. An army of married women make use of pawnbrokers' establishments for their own destruction and that of the comfort, happiness, and peace of their families. Besides, by their example, relaxing the bonds of public morality, by vitiating their natural constitutions they become the mothers of a degenerate race. The sins of a drunken mother are not

only liable to be visited upon her offspring by physical debility, but the children are too likely to inherit her craving for stimulants, and these penalties for the violation of the natural law are frequently extended to the third and fourth generation.

We do not wish to be understood as implying that pawnbrokers, as a class, are less honest or more heartless than the members of other commercial or trading portions of the community. So far as the pawnbroking business is concerned, there is perhaps less trickery in its management than there is very commonly in most of the other branches of trade in which the public are interested. We have shown that pawnbrokers' establishments are very useful to a comparatively small number of people, and in this respect they may be accepted as valuable institutions. But the misfortune is, that they are not only a positive evil to the great majority of people who use them, but that the evil is multiplied by the manner in which it is made to re-act on society. Every respectable member of society looks, of course, upon a drunken woman as a shame and a reproach to the community in which she lives. Habitual drunkards are callous to all the best feelings of human nature, and the only real sympathy they possess is for their swine-trough stomachs. If female intemperance were extinguished, the majority of the pawnbrokers' establishments would tumble down of their own accord.

A short time ago we had occasion to be in a pawnbroker's establishment in one of the busy trading and industrial centres of which the great City of London is formed; and having some little time at our disposal, we made up our mind to learn a fresh lesson in social science. We were fortunately placed in a position where we could see and hear all that was going on without being noticed, and as it was on a Monday evening when large numbers of deposits are made, our time was pretty well occupied in observing the manner and appearance of the customers as they presented themselves. When we took up our position there were several women, all of whom were pledging men's wearing apparel, the holiday clothing, no doubt, of their husbands or grown-up sons. We saw at once by the familiar and off-handed manner in which they transacted their business, that they were regular weekly customers, and consequently belonged to that thriftless class of housewives who squander a considerable portion of their husbands' hard-earned money in paying interest on loans they would not require if they would only use common prudence. When these customers had passed their rude jokes with the shopman who served them, pocketed their money and tickets, and moved off, the stalls they vacated were imme-

diately filled with a fresh set of customers. In this group there were several old stagers, who, like nearly all the members of their class, seemed rather inclined to court notice than to shun it. But there were three people in as many stalls who belonged to a different order of humanity. The first of these was a middle-aged gentlemanly-looking man. When he entered the box, he cautiously scanned the place, and seemed to keep himself as much out of sight as possible. As soon as a servant of the establishment was ready to wait on him, he pulled out of his pocket a gold watch with copious appendages attached. The question, 'How much?' was put. His answer was 'Twelve pounds.' 'Eleven,' said the shopman. At this I could see a painful shade of disappointment pass over his features. 'I must have twelve,' he said, 'it is for a special purpose, and nothing less will do; surely,' he added, 'you can let me have that sum; the watch and the appendages cost me forty guineas.' After this the shopman took the watch into the counting-house, where the proprietor was engaged with some people on business. A short consultation sufficed. The shopman returned and paid the advance sought. During the time the amount of the loan was undecided, the gentleman was evidently in a very uncomfortable condition of mind. It was evident from his manner that the realisation of the sum he sought was a matter of no trifling consequence either to himself or some person in whom he had a deep interest. He may have required the amount to make up the sum necessary to take up a bill, and thereby save his commercial credit; or, it may be, it was the sum required to keep the brokers from stripping his house, and thereby leaving himself and family without a home. For whatever purpose the twelve pounds were required, he evidently left with his mind relieved of a serious trouble. In two stalls, one on each side of that left empty by the man who had just gone out, were two women waiting to be served. Both were young; one was seemingly a wife, and the other had evidently never been in matrimonial harness. Both were something more than pretty, but the lineaments of their faces wore a marked difference. The married one had an infant in her arms, and though she had a jaded and melancholy look, the sweet innocent prattle of her child occasionally sent a beam of brightness over her sad features, which was like the sunshine chasing the shadows from a beautiful landscape. When she was waited upon, we could see that her pledges consisted of a number of small articles of jewellery, among which were three gentleman's rings, and what appeared to be a very handsome brooch. She readily got what she asked; but when the shopman had care-

fully folded the articles up and taken them away, we saw her heart was filled with sorrow, and the tide of her grief flowed through her eyes. Poor woman, she was not alone in her sorrow. She had unknownly made another heart sad beside her own. We could have wished ourselves away, but we were chained to the spot. When she left we set ourselves to speculate upon the cause of her being obliged to have recourse to a method of raising money which was evidently distasteful. We were satisfied from her jaded and care-worn look that her husband was on a bed of sickness. Was the partner of her sorrows a reckless, dissipated young man, who, regardless of the love and duty which he owed to his wife and child, had hurried onward to the jaws of a premature death? Had the evil genius of gambling caused him to lose caste, and to live on the outside of society? If so, though deserted by all the world, his wife evidently clung to him with a love that never cooled, and a hope that continually chased away the shadows of despair. Or, perhaps, he had got into the hands of that smooth-faced visitant, that recruiting sergeant for the worms, better known by the name of Consumption, and his poor wife was making every possible sacrifice to prolong a rapidly terminating existence.

The second young woman, in the sad and mournful features of her youthful face, evinced a sorrow that was too great to be relieved by tears. She was of a medium height, and her form was faultless. All the lineaments of her face were harmonized into something like perfect beauty, and that beauty was heightened by the quiet grief which rested in silence there. She had to wait some time before any of the servants were at liberty to attend to her. We were so deeply interested in that poor girl's condition, and the cause of her grief, that if we had had it in our power, we certainly could not have rested until we had learned something of her history, and endeavoured to mitigate her sufferings. While she waited, she neither looked to the right nor the left; instead of regarding external objects, her vision seemed to be keeping company with her busy memory. At last when she was attended to, we observed that she offered what appeared to us to be a lady's very valuable gold watch. When the shopman inquired how much she wanted upon it, she seemed to think that the answer to that question rested entirely with himself. Seeing it was left to him, the shopman said he would advance her ten pounds. A rippling shade of pleasing melancholy passed over her features, as if she felt an inward relief; she passed out into the big world of London, and we were left full of sad conjecture. We knew that girl's grief was not for herself. Was that watch pledged in

order to obtain the common necessaries of life for a father or a mother who had been nursed in affluence, to prevent a heartless landlord from sending them into the streets as houseless wanderers? Or was the money raised to endeavour to keep the spark of life whose oil was all but exhausted in some relation with whose existence her own was lovingly entwined?

During the time we were observing this young woman a number of regular customers had cracked their jokes (some of which were anything but feminine), had pocketed their money, and moved off; but just as the girl left, a half tipsy man, seemingly a mechanic, offered a shirt which was evidently warm from his body. He got for it sixpence, less the price of the ticket for his pledge, and we should say that that poor infatuated fellow did not go beyond the accommodating house at the opposite corner before he swallowed the proceeds of his shirt. If that man was a husband and a father, God help his wife and family, and God help him too. When a man gets so far lost to feelings of decency and self-respect as to pawn his clothing or his tools for drink, his case is a hopeless one indeed.

Two women now took their places in neighbouring stalls; they were of very dissimilar character. The youngest of the two was a poor, miserable, half-naked, wholly dissipated-looking creature, with a sickly infant in her arms; the poor little thing was endeavouring to draw nutriment from a dirty flaccid breast. In the woman's hand she held a bundle tied up in a filthy rag. While she was being waited upon, she kept her tongue in exercise by talking maudlin twaddle to her child, to the young men of the establishment, and to the other customers who were coming and going. When she unrolled her parcel she exhibited a pair of black trousers, which were, no doubt, her husband's best. Upon these she got two shillings and sixpence. She gathered up her change and ticket, and staggered into the street, a thing to be scorned and pitied.

The other woman was a clean, tidy, respectable-looking person, with an anxious and somewhat care-worn expression of countenance. She was evidently a stranger to the business of pledging, and did all she could to shun observation. Her property consisted of two cloth suits of boy's clothing. It was evident from the appearance of the woman, and the character of the pledges, that the necessity requiring her to part with these things only for a short time must have been urgent indeed. Had her husband lost his work from slackness of trade? Had he been obliged to leave his employment from sickness, accident, or settled ill-health? Or had they run in arrears of rent from sickness or death in their

family? We know that some calamity had overtaken that poor woman in the shape of a domestic affliction, otherwise she would not have pledged her boy's clothing. We felt for that woman's condition, because we were sure that her misfortune, whatever it might be, was not of her own seeking. Our attention was next drawn to a rude sensual-looking woman, who seemed to be in that condition which is neither termed drunk nor sober. She wore a bold, cunning leer, which appeared to imply that she knew quite well what she was doing, and that she did not care for the opinion of any human being. She had scarcely got into the box, ere she was followed by a youth who told the people in the place that she had stripped a young man of his waistcoat in the open street while under the influence of drink. The garment she carried openly in her hand. After this information she was ordered to leave the premises, but it was only by force that the servants of the establishment could eject her.

This sort of business is quite common in all the back slums, both in London and in all the large towns in the kingdom, and the goods thus obtained are readily disposed of at from a sixth to a tenth of their value. The fact is, the pawnshop is a receptacle for all sorts of marketable commodities, and that too often irrespective of how they may have been obtained. The pawnbrokers who keep a conscience know pretty well, as a general rule, when they have goods offered them that have not been got honestly, and steer clear of them; but there are not a few in the trade who are not troubled with scruples, and who endeavour to make hay by moonlight.

Stripping drunken men, and even people who are sober, is a thing of hourly occurrence in London; and, in the slang of the professional thieves, nearly the whole of the property so obtained 'goes up the spout.' When it is stated that the number of people employed in this business of conveyancing, embracing young and old, male and female, would form a large colony, some little idea may be formed of the temptations to which pawnbrokers are exposed and the dangers with which their business is beset.

The next person we felt an interest in was a pretty-featured, pale-faced, sickly-looking woman. Poor creature! It did not require the practised eye of a medical man to tell that she was consumptive. The hectic stars on her bleached cheeks told but too truly of the fatal pulmonary action which was wasting her young life away. Her visit to the sign of the three balls was evidently a very unpleasant duty, and the nature of her pledges furnished proof that some urgent and immediate demand required to be satisfied. The four articles

of wearing apparel which she offered were evidently her own personal property. They were of good material, had been little if at all worn, and were in all probability the last remaining articles from the wreck of a happier time. The purpose for which they were being pledged was no doubt of a special character, inasmuch as she, poor woman, sought a sum much below what she could have had, the amount being fifteen shillings. Was this money wanted to save herself and an infirm mother or father from being turned into the streets? Was it to satisfy the demand of some importunate creditor? Or was it to pay a fine for some reckless brother, whose dissipated habits had not been reclaimed by the fallen fortunes of his family? Whatever may have been the cause of her visit, we were quite satisfied that her errand was one of duty and mercy, and when she left we wished her a speedy end to her trials.

The cases which we have described were supplemented by those of several women, some with infants in their arms, and all in various stages of intoxication, who left their pledges and hurried away to add to their demoralisation and the misery of their husbands and families.

PASTOR FLIEDNER.

THE death of Pastor Fliedner was reported in 'Meliora' soon after its much and widely lamented occurrence. We are indebted to Catherine Winkworth for the publication in this country, through Messrs. Longman, Green, and Co., of a 'Life'—much too brief—of the good pastor, translated from the German. It is by its aid that we are enabled to place before those of our readers to whom Pastor Fliedner is as yet no more than a name, proof sufficient that that name deserves in no ordinary measure the high consideration of every philanthropist. To others of our readers the good work accomplished by Fliedner will already have been made familiar by the 'Account of the Institution for Deaconesses,' given to the English world by Miss Nightingale, as well as by Dr. Howson's book on 'Deaconesses,' and the Rev. F. Stevenson's on 'Praying and Working.'

Theodore Fliedner was the fourth son in a large family born to a clergyman in Egstein, a little village about ten or twelve miles from Wiesbaden, close to the frontiers of Hesse

and Nassau. The 21st of January in the first year of this century was the birthday of our Theodore; and a fat, healthy child he was, endowed with huge sleeping capacity, and showing then so little of what was to come out of him, that of his intellectual future his father at first had the most indifferent expectations. 'And what do you mean to be?' asked a friend of the father's, when Theodore was in the eighth year of his age. 'Oh,' interposed the father, 'that is my good, little Fatty; he is to be an honest brewer.' But good, little Fatty had thoughts of his own about the matter, and did not approve of this jocular slight from his father. He turned red in the face, crept away, and wept bitterly; for had he not already made up his mind to be nothing less than a proper pastor, like his father and his grandfather before him, and to make himself, as his father had done, of signal use to the neighbourhood? Already the mother had called him to her knee to learn his letters, as she sat in the evenings at her spinning-wheel, and had found the round-headed chubby-cheeked little fellow a scholar both diligent and progressive. And Theodore soon justified his mother's praises when admitted to join a class consisting of his brothers and some boys from the neighbourhood. Although the youngest in the lot, he speedily outstripped the rest, and by the time he had reached twelve or thirteen years of age, his fluent reading of Homer was exhibited with pride by his father. No driving to work was ever requisite in his case. His mind was active, his ambition was high, books were his delight, and often would he sit reading quietly for hours among his noisy playmates, or hidden in the garden or barn to enjoy his reading undisturbed. First at books, yet he was not a mere bookworm; nor was he content to be less than first also in all boyish games. He could run and climb, and defend himself, too, with his fists, with a power that was a caution to boys bigger than he. But his greatest pleasures as a boy were the long walking expeditions in which his father sometimes allowed himself to be accompanied by Theodore; and the various household operations in which he could assist his parents. Thus, in autumn he collected his father's tithes from the peasants' fruit gardens, and kept the accounts of them; in the winter he helped to cut wood by day, and in the long evenings to carve kitchen platters and spoons; in summer he supplied his mother with berries from the woods for her preserve-pots, or waded in amongst and turned over the sharp stones of the brook, hunting for crayfish. A pestilence, engendered by an encampment of Cossacks, with which Egstein was cursed in the closing months of 1813, broke up this happy home life for

Theodore and his ten brothers and sisters; for it carried away the father, and left the widow and her large family wholly unprovided for. However, the open-hearted hospitality and worth of the father had predisposed many to help the bereaved ones; a generous velvet manufacturer, Peter Denninger, of Idstein, offered substantial aid towards sending Theodore and his elder brother to the grammar school; and a subscription in Frankfort provided support for the mother, which the exertions of Theodore and his brother were expected ere long to enlarge. Theodore went to Idstein to school. Denninger found him lodgings in his own house, but from the first the boy had to earn his daily bread and supply his other wants by teaching. Often did he make his own bed, cut up his firewood, clean his boots, mend his stockings, and sew up holes in his trouser-knees with white thread that had to be rendered invisible by aid of the ink bottle. Study was his favourite occupation; and for recreation he read books of travels and lives of great men.

In 1817, Theodore went to the University at Giessen, lodging free at the house of an uncle, but trusting to his own exertions for the rest of his maintenance. When the money he earned was insufficient, help always came in time of need from known or unknown friends; and it was thus that by many an experience of his own he learned to regard himself as one of God's bedesmen. He knew how to make a little go far and do much. He contrived, for instance, to accomplish a foot journey of two hundred miles, through Wurzberg to Nuremberg, on a provision of no more than two gulden, of a third of which sum he was cheated on the very day he set out.

At Giessen he went in for gymnastics, amongst other pursuits, and joined the Society of Gymnasts there, until he discovered that they had revolutionary schemes of which he could not see the propriety. 'Let each one mend one, and the world will soon mend itself,' was his reply to their projects; an answer sufficient, since he had wise reasons for holding aloof, but altogether faulty, of course, if perverted, as some are found doing, to the discouragement of enterprises for ameliorating the condition of others, such as Fliedner also was enabled to initiate in after years. With redoubled ardour he pursued his studies, especially all that promised to be of service in the pastoral office to which he aspired. With the theologic doubts that assume aspects so serious to some youths, he appears not to have been visited. His favourite studies continued to be the lives of great men; and in one of his manuscript books were collected the stories of their noble deeds, for an ever-present memorial to him. He fully proposed to be of their

great brotherhood; and even thus early formed plans of future service to be rendered to his fellow-men by Theodore Fliedner.

'Undoubtedly,' he wrote of himself at that time, 'I placed before myself the noble and sacred aim of effecting as much good as possible in my future congregation; but as yet, unfortunately, I knew very little of the right way to do it, because, what is best of all, a knowledge of God, and the blessedness of union with Him, was as yet unknown to my own heart. Such presentiment of it dwelt within me, but dim and indistinct as yet, through my own fault; for all my thoughts were full of doing good to others, and bringing them to God, and it never occurred to me to strive to come to Him myself. Yet how was I to lead them to this great happiness, when I did not possess it myself, did not even clearly understand it? Yet the Lord had patience with me, and led me by the cords of His love, though I thanked Him little for them.'

Meanwhile Fliedner was industriously adding to his stock of knowledge of all kinds, noting down especially all practical hints he came across in domestic medicine and agriculture, the use of which was great in after years, when he became to his flock an adviser in things temporal as well as in the spiritual.

From Giessen, after a brief interval of home life, Theodore and his brother went to Göttingen, where he gave most of his effort to the study of history, philosophy, and whatever else might seem to have special bearing on his own expected vocation, eschewing, however, controversial theology, as seeming to his practical mind to be only barren. His holidays he spent in travelling about North Germany, in his frugal way; making a single gold piece, for example, serve him during a whole month whilst he visited Bremen and Hamburg and Lubeck and the magnificent orphan-house founded by Augustus Franke at Halle.

To receive a final scholastic training, Fliedner went from Göttingen to Herborn. Here he practised preaching and gave theological lessons in the schools. In 1820 he returned to his mother's house at Idstein, giving attention to farming and botany, and earning a little money at the turning-lathe. That summer he passed his final examination with very great credit; and so, at twenty years of age, the young divinity student was declared to be ready to begin the work of the ministry.

First of all, however, he became tutor in the family of a wealthy man at Cologne; and here he discovered the deficiencies in refinement and polish which the poverty of his circumstances had occasioned up to this period. 'It is a great hindrance to a man,' he remarked many years afterwards, 'even to his progress in the kingdom of God, not to have been brought up in gentle and refined manners from his childhood.' He had three boys, and sometimes a little girl, to teach in this family; and with heart and soul he endeavoured to become in every way serviceable to them. At Cologne, Dr. Krafft, a high

dignitary of the Lutheran church, exercised a strong influence upon him.

'Thus it happened one Sunday that Fliedner had been preaching, as he frequently did, for the consistorial councillor. As they came out of church, Krafft asked Fliedner if he did not often feel very nervous as he went up the pulpit stairs. Fliedner promptly replied that if he had learnt his sermon by heart he was not nervous, he had no fear of breaking down. The accomplished preacher to whom he was speaking confessed that he could not say so much for himself; however carefully he might have prepared his discourse, the sense of awe that overcame him as he entered the pulpit would often drive it all out of his head, and he could only sigh, "Lord, help me," and help had never been refused him. "This humility," said Fliedner, "made me ashamed of myself, and the example of his living, indefatigable charity and faith had a powerful effect on my heart, and left on me a permanent impression of the simple truth and saving power of a real Scriptural faith."'

In the autumn of 1821, Fliedner returned home, intending to abandon the pastoral office, for which he no longer felt certain of his fitness. But a young army chaplain, who had known him at Cologne, spoke of him about this time to a leading friend of the church-going people of Kaiserwerth, an obscure village on the Rhine; and this friend strongly urged Fliedner to preach before them on trial. Fliedner did so; and, after some delay, received, to his surprise, a unanimous call to the pastorate. The pecuniary inducement was not strong. The income was to be about £27 per annum, and the parsonage was to be shared with the aged widow of a previous pastor; but Fliedner thought nothing of these drawbacks, and joyfully accepted the invitation at once as a call from God. In the opening of 1822 he was ordained at Idstein; and proceeded at once to Kaiserwerth on foot, in order to spare his poor little flock the expense of a formal reception. Having been duly installed, he threw himself with zeal into his new duties. He preached, he visited the sick, he endeavoured to provide work, food, or fuel for the poor who needed it, and he became amanuensis to those who were unable to write. The schools had been much neglected, and he strongly interested himself in their revival. He opened a grammar school in his own house, and soon had a mixed company of Roman Catholic and Protestant pupils. To relieve his mother of a heavy charge, he took into his house his two younger brothers and a grown-up sister, Catherine, who became his housekeeper. A sewing school for girls was soon opened under her care.

Not that all things went on prosperously at first with the young pastor. Only a month after his arrival, a great velvet manufacturing firm failed, and swept away not only the chief part of his salary, but also the means of employment relied on by the workpeople who had been paying the rest of the expenses. The little congregation saw itself on the point of dispersion;

and the government offered Fliedner his choice between two better appointments. But no; the hireling might flee, but not the true shepherd; and Fliedner resolved to remain at his post. By teaching the children of some wealthier families, he was able to secure the requisite means; and his people, finding him thus nobly self-sacrificing, strained every nerve to second his efforts. Still, when the utmost was done, it became evident that help from the exterior was requisite, and Fliedner prepared to go on a begging expedition amongst the richer congregations of Berg and Cleves.

The position of Kaiserwerth was, indeed, such as to give it some title to special sympathy from Protestants. It was not till 1777 that the first regular reformed service was performed there; up to that time the Reformation had not extended to that part of the world, except in the person of the Pastor Idiander or Sandermann, who died in prison at Kaiserworth, at the opening of the seventeenth century, for preaching the Reformed faith. The pastorate of Kaiserwerth, therefore, claimed to be as a light shining in a dark place. Yet it was with a heavy heart that Theodore set off on foot for Elberfelt, for the task was far from congenial to his disposition. Just before coming into Elberfelt, he stopped to rest at a small way-side inn, and here anxiety was so apparent on his face, that an entire stranger accosted him and asked what was the matter. With an overflowing heart Fliedner told his unknown friend how the case stood; and the stranger, bidding him look to the true Helper in this time of need, pressed a small sum into his hand, to which something more was added by the landlord, who had listened to the conversation. Thus encouraged, Fliedner laid his wants before a circle of the younger clergy at the house of Pastor Leipoldt. His modesty and intelligence pleased them, but all agreed, when he was gone, that his shyness would prevent him from ever being a successful beggar. However, at the end of the week, the young pastor was enabled to return home with £180 in his pocket; and, by continued exertions in neighbouring parishes, he succeeded in paying off a heavy debt on the buildings at Kaiserwerth, and thus meet the most pressing difficulty. But it became evident that to ensure the permanence of the work, a much greater effort was necessary. There must be an endowment; and, to obtain this, the pilgrim's staff must be taken into Holland. To Amsterdam, therefore, he went, and here found it necessary to study Dutch hard and fast, in the first place; which done, however, his mission prospered. He afterwards went to Rotterdam, and the other chief towns of Holland, and came back with twenty thousand florins—about

half the sum required for the endowment. For the rest, he saw that he must go to England; and, nothing daunted, to England he went. In February, 1824, he appeared unexpectedly in London at the door of Dr. Steinkopff, who had by letter tried to dissuade him from coming. In seven weeks Fliedner, with the kind aid of Dr. Steinkopff and sundry French and Dutch ministers, and by help of a vigorous study of the English tongue, was prepared to make a commencement in his canvass; actually got the little Princess Victoria for his first subscriber; was patronised by many other members of the royal family, nobility, and clergy; and, in short, within five months found himself in possession of £700, raised in London and Oxford alone. In August he returned to Kaiserworth with a heart brimfull of joy on account of this success; and, with something to boot, of much more value than all else that he had gained.

'In both these Protestant countries,' he wrote afterwards, 'I became acquainted with a multitude of charitable institutions, for the benefit both of body and soul; I saw schools and other educational organisations, almshouses, orphanages, hospitals, prisons, and societies for the reformation of prisoners, Bible and missionary societies, etc., etc.; and at the same time I observed that it was a living faith in Christ which had called almost every one of these institutions and societies into life, and still preserved them in activity. This evidence of the practical power and fertility of such a principle had a most powerful influence in strengthening my own faith, as yet very weak. The deepest impression was made upon me by the majestic, world-wide activity of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and again by the Society for the Improvement of Prisons, into whose detailed working I was initiated by the venerable Dr. Steinkopff.'

These practical lessons fell, in Fliedner, into good ground, and brought forth much noble fruit.

For twenty-seven years he continued to be the pastor at Kaiserwerth; never limiting his performances by his bare obligations, but freely engaging in every labour that it was permitted him to undertake. He possessed, from his early days, a very unusual force of character, and had strong desire for action, and pleasure in hard work. In his pastorate he took great pains with his sermons. In the schools, besides exercising supervision over the master, he undertook the whole religious instruction, even of the youngest child. For a long time he conducted a Sunday school for the elder boys, until it grew into a Young Men's Institute and Temperance Society, which even many Roman Catholics attended. At his parsonage the children of his congregation were always welcome guests. A large garden, added to the parsonage in 1824, was freely opened to them on Sunday afternoons. The pastor loved children, and knew well how to make himself charming as well as instructive to them. For example, he told them lively stories with appropriate action. 'The boys

told how on one occasion, for instance, the fall of a wanderer into an unsuspected abyss, was illustrated by the sudden and unexpected disappearance of the boy who chanced to sit next to Fliedner under the table.' Again, once when they were singing a song about Goliath the giant, and had come to the line describing his fall, down came Fliedner on the ground and lay there motionless, to the great delight of the little spectators.

His first extension of philanthropic labour beyond his pastorate appears to have been for the benefit of convicts. Nothing corresponding with the reforms instituted in prisons in England at the instance of Elizabeth Fry and others had been accomplished in Germany. The convicts were crowded in narrow, dirty cells, often in damp cellars, dark and close; no classification was attempted; no chaplaincies existed; and no schools. The prisons themselves were, indeed, high schools of vice and crime. This dreadful state of things was known only to few, and of these none did more than sketch out some plan of reform, which it was left to the State to adopt if it pleased. Yet why should not the true friends of their race, said Fliedner, unite here as well as in Holland and England, and achieve the like results? He considered that he had both time and strength to devote to the work, and he felt urgently impelled to make a beginning. Of course, obstacles were placed in his way, and difficulties required to be overcome. But he persevered; for three years he acted as volunteer chaplain at Dusseldorf, six miles from his own place; no frost, no storm, ever prevented him from duly walking that distance to his work; not even an attack of spitting of blood, brought on by over-work, induced him to desist. After working in this and other ways, and accumulating a store of information about prison management acquired in visits which he paid to all the prisons of the Rhenish provinces, he commenced, in 1826, the first Prisoners' Society in Germany, to procure in all the prisons of Rhenish Prussia and Westphalia the classification and employment of the prisoners, the appointment of schoolmasters and chaplains, and the assistance of prisoners after their release. He received much assistance in this work, and whilst awaiting, in 1827, the sanction of the government for his proceedings, he again visited Holland and Frieseland, to examine in detail the prison management of those countries. Of his observations on this journey he published an account; and, in short, through his initiative and laborious aid, notwithstanding serious obstacles, he accomplished the great changes on which he had set his heart.

It was Fliedner's care for the convicts that led to his introduction to Frederica Münster of Braunfels, who had shown much willingness and aptitude in philanthropic work, and in whom he hoped to find a suitable Christian head-matron for the women's wards in one of the prisons. Frederica was willing to undertake the duty, if the consent of her parents could be obtained, but this was decidedly refused. It was a great cross to Frederica, and she almost trembled to meet the eye of the stern young Pastor Fliedner, for she knew and admired his burning zeal, and was sorry to disappoint him. But to her surprise, he listened to her report with only a kindly and quiet air; he was, in fact, secretly glad of the refusal, regarding it as an indication from Providence that he might seek to win her for himself, since he could not obtain her for his convicts.

Their marriage took place in 1828. The wife was four days younger than the husband; from her fifteenth year she had filled the place of a mother to a family of ten brothers and sisters; she was pious and good, and for fourteen years she was a faithful wife to Fliedner, and a tender mother to their ten children, of whom seven died before her. Besides all this, her experience, at the head of an institution near Dusseldorf for the rescue of neglected girls, where Fliedner met with her, made her in the outset a valuable assistant to him in his philanthropic work; and under her husband's direction she set on foot a society for the care of the sick and poor in Kaiserwerth, and was a judicious and affectionate superintendent to Fliedner's other institutions in their earliest and most trying years.

We come now to the origin of the charitable associations that have given the name of Fliedner an especial fame. Whilst labouring in the prisons, he had arrived at the conviction that an asylum must be opened where female prisoners who wanted to reform might be sheltered, and trained, and set to work, on their release. In 1833 he commenced such an institution at Kaiserwerth, on no basis except one of faith and love. A little summer-house in the parsonage garden at Kaiserwerth was the germ-cell of a vast growth that ultimately became like a spreading tree, with branches thrust out into many distant countries. The prison at Werden vomited forth a woman—Minna—whom Fliedner dared not leave to the world's mercies. She was lodged temporarily in the summer-house, and a friend of his wife's, Catherine Göbel, undertook the charge of her. Soon a second inmate appeared, and the summer-house became too narrow an abode. It was all very well in the day time, for the women could exist together in the

lower room without discomfort; but the tiny attic above was too small for a sleeping-place for three, and, besides, was only accessible by a ladder. A house was hired, and the good work went on. Money was always wanting, and generally had to be obtained by collections. The spiritual care of deeply degraded women gave yet greater anxiety; but of the first ten inmates, five shewed proof of a change which fully rewarded the good pastor and his assistants. These latter were multiplied as the number of convicts increased; the first 'Deaconess' being assigned to Mademoiselle Göbel about the year 1838. A penitentiary was ere long added to the asylum, and we are told that it still exists with between twenty and thirty inmates.

Three years after the opening of the asylum, Fliedner founded the first of his Deaconess Institutions. Students of the apostolic writings find traces of an order of Female Deacons in the first age of Christianity; but the institution was unknown in the Protestant Churches. Its revival had been mooted in Germany in several quarters; but Fliedner's was the practical hand that accomplished the work.

His own account runs as follows:—

'The state of the sick poor had long weighed heavily on our hearts. How often had I seen them fading away like autumn leaves in their unhealthy rooms, lonely and ill-cared for, physically and spiritually utterly neglected! How many cities, even populous ones, were destitute of hospitals! And where hospitals existed,—I had seen many in my travels through Holland, Brabant, England, and Scotland,—I had not unfrequently found the gates adorned with marbles, when the nursing within was bad. The medical staff complained bitterly of the hireling attendants, of their carelessness by day and by night, of their drunkenness and other immoralities. Little thought was given to that. Hospital chaplains were unknown in many cases, hospital chapels in still more. In the pious old days chapels had always formed a part of such institutions, especially in the Netherlands, where the Protestant hospitals bore the beautiful name of God's Houses, because it was felt that God was especially visiting their inmates to draw them more closely to Himself. Such spiritual care, however, had now almost entirely ceased. Did not such abuses cry to heaven against us? Did not that terrible saying of our Lord apply to us, "I was sick, and ye visited me not?"

'Or should we deem our evangelical Christian women incapable or unwilling to undertake the task of Christian nursing? Had not numbers of them done wonders of self-sacrificing love in the military hospitals during the war of liberation in 1813-15? If, again, the Church of apostolic days had made use of their powers for the relief of its suffering members, and organised them into a recognised body, under the title of deaconesses, and if for many centuries the Church had continued to appoint such deaconesses, why should we longer delay the revival of such an order of handmaids devoted to the service of their Lord? The disposition to active compassion for the sufferings of others, says Luther, is stronger in women than in men. Women who love godliness have often peculiar gifts and grace in the way of comforting others and alleviating their sufferings. It was only necessary that this inborn gift should be aroused and cherished in such women to render them suitable for the office of deaconess, and there must be institutions erected in which they can be trained for the care of the sick, the destitute, or the criminal.

'These reflections left me no peace; and my wife was of the same mind with myself, and of greater courage. But could our little Kaiserwerth be the right place for a Protestant deaconess-house for the training of Protestant deaconesses; a

place where the large majority of the population were Roman Catholics, where there could not even be sick persons enough to furnish a proper training school, and so poor that it could not undertake even partially to defray the great expenses of such an institution? And would not those who had more experience in the care of souls be more adapted to such a difficult undertaking than I could be? I went to my clerical brethren in Dusseldorf, Crefeld, Barmen, etc., and entreated them to consider whether they would not set on foot such an institution, of which, indeed, those places were in pressing want. But all refused, and urged me to put my own hand to the work; I had time with my small congregation; and the large amount of useful knowledge that I had collected on my journeys had not been bestowed on me by God without a purpose. The quietness of retired Kaiserwerth would be very advantageous to such a training school, and God could send thither the needful money, and the sick people, and nurses too. So we discerned that it was His will that we should take this burden on our own shoulders, and willingly offered ourselves to receive it.

'We now quietly looked round for a house for the hospital. Suddenly the largest and finest house in Kaiserwerth came into the market. My wife had been confined only three days; but in spite of this she beset me with entreaties to buy the house. It was true the price was 2,300 dollars, and we had no money. I bought it, however, with a good courage on the 20th of April, 1836, and at Martinmas the money was to be paid. We listened anxiously in every quarter where we thought the money might perchance be found, but met with no response. At length a Christian friend in Dusseldorf, Sophie Wiering, promised to lend us 1,800 dollars. The remaining 500 were very hard to come by, but we put our trust in the Lord. Then Count Antony Stolberg promised to apply to some friends for us, and on the 30th of May, 1836, the statutes of a Deaconess Society for Rhenish Westphalia, which I had drawn up, were signed by the society in Count Antony's house at Dusseldorf.

'Meanwhile the curiosity of the inhabitants of Kaiserwerth was greatly excited as to what should be my object in buying the house. When they gradually discovered that it was preparing for an infirmary, an outcry began, at first among the Roman Catholic tenants in the purchased house. They tried to rouse the inhabitants in general, and especially the Roman Catholic clergy in the city and neighbourhood, against us. We had, however, no proselytising schemes in view, and the best proof of this was that we had selected the Roman Catholic physician for our hospital, because he was the most skilful, although there were Protestant doctors in the town. One of the latter ran about the place, doing his part also to excite ill-feeling against our project; "a number of patients, ill with cholera, smallpox, and other infectious disorders, would be brought into the infirmary, and the pestiferous air would spread through the whole city. The place would soon become one great lazaretto," etc., etc. I answered calmly, if they would only be quiet they would soon see that the institution would be of the greatest benefit to the town, which in fact had no hospital at all.

'We commended our cause to the Lord; and, behold, ere long He sent us some bright gleams through our many clouds. On the 1st September I went to the missionary meeting at Gladbach, where I found many dear Christians assembled. At the meeting itself I did not venture to open my mouth for our cause; but I was invited afterwards, with a small circle of friends of the mission, to the house of Antony Lambert, where, after much unreserved conversation, that majestic hymn was sung, "Jesus Christ as monarch reigns," to a four-part chorale, unknown to me, but very impressive. Whilst listening to it my heart was expanded and my lips unlocked. I told them all our scheme of training Christian nurses. Great sympathy was shewn, beyond all my expectations, as I was almost a stranger to those present. Early the next morning my friends drove me over to Dusseldorf, and at parting put thirty dollars into my hands, which they had collected among themselves. With a heart beating loud with joy, I brought the money to my wife, whose faith was not less strengthened by it than mine.

'Soon a still greater confirmation of our trust fell to our lot. The most difficult point of all was to find Christian women adapted to the office of deaconess, and our search had long been vain. At last, a young woman of proved Christian excellence, Gertrude Reichardt, the daughter of a medical man, was persuaded to

pay us a visit, in order to consult about her own entrance upon the office. For several years past she had assisted her father in the care of the sick, and had gathered much experience in the treatment of the bodies and souls of the suffering and destitute. As she was about to set out homewards without having come to any decision, a great package arrived by mail. We opened it, and saw with astonishment that it contained a quantity of beautiful linen, handkerchiefs, bandages, and other useful appliances for the hospital. Our dear friends in Gladbach had sent it. She saw in this the hand of the Lord, and about the same time her second brother, who was a missionary to the Jews in England, and without whose advice she was unwilling to take any step of importance, came to see us, and gave his approval to her undertaking. Thus, our sister's heart was settled, and she promised to come.

'I next journeyed to Barmen and Elberfeldt to collect for the expenses of furnishing, etc., and I found to my shame for my mistrust, a kind reception and liberal contributions. One lady did angrily show me to the door with the question, "Did I wish to set up nuns and convents in our Protestant Church?" Other well-intentioned Protestants doubted whether our plan for forming deaconesses who should discharge the same duties as Romanist Sisters of Charity was practicable. Sister Gertrude was to come to us on the 20th of October, but we did not like to wait so long. As we say, the ground was burning hot under our feet, until the hospital was opened. Then the Lord put it into the heart of a Christian maiden in Dusseldorf, Albertina P., to help us for some months in the housekeeping, though she did not wish to become a deaconess; while our children's nurse, Catherine B., offered to act as temporary nurse to the sick people. Thus the Deaconess House began without any deaconesses. On October 13, the two young women entered the house, and arranged the ground floor for themselves and a few sick persons, very scantily; one table, some chairs with half-broken arms, a few worn knives, forks with only two prongs, worm-eaten bedsteads, and other similar furniture which had been given to us,—in such humble guise did we begin our task, but with great joy and praise, for we knew, we felt, that here the Lord had prepared a place for Himself.

'But would any sick people come? That was our next anxiety. Then, lo! on October 16, early on the Sunday morning, came our first patient, a Roman Catholic maid-servant, and begged us to take her in gratuitously. Hardly was she in the house, when one of the tenants occupying another part of the house, a half-pay officer, hurried to my parsonage and insisted on speaking to me, though I was in the act of going to my church to prayers, and demanded that the sick woman should be instantly removed on pain of a summons to a police court. I entreated him to be calm, and told him I must positively go into the church. He rushed away to the burgomaster, and there again demanded with vehemence that the sick woman should be turned out on the spot. The burgomaster, a good and judicious man, refused to do so, saying he had no legal powers in the case. On this, the other, in the presence of several persons, called him a fool. The burgomaster was also an officer of the Landwehr, and as such thought he ought not to put up with the affront, and sent a brother officer to call the first one to account. Then the tax-gatherer, Peltzer, a well-meaning but timid man, and a member of my congregation, ran to and fro between the burgomaster, the officer, and me, to mediate, and succeeded in reconciling the former and drowning this sanguinary dispute in one or two bottles of wine.

'Our first deaconess, Sister Gertrude, duly appeared on October 20, and shew as soon followed by other aspirants to the office. Shortly before Martinmas, a generous friend to the kingdom of God lent us, at Count Stolberg's request, the five hundred dollars that we still wanted. In the summer of 1837, when we knew not how to contrive to erect a necessary outhouse at the back of the building, the same noble friend again lent us three hundred dollars free from interest; and, in the end, he gave us both sums as a gift. Meanwhile, there was no deficiency of scorn and ridicule on the part of the higher classes of Romanists. They declared that, as our sisters took no vow of celibacy, the whole thing would soon melt away; and the burgomaster at first refused to take down the names of the new sisters, because he was so sure the whole affair would, in a very short time, be at an end. So despised were we, and a mock to the scorners.'

Such was the commencement of an institution which now has branches in nearly all the quarters of the globe. In 1838 the first extension of the work of the deaconesses beyond their own 'Mother House' was made, in the importing of deaconesses to the Elberfelt City Hospital. Soon afterwards sisters went out as nurses in private houses, and to superintend paupers in the workhouse of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Applications for others presently came from all sides. By 1842 the 'Mother House' had more than two hundred beds all full, and more than forty sisters. A farm, an infant school, an orphanage, a dispensary, and a normal school for national schoolmistresses, were established under Fliedner's supervision. On all sides his buildings extended at Kaiserwerth. Books and tracts for the benefit of the institution were published. Kaiserwerth became a refuge for all who needed such help of any kind as deaconesses could give—the destitute, the sick, the young, the ignorant, the lunatic, and the criminal. Deaconess institutions were founded in imitation of Fliedner's, by Mrs. Fry in England, the Pastor Vermeil in Paris, the Pastor Härter in Strasburg, Pastor Germond in French Switzerland, by others in German Switzerland, and by Dutch ladies in Utrecht. A great central Deaconess House was founded at Berlin. Moreover, between the years 1846 and 1850, more than sixty Kaiserwerth deaconesses, trained under Fliedner's own eye, were at work in twenty-five different places. He established, also, a training school for young men in various charitable work. He was a man of almost sleepless vigilence and untiring energy, travelling about at home and abroad whenever his work required it. North America, Jerusalem, Constantinople, England, France, Switzerland, and Germany were witnesses of his personal labours, and are benefited by his deaconess institutions. He died in 1864.

THE GREAT GAMBLING TABLE AT EPSOM.

'IT'S only once a year, Julia.'

'No,' said Julia, doubtingly, wishing to see, yet for the life of her not being quite able to see, why 'only once a year' should alter the nature of a thing. 'And you'll come back in good time, George?'

'Won't I?' was his reply, as he went on adjusting his collar by the looking-glass in the shop, and now and then giving a

satisfied glance at his face and figure generally. 'Won't I?' signified 'I will' in George's idiom, so Julia was satisfied with the promise it conveyed—satisfied, that is, as much as she could be under the circumstances, not very favorable ones for a little woman with a baby two months old, with a house to mind, and a shop to mind, and with no very strong belief in her husband's wise behaviour on his yearly holiday at Epsom. But, then, what could she do? George would go, and she was not the woman to hinder him 'by no manner of means,' she would have said, as she looked up smilingly at what always seemed to her, his handsome face. She was not the woman, certainly, in these days to stand in the way of any reasonable pleasure for him! And was not this a reasonable pleasure? Well, she could hardly say; most people seemed to consider it so. And Julia was apt to think with the crowd. Last year George had taken her;—they were just married, and it seemed reasonable then that they should take their pleasure by going to the races after the wedding; it was but a day's trip, but it was what George called, and what she considered too, a very jolly one. There was the ride thither, in what seemed a grand vehicle on the Derby day, when it was a luxury to get a vehicle of any kind; and George had driven, while she sat by his side in her white wedding dress and bonnet, conscious of looking prettier and of feeling happier than she had ever done before in her life. There was the great, wonderful crowd of people, all excited and happy—at least so it seemed to her—the hundreds and hundreds of horses and carriages, the grand stands, the splendid pic-nic dinner—such a dinner! Julia wondered whether that was the way they were going to live every day; and then the exciting, bewildering gallop of the running horses, the pause of straining expectation, and the shout and buz when Vixen reached the goal first. All this she remembered with pleasure; but more than all, George's company that day, his smiles, his kindness, his pride in his pretty little woman, as he delighted to call her, his care of her lest she should take cold on her return.

And now it was a year ago—and the Derby day was no longer for her. Did she regret it? Not much in her heart of hearts; she was a woman of importance in these days,—a housekeeper—a shopkeeper when George was absent—a wife, a mother! Plenty to fill her hands and her heart and her brain had she now, and there was little time, of course, to think of holidays or of Epsom downs. But her baby was more to her than all the running horses in Christendom, her husband was handsome, and smart when smartly dressed; her house was neat and pretty; her shop was a very small one, but it would

some day, she hoped, be larger and better filled with goods; she had good health, good spirits generally—what was there more to wish for? Not much, she thought, and yet she sighed. It was a very little sigh, but George heard it, as he was giving the last twist to his moustache, and he turned round quickly, saying, 'Anything the matter, little woman?'

'No,' said Julia, half ashamed of her sigh, 'Nothing. But how time does go on, George!' She was thinking of the many changes and events of the past year that had come to her,—wifehood, motherhood, and some other hoods that, like their namesakes in dress, are as often a blind as a protection. George did not understand her thought, he was far too full of the races and himself. 'Time? Yes!' he said briskly. 'It's time I was off, I'm thinking. You've fixed the veil all right? That's the ticket!' and holding up his new hat before him admiringly, draped in its green gauze veil, before he put it on his head, he gave her a smiling kiss, said 'Ta-ta, little one,' to the baby, and was gone out of the shop and out of sight immediately.

'It's only once a year,' said Julia to herself, as she turned in to the little parlour behind the shop to see that her young servant was putting away the remnants left from the hurried meal, half-breakfast half-lunch, that she and George had just partaken of. It seemed necessary that she should repeat this phrase, by way of comfort, and yet she was half angry with herself afterwards for needing to repeat it. It seemed as if she grudged George his holiday, and he so fond of a holiday, too. And yet, someway, this Epsom holiday did not please her, as another kind of holiday might. There were temptations: there was betting—she hoped George would not bet—and there was the drink. She hugged her baby afresh as she thought of the possibility of her husband coming home 'elevated,' and said, half to herself, half to her baby, 'We should not like that, my pet!' Such a misfortune had never yet befallen her; but these were early married days, and she had heard and seen something of the besetments of men in that way.

This busy whirligig world is to most people a great mill, in which to grind stray nothings into money, into bread, into clothes, into house, fuel, and whatever else is needed or not needed; a mill that accepts everything as grist, if the right sort of brain is put with it. Julia's particular aspect of the world-mill was a haberdashery shop, and if bread and money must be hers, the mill must turn to-day, though the master should be absent. Customers came in, and she had to attend to them; several gentlemen asked for green veils, one or two

for gloves; and Mr. Binns, the sweep, came too, at the last moment, for a knot of cheap ribbons, yellow and red and blue, to fix to his fancy steeple-crowned hat. He had made his face even blacker than its wont, and his teeth therefore shone all the whiter, as he laughingly fixed on his extraordinary head-gear, that was to be, as he expected, the envy and admiration of the race-going world. All these customers were in a hurry, and all more or less in high spirits, ready to laugh and to talk, if only they had time. Some of them were neighbours, and amongst the rest was Mr. Roberts, who lived next door, in a large, grand house of his own. 'Husband gone, Mrs. Meadows?' he asked in his curt, insulting way. 'Yes, sir,' was Julia's reply, given deferentially, for Mr. Roberts was accounted wealthy, and not too good-tempered. He and his wife had been customers of late at her little shop, and though Julia inwardly disliked him, she tried hard to believe that she had no right to do so. He was a man that few people liked, indeed, or cared to talk about; there was not much good to be said of him, but as he was rich it was well not to speak of the evil. Lately, he had invited George to his house, and had even asked him to supper one evening, so that George, who had styled him 'a sourish sort of a customer,' and 'a man that looks as if he would like to snap your head off, Julia!' now declared him to be 'a regular brick.' Julia did not think him 'a regular brick;' there was but one 'regular brick' in her eyes, and that was George Meadows. But she never attempted to reason upon or to define her feelings and thoughts about her reserved-looking neighbour, and I am afraid could have said nothing more of her dislike than that she couldn't abide him; but then she would have assured you she had so many things else to think about.

Mr. Roberts's face did not look any pleasanter when she had said 'Yes, sir,' so she went on to explain a little. 'George thought he wouldn't be in time, sir, and he ran down to the omnibus five minutes ago.' 'He might have waited a little longer, and gone in my trap,' was the reply; 'I told him so last night.' Julia wondered much to hear this, and admired Mr. Roberts's kindness and condescension in thinking of taking her husband. 'At all events, he isn't proud,' she said to herself, as she smiled and curtsied while handing him the gloves he had just bought. 'Mr. Roberts is better than his face says,' she thought, as she saw him go out, 'but I wonder why he wanted George's company, and why George didn't go with him?' Presently Mr. Roberts went by in his trap with two other gentlemen, the trap being, not a dog-cart, but a pony carriage that she had often admired, the pony decked out

in streaming ribands and white ear-caps, and with a large peony on either side his head, looking quite as proud as the gentlemen and Mr. Roberts, who were in smart attire also, with yellow kid gloves, light waistcoats, and gauze veils. She thought, with a momentary feeling of regret, how well George would have looked in that gay carriage, and have been as handsome as any of them—far more handsome than the dark-looking man by Mr. Roberts's side with the heavy gold chain, the sharp prominent nose, and the keen business-like glance of the eye. But why was not Mrs. Roberts in the carriage with her husband? She answered this question by the reflection that the Derby day was not a day for ladies so much, and Mrs. Roberts would perhaps prefer to stay at home, or perhaps her husband would prefer that she should; that was more likely, for it was whispered that Mr. Roberts was master and mistress too. Remembering which whisper, Julia gave a slight toss of her head, and murmured, 'He shouldn't be mistress with me.' She forgot how different different households may be, because of the differing minds and bodies that govern and dwell in them. She was pretty and young, and had sufficient self-assertion to be what she called 'spirity.' Mrs. Roberts was not pretty—her age was forty, and her spirit was, if not broken, bent and cruelly twisted. Julia's George was young and kind-hearted. Mrs. Roberts's George was thirty-five, and a hard, scheming man, overbearing and selfish. There were other differences, too.

How busy she was that day! More than once she wished for George to do this or that. Her little servant's head was quite filled with talk and thoughts of this wonderful Derby day, and she forgot both her duties to the house and to the baby. The fire was suffered to go out while Julia was waiting on a tedious customer; the baby's hat was tied wrong side before when he was taken for his morning's airing; and the saucepan boiled dry and was spoilt. These were minor troubles; but when two customers left the shop because she was too much engaged with another to attend to them, and she heard that they laid out a sovereign at the shop below, she regretted George's absence loudly.

Mrs. Roberts was in the shop at the time—a sallow, withered-looking woman, on whose face was written the word 'discontent' in very large letters. Julia had offered her a chair, partly from customary politeness, partly from compassion at her careworn appearance, and Mrs. Roberts had accepted the chair at once, and had sat down with a sigh that had a suppressed moan at its ending. Was she so very tired with her short walk, then, from one house to the next? Julia

had thought that it was tire of mind, and not of body, and half unconsciously she had compared herself with the rich neighbour, and had felt a thankful glow that she was the richer of the two in everything of the most importance. There was a selfishness, perhaps, in the thankfulness, but at least it arose from no wish to perpetuate the comparison. Health, prettiness, cheerfulness, a kind husband, a child, a pleasant home, occupation—all these she had; and yet, if George were to die to-morrow, much of her wealth would vanish at once, while Mrs. Roberts's one possession of money would be hers, even more than now, were she to be made a widow. She was rich when Mr. Roberts married her, indeed he had no property but what had been hers; and at his death, Julia naturally thought it would all revert to the wife. But what need to think of this? Here was Mrs. Roberts seated before her, looking so old and ill, that it was her death that seemed most probable, not his. She had asked for a skein or two of sewing silk, and when these were found she had wanted a little blue riband to put on a child's hat. Her little niece was with her, and the riband was for her, she had said. But she had not paid for it. 'I will send the money to-morrow, Mrs. Meadows. My husband forgot to leave me his purse when he went out, and I haven't a shilling in the house.' 'No matter, ma'am,' Julia had replied cheerfully. She would not have feared to trust the rich lady for many more pounds than she had asked for shillings, and she had rather wished, indeed, for the opportunity. And then she had expected that her customer would go, but Mrs. Roberts had continued seated, and had heard her hasty remark about her husband's absence.

'I hope you're not ill, ma'am,' Julia ventured at last to say, as the lady still remained, growing paler and paler, at least so she fancied.

'I'm not well, Mrs. Meadows,' was the answer, 'I never am now; but is Mr. Meadows gone to the races?'

'Oh, yes, ma'am, he's gone, and it's a fine day for him to enjoy himself. I want him at home very much; but he must have a holiday sometimes, though it's happened unfortunate to-day.' She was thinking of the lost customers.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Roberts, in a pre-occupied way, tapping her parasol absently on the shop floor and looking down.

Julia thought she might be displeased that George had not accepted her husband's invitation, so she hastened to make apology. 'I was sorry that he shouldn't have taken the seat in the carriage that Mr. Roberts so kindly offered him. It would have saved him expense, and have been so much pleasanter.'

'Did my husband offer him a seat in the carriage?' asked Mrs. Roberts, looking up.

'Yes, ma'am. Mr. Roberts told me so this morning, when he came to buy some gloves.'

'And he did'nt go with him, you say?'

'No, ma'am. He went in the omnibus.'

'You may be thankful,' was the answer, to Julia's great surprise, 'and tell him from me, that when Mr. Roberts invites to anything, the best word he can say is "No!"' She said this in a sharp, tremulous voice, yet with more energy than could be supposed was possible to her. Julia did not know what to reply. This was so strange a thing to say; she doubted for a moment whether the poor lady was in her right mind this morning. Sickness and neglect brought on queer fancies, and perhaps this was the case now. Why should George refuse the society of a man so much above him in wealth? It might be a great advantage to him in his business to have a friend with plenty of money like Mr. Roberts. She changed the subject. 'The air's so pleasant, it would have done you good to have gone out yourself to-day, ma'am.'

'So it would,' said Mrs. Roberts, 'but my husband has other use for the carriage, as you saw—as everybody saw. When I married, I didn't think I should come to this—to be left without a penny to spend in my own house, and to find my carriage used to take swindlers and gamblers to Epsom! He's going the way to ruin, is my husband. I've long suspected it, and this morning I've discovered it. I've found his betting-book, Mrs. Meadows, and, though I don't know much about betting-books, I've seen enough to convince me he's a thorough gambler, and his friends are the same. But what remedy have I? Thank God on your knees that your husband didn't go to the downs with him! For he'll not only ruin himself and me, but he'll ruin everybody that comes near him. What should he seek Mr. Meadows's company for, but to ruin him? I know him pretty well by this time, to my cost, and I tell you it is so. He would have fleeced him of every penny; he's a blackleg and a scoundrel!' And having said all this in an excited voice, Mrs. Roberts concluded by falling into a strong fit of hysterics.

Julia took her as soon as possible from the publicity of the shop to the little parlour at the back. It had never been dusted or arranged this morning, for she had been too busy to attend to it; but this was no time to think of such things. The poor excited lady demanded all her care for a full half hour, and when she came to, sufficiently to be quiet, and to let the tears flow more calmly, she began to talk to her young

neighbour and impromptu friend of her married griefs and cares, and Julia had to listen to many things that it would have been better never to have named. But Mrs. Roberts's heart was very full, and she had had no friend near her for many a day in whom she could confide. The fountain of bitterness overflowed, and Julia, with sympathising heart and sorrowful face, listened to her story and gave ejaculatory consolation and replies, scarcely knowing what she said, only feeling that it was necessary to soothe and comfort her neighbour as she best could. Bitter and long were Mrs. Roberts's complaints. Her husband was miserly, refusing to let her have what money she needed to support her position in the world, refusing even needful things for the house, and carefully doling out the pence to her, who had so unwisely given him unlimited possession of her thousands of pounds. Her little niece was just now staying with her—an orphan, and poor—and she would fain have had the child in her house as her home; but Mr. Roberts grudged the extra food, and clothes, and medicine the child had required in the three months of her stay, and to-morrow she was to return to her father's relatives in Wales —poor people who could ill afford to keep her. He was jealous of her friends, and had purposely offended them all, that she might be more completely in his power. He even grudged her the commiseration of her servants, and had given one woman warning for showing her deference. He humiliated her before his guests by treating her as a child, and he abused and ill-treated her in private. A long, strange catalogue of privations and indignities the young wife listened to, in the intervals between snatches of attention to shop and house and baby and servant, for Mrs. Roberts seemed in no hurry to depart. What miseries are so miserable and hopeless as home miseries? The miseries that arise between two unhappy contradictory hearts tied together perforce by the chain of matrimony, and grinding each other like the wheel and the axle when the oil is gone. Mrs. Roberts's chief complaint, however, was that there was but one heart in the case here. And as a climax to these miseries was this morning's discovery, that her money had been withdrawn from the funds to pay her husband's 'debts of honour'—more truly of 'dishonour' —and that he was now staking a large sum, perhaps their all, upon the running of a horse at Epsom. 'Why do they talk of gambling not being permitted?' asked the agitated wife, who, as she proceeded in the capitulation of her troubles, became again excited. 'What better is it than the gambling tables of Hamburg and Baden, this insane betting upon horses? What is the race-course at Epsom but a great gambling table,

open not only to the rich, but the poor—the poorest? Encouraged by the aristocracy, by the highest in the land—the Prince of Wales will be there, they say—the Prime Minister, members of Parliament, the noble and rich—all will be there, to gamble and to smile at the gambling! Oh, if they could but know the misery that comes from it! the wrong, the degradation! Even my husband wasn't so bad till those rogues of the race-course inoculated him and gave him the betting fever. And now I suppose he'll never stop till we're both in the workhouse. It wanted but this to fill up the measure of his crimes against me. To bet away *my* money, to gamble it away on the gallop of a horse's hoof—for it was all *my* money, Mrs. Meadows! But why do I talk? Wasn't I the first gambler, when I staked myself and all I possessed on the lottery of a man's face and a marriage license? I needn't blame him so much, I was the first fool. But who was the rogue? Mr. Roberts, and such men as he is, that made the law robbing the wife of all she has in that moment of trusting love and extreme faith when she takes a husband at the altar. I was told, but I didn't believe it, how it would be. I loved him too much, and the law takes advantage of a woman's love in that way, and the Church sanctions the robbery! I can't bring myself to believe, Mrs. Meadows—I can't bring myself to believe that Mr. Roberts contemplated being such a rogue as he has proved. And yet——' Alas! there were many more 'and yets' to be heard against Mr. Roberts.

The unhappy wife went away at last, and Julia bore about her for the rest of the day an unusual look of care. The little woman began to wonder how it might be with her in nine years' time—just the time Mrs. Roberts had been married. She had brought no money to her husband on the wedding-day, so that there could be no unjust plunder on his part as a commencement to a life of love and union; but if George were ever to prove a tyrant? If he were to turn idle and dissipated, and demand to live upon her earnings, as a master lives upon the earnings of a slave, what help would she have? None, for she was a wife, a word of wide meaning, embracing sometimes amongst others that of bondwoman in England, if compulsory life-service to a hard master means bondage; if life passed in indignity and hardship, and semi-starvation without help from the law, means bondage; if all work and no pay from youth to old age, with the bare reward of having performed your slave-duties, means bondage. But no, it was not possible! Her George was true and good. He would never forget to protect and care for her and her baby. He would never cease to love her. He would eschew gamblers and

blacklegs. Had he not already turned shy with Mr. Roberts? Perhaps he had had an idea of what Mr. Roberts was!

Seven o'clock came, and the people were returning from the great race of the year. Mrs. Meadows's shop faced the high road from Epsom, and with the rest of her neighbours she gazed out at the long stream of carriages and vehicles of all kinds that never ceased flowing for three long hours. The horses looked tired and melancholy as they prepared to mount the coming hill with their unconscionable burdens; but who cared for the horses? Not, certainly, the people whom they carried along at as rapid a rate as the weary legs of over-driven animals could manage, the people who were crowded and crammed in carts and omnibuses and hack carriages of all descriptions, and were smiling, joking, laughing, shouting, bowing, and posturing to the crowds gathered on the pavement. It was an amusing sight if the meaning of it could be forgotton. The people had been out for a holiday, where wild, rollicking, careless fun was rampant and fashionable; where absurdity crowned itself with paper wreaths and brightly coloured hats, and amused itself openly with dolls and toys, with jeers and practical jokes, uproar and nonsense; where the highest and lowest flaunted it, elbow by elbow, with the richest and highest, and where poverty parodied fashion and gloried in extravagance of dress and demeanour, and was not ashamed to show that it was poverty, holding up its coloured rags and paper, and smoking its vile tobacco with an air of jollity that was infectious, and that fairly outrivalled the merriment of the well-to-do and wealthy. He who had not a gallant steed to himself, had at least an eighth part of a bareboned pony to carry him back to London. He who had not a new coat, had a ragged one, or a patched one; and he who rode not on cushions, rode on deal. What did it matter? The steed and the new coat and the cushions had had no better sight of the races than the bareboned pony and the patched coat, mayhap, and if they had, what matter? A gay heart did not ask for new broadcloth and fine linen to cover it, and a man could laugh and joke as well from a sweep's coat as a lord's. The only thing, or the chief thing was to laugh and joke, for that seemed the work of the evening for these sightseers and pleasure-mongers of the great day of the English carnival.

And what a sight these pleasure-mongers were in themselves! Here was a carriage load of men with masks,—masks of noses—red and purple and white noses—we will not say there were not blue and green ones, but mostly ruddy, vast, and impudent, giving a wonderfully ruinous air to the

faces behind them. Here, hats garlanded with small wooden dolls over heads that must have been somewhat wooden too; there, with broad bands, on which the name of the winning horse was printed in large letters; here, a van load of men shouting and bowing to the female spectators on the road side, some with grotesquely sentimental faces, and with eyes that spelt out a five-lettered word, the forerunner of all foolery, too well-known and preached against in the pages of 'Meliora' to need naming here; and there was a bevy of men with pea-blowers, all earnestly engaged in the interesting task of blowing peas at the bystanders. In this dog-cart a well-proportioned and rather intelligent-looking young man was shooting an intensely ugly jack-in-a-box into the faces of some children, who stood open-mouthed at the fun and wonderment; and in that, a tall, stout man with grey hair was turning round the handle of a child's twopenny toy, with the utmost gravity that drollery and drunkenness could assume. In this carriage rolled women with grand dresses, white lace parasols, white veils, blue dresses, staring crimson dresses, women that were beautiful, and that would have been more so in other places and in better surroundings, close by those who were not so, who were positively ugly with the ugliness of debauchery and sin. Smiles, ribands, red, white, and blue, paper roses, harlequin attire, pipes, drink, dirt, excitement, crime, folly, were everywhere in this rapidly moving crowd. The froth of humanity was there, very frothy, the wild tindery side of human nature was uppermost, the side that when a spark falls upon it is forthwith in a blaze, requiring the quenching waters of a gaol or an asylum to put it out. But there were far other expressions to be seen than those of jollity or inane merriment. Here and there Julia saw faces in the crowd that impressed themselves on her memory like a sorrowful dream, or a tale of anguish. Here and there, again, were faces that strove and strove in vain to smile and smile with the rest, and make believe they were happy. Intense excitement and mental pain had left traces round eye and mouth and forehead that were not to be brushed away by the feather brush of folly, and even pride itself staggered under the labour of putting misery out of sight for a few minutes. One young man made no such attempt. Pride was dead and buried for the time with him, and feathers could not well tickle the nerves of a corpse. He drove on amongst the noise and crowd with a sharp, pale face, utterly unconscious and unimpressed by all that was around him, his eyes fixed on an unseen something before him that was vast and terrible enough to fill his horizon with misery, and that left him nothing else

to see. Men jeered at him as he passed by, but he did not hear them; they stared impudently into his ghastly face, but he knew nothing of it; he was seated in an abstraction of mental agony that was beyond their reach to disturb. That he managed to drive clear of wheels and horses' feet, to keep his course unharmed and unharming, was a miracle; but he did it. His servant man, by his side, sat rigid as a statue, and gave him no help. Perhaps he knew that none was required, but to Julia's eyes it seemed every moment as if the reins must fall, the young man must sink down in a swoon, and the horse bound wildly among the crowd, mad with freedom. But it was not so. The young man with his misery went out of her sight like the rest, without any especial accident. He rolled on like a shadow into the grey twilight that already began to hang about the distance.

But where was her husband? He was to be back in good time, and she had not yet begun to doubt his word. The shop shutters were put to by this time, the baby was in bed, she had no other care on her mind, so this care about the return of her husband had all the more force. It was, perhaps, well for her that there was so much life and movement close at hand to divert her attention. People were still returning—returning! What an endless stream it seemed! She began to be a little dizzy with so much whirl and bustle; would it ever end? and would George ever come home? What could he be about? Lifting up her head, she saw Mrs. Roberts's pale face at her upstairs window; she, too, was watching for her husband's return; she, too, was anxious, but with more reason than herself. Julia almost longed to go up and comfort her with sympathizing words—if words could comfort. At last came Mr. Roberts's carriage. The pony had lost his peonies and his ribands and the pride of his neck, and held down his poor, tired little head as he brought the carriage to a stand against his master's door. He looked as if he had had nothing to eat the whole day, and Julia would have pitied him only that she was so busy looking at his master, who leaped from his carriage on to the pavement, and threw the whip towards the man-servant with a face white with anger. His companions of the morning were not with him. He had driven home alone, and as he strode up the steps and entered the great hall door of his house, Julia felt her heart beat with a sudden terror. What would he do and say to his wife when he got inside? But she had other thoughts the next moment, George's voice was at her ear. 'What are you thinking of?' he was saying. 'I've spoken twice to you; I'm tired and hungry.' His voice was rather cross, but she was too glad to

see him to think much about that; when he had had his supper he would be all right again.

After supper she asked, 'And what about the races, George?' 'Ladybird's won,' said he, indifferently; 'didn't you see it on the men's hats?' 'Yes; but, George, how have you gone on? Have you enjoyed yourself?' 'Oh, all right,' he said; but his tone did not sound all right. It was dull work to come home from the races in this way. What made him so dispirited? She sat silent for awhile, and he did not seem inclined to talk. All at once she coloured up, looked him in the face, and asked, 'George, have you been betting?' George threw a quick, startled glance at her. He did not like the question; but he managed to answer it with a joke. 'Yes; I've bet that you are the prettiest woman out of London, Julia, and I know I shall win my bet.'

'But, George!'

'But, Julia! If you will say no more about it, it will be all the better. What's that lad Biddles been doing all day?'

Biddles was the errand boy. 'He's been to the downs. He said you'd given him leave. I saw him come back, just now, half tipsy. What will his poor old grandmother say?'

'What she likes; but she'd better be quiet, and be glad he'd no money to lose, like some who are older.'

'Like Mr. Roberts,' said Julia, significantly.

Her husband looked at her in surprise. 'How do you know that Mr. Roberts has lost money?' he asked.

And then Mrs. Roberts's tale was told, not altogether. Julia suppressed some details, but told enough to impress him with its gravity. George looked very grave, and at length uneasy and distressed; and presently he rose up, put on his hat and went out, saying he would be back in ten minutes. He was pale when he went out, but when he returned in half an hour he was still paler. He tossed his hat upon the table, the green veil was still fastened to it, and as it streamed upwards in the fall it caught the blaze of the unprotected gas light, and was on fire directly. George did not at first appear to notice the accident, but Julia screamed and snatched the hat to throw it upon the floor that it might do no further harm. Her husband seized her by the arm and stamped upon both hat and veil with a savage earnestness that ensured the destruction of both. 'Who cares for a paltry hat?' he exclaimed, when she remonstrated with him. 'We're ruined, Julia. What does a hat matter?'

'Ruined, George? What do you mean?'

'Just what I say. Haven't I spoken plain enough? We're ruined, and there's an end of it.'

'Oh, George! You have been betting, then?'

'Of course I have,' he said, snappishly. 'Did I ever say I hadn't? I've betted with your uncle's money and lost it, and now you know!' and when he had said this he sat down in the arm chair, put his hands before his face, and remained silent for a long time, lost in misery, as it seemed.

Mrs. Meadows was thunderstruck. Her uncle's money was what had been lent to George to commence business with—or, at least, what was in the bank accumulating to return to him at the proper time. He would expect some of it very soon; he would be very angry when it was not forthcoming, and he might demand the whole more quickly than they had expected. If that were the case, how could they find it? They would have to sell up—they would be ruined, as George said. How could George be so cruel, so dishonest, so weak, as to gamble away money that was not his own? The money must be returned, for her uncle could ill afford to spare it. He would be in difficulties himself, if George did not repay at the right time. It was terrible! And the shame of having to confess how it had gone; of having her husband, that she had been so proud of, lowered in the eyes of her relatives! And if they were sold up—thrown upon the world penniless—oh, how could she bear it? She saw in imagination the sale, the crowd of gapers and scandal-mongers—the flight from their little home. And then she thought of the baby and herself, and the tears struck into her eyes, and for a moment or two she felt too angry with George to wish to ease his sorrow, to say a word of forgiveness. Let him bear his trouble as he could. He deserved to be made to feel.

But this feeling did not last long, she was far too true and too loving a wife for that. George had done wrong, but how did she know his temptations? What snares had been set for his feet—what wicked men had been about him—what delusive hopes had been given him? So she came near him in awhile, put her hand on his shoulder, and, leaning over him, kissed his hot forehead. It was a sorrowful kiss, but it was a loving one; and he understood what it meant, and thereupon began to abuse himself, to talk of being unworthy of her, to ask her forgiveness, to call himself fool, and scamp, and scoundrel.

He told her how it had all come about. The acquaintance with Mr. Roberts had been the beginning of all this trouble. Roberts had inveigled him into it, sometimes by the aid of wine and flattery mingled, sometimes by working upon his cupidity or cowardice. He had introduced him to his friends, and they had introduced him to a betting-book, and when George became afraid, Mr. Roberts always assured him he

would see him out of any trouble that might happen. He had been in this way induced to stake seventy pounds upon Loosestrife, one of the running horses, and to-day Loosestrife had been fourth in the race instead of first. The seventy pounds were gone; but he had hoped that Mr. Roberts would be as good as his promise, and lend him the money for awhile. And now Mr. Roberts was ruined, and in custody! He had come home foaming with passion at his losses that day. His wife had met him on the staircase and had reproached him for his extravagant gambling, and in his anger he had fallen upon her and beaten her till her life was despaired of.

'They say he's lost twenty thousand pounds this last year by betting upon horses,' George said. 'Anyway, he's been a villain to the woman he promised to love and protect. What'll she do now, if she lives? There isn't a penny left, the gardener told me, not a penny. As for him, I hope he'll have to work with a chain round his middle yet. He deserves it! Why should he want to ruin me as well as himself? My seventy pounds would seem like a drop in a bucket to such as he.'

But it was no drop in a bucket to the Meadowses. Long and painfully they both had to toil in after years, through the loss of that seventy pounds. Julia's pretty face became thin and pale with anxiety as time went on, and George's grey hairs came early. Both had reason to remember bitterly the great gambling table at Epsom.

SELECTIONS.

WORKING CLASS HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

The power loom, the steam engine, and some applied mechanics did more to change the social state than the Reformation or the Black Death; and, instead of Luther, Calvin, or Cranmer, we may read Arkwright, Stephenson, and Watt. All through the wild and hitherto desolate North a stir took place, and in the general movement every industry seemed simultaneously to partake, and concomitantly with that impulse the population did not fail to increase:—

Lancaster had in	1801	692,731
" "	1811	828,309
" "	1821	1,052,859
" "	1831	1,333,800

An increase of 19,000 per annum.

Yorkshire (West Riding),	1801	563,953
" "	1811	653,315
" "	1821	799,359
" "	1831	976,400

or nearly 20 per cent., and Warwick, Stafford, Nottingham, Chester, Durham, Monmouth, Worcester, and Salop showed a nearly equal increase. An immigration, almost without parallel, had in these few years taken place. Of course it came from all parts, and Irish, Scotch, and English were fused down into one compact and apparently homogencous class, Proletarian at all events, and the factory system gave it solidity

and strength. If we consider that, at the same time, a great revolution was taking place in the industrial condition of the class, and that the handloom weaver, and the stocking frames, and cottage industry of all sorts, were soon to become extinct, it will be perceived how great a change was suddenly wrought. Men, women, and children were swept into the factory and the mill in a mass, and the one great feature of the nineteenth century became this creation of a wage paid class. About 35,000 handloom weavers resolutely resisted the change, and became a gradually pauperised class.

Now, what were our Legislature about? We have seen how active they were at previous periods. Here were conditions much requiring their care, no doubt. Perhaps they were unable to prejudge or foresee the consequences of so novel a case. Perhaps too much occupied in the much more interesting game of in and outs to take notice of mere social wants. At any rate, it was assumed that even under such circumstances the mere instinct of self-interest would, if sufficiently left to itself, supply all wants, and no legislation took place. The emigrants found their own level, not without loss, and it was not until 1835 that any official inquiry took place. Let me quote the Duke of Argyll as to the result:—'Men and women had been brought together into a social communion of a new sort; under natural laws, no doubt. But it had not been long at work when it was perceived that a whole generation had grown up under conditions of mental and physical degeneracy, and in ignorance and vice. Many years after it bore fruit, but it was not until self-interest itself had taken alarm, and the serious riots and turn-outs of Barnsley, Burnley, &c., &c., showed that something was rotten in the State, that really effective action took place. Of such rioters 900 were at one time confined in York Castle previous to the assize, a fact which I witnessed myself.'

During this time, and nearly up to these events, the old poor-law remained in force; and just in proportion as this wonderful expansion of industrial power was manifested on the one hand, so did the evil of the system and the pauperism it fostered increase. All the supplanted labour at once, and without effort, fell upon the rates, and the payment of wages out of these, both manufacturing and agricultural, was a very early effect of the system itself. We shall find traces of it almost from the first. Among the writers upon the subject we have treatises from the pen of Sir Matthew Hale, 1683; Richard Haines, Lawrence Braddon, 1722; James Child, 1694; Thomas Firmin, Roger North, 1753; George Chalmers, 1782; Daniel Defoe and Richard Burns. In all, or most of these writings, the root of every subsequent evil may be traced from the first. Roger North mentions the rates at Colchester as amounting to 50 per cent., while the makers of baize paid their labour out of the parochial funds. In fact, one thought alone possessed the ratepayer, and all his ingenuity was employed either to evade or to utilise his share of the rate. The administration of it was another thing, and did not much occupy his mind. Whatever public interest existed was absorbed in the struggle between houses and lands, and while they inflicted upon each other the heaviest penalties, these belligerents, with equal selfishness and folly, sacrificed the poor. These, no doubt, are heavy charges, but they admit of substantial proof, and how dearly they paid for it statistics once more prove: for while between 1536 and 1661 the rates remained nearly stationary at an annual amount of £190,000 per annum, in the next thirty-one years, during which time these malpractices existed, they quadrupled in amount. Self-interest fought the battle, and self-interest, ever short-sighted, out-witted itself, and lawyers fattened out of the rates, while paupers starved. Everybody got some pickings except the poor. All through this and the many succeeding reigns Acts of Parliament multiplied—while confusion of law increased, and rates rose steadily, until at the time we now approach 20s. in the pound was often reached, and land was abandoned and houses shut up to avoid the rates. Among the most distinguished writers upon this subject in modern times, were Jeremy Bentham and Sidney Smith, whose views, equally perspicuous and wise far beyond their age, extended not only to the battle then to be delivered, but the true principles of the campaign. They saw that to extinguish pauperism, deeply rooted and inherited, laws almost penal might be necessary at first. They engaged self-interest upon the true line of defence. But at this point they did not stop; they equally recognised a moral as well as a material want, and impo-

tence of mere poor-laws and bureaucratic administration to produce such an effect. Bentham speaks thus: 'But compassion is one thing, and relief efficacious and unmischievous is another. The one may be always bestowed, and in any quantity; the other should never be attempted to be bestowed, especially at the expense of the community, until after the most strict and comprehensive inquiry, whether the undertaking lies within the sphere of practicability, and whether the removal of the evil be not inseparably connected with more extensive and no less permanent evil. To banish not only indigence but dependence it would be necessary to banish not only misfortune but improvidence.' Words which seem to me replete and luminous with truth, though of a nature which it is not given to mere official intelligence to penetrate, nor of a kind which unassisted Bumbledom could carry out. Now, let us turn to another authority, Sidney Smith. He says, in 1825, 'A pamphlet on the poor-laws generally contains some little piece of favourite nonsense, by which we are gravely assured that this enormous evil can be perfectly cured. The first gentleman recommends little gardens, the second cows, the third a village shop, and if we add to these the more modern idea of land sub-division, we are pretty well at the end of such a list. As to the children, they are to be lodged in immense pedagogueries of several acres each, and to be brought up in virtue by the churchwarden.' 'There are two points,' he says, 'which we consider as admitted by all men of sense. First, that the poor-laws must be (not amended) but abolished; and, second, that they must be very gradually abolished. We think it hardly worth while to throw away pen and ink upon anyone who is inclined to dispute the above proposition. We shall think the improvement immense, and a subject of very general congratulation if the poor-rates are perceptibly diminished, and if the system of pauperism is clearly going down in twenty or thirty years hence. We have stated our opinion that all remedies, without gradual abolition, are of little importance. With a foundation laid for such gradual abolition, every auxiliary improvement of the poor-law, *while they do remain*, is worth the attention of Parliament, and in suggesting a few alterations as fit to be adopted, we wish it to be understood that we have in view the gradual destruction of the system, as well as the amendment while it continues to operate.'

The poor-laws were amended a few years subsequently to this, and we have now thirty years' experience of their efficacy to produce such a result. Since Sidney Smith wrote nearly a half century has passed, under circumstances more favourable than any our history can present. A time of peace, of free trade, of unequalled increase of wealth, of unparalleled emigration, and education more widely diffused. To what effect the following statistics will best show:—

A.D.	Population.	Pauperism.	Expenditure.	P'nd-age.	Whe't at	Rateble. Proprty.
				£ s. d.	s. d.	£
1834	14,322,000		6,317,255			
1844	16,410,000	800,000	4,976,093	1 6 3		64000000
1854	18,617,000	864,617	5,232,853	1 8 1	61 7	63000000
1864	20,663,000	1,014,078	6,423,383	1 4 5	43 2	
1865	20,881,000	951,899	6,264,961	1 4 0	39 8	93600000
1866	21,100,000	916,152	6,439,517		43 6	
1867		1,040,932	6,959,840		53 7½	
1868						

During the same period the emigration has stood thus:—

1861 ...22,145
1862 ...35,487 } England and Wales.
1863 ...61,243

Now these were conditions upon which neither Bentham nor Smith could count, and to what result? Is pauperism extirpated? Have the rates decreased? Are poor-laws abolished? Of it, is there, under this system, any reasonable expectation, 'fifty years hence?' As a system, it has taken firm hold of men's minds, and as a vested interest it claims its place. It is an important source of patronage and place, and the management charges are daily on the increase, viz.:—

In 1853, salaries, &c... £596,162
1863 ,, ,, ... 696,098
1866 ,, ,, ... 730,704
Increase in fourteen years, £134,542.

On the other hand, what have been its effects? Morally, upon which so much stress was once placed, what men has it reclaimed? Who has it made more provident? What encouragement or assistance does it hold out? It acts by repression; it pauperises; it exacts a hard and rigid test. But it is not even so far a material success. Are we satisfied with it? Tested by the standard of Bentham or Smith, it is a failure throughout. How long shall we deceive ourselves upon this point? Poor-laws may satisfy a present require

ment, but they cannot cure pauperism itself. If we meet a moral evil by a mere administrative change, we seek for the living among the dead. I have alluded to the condition of the labouring classes subsequent to the great immigration which took place into the North; and here legislation has played its part with greater succes. The repeal of apprentice laws, and the introduction of the Factory Act, followed an inquiry in 1835 to a most beneficial effect. In education, also, some progress has been made, aided by the State. The amendment of the Master and Servant Act, and the regulation of the agricultural gangs are efforts in the right direction, at least. The Bill for Artisan Dwelling Houses opens questions of a more serious class, and it is doubtful how far such interference can be carried, without altogether discouraging that tendency to numerical increase upon which, more than ought else, must depend the cheap house accommodation of the working class. Protection may do harm as well as good in such a case. At this point our review of legislation must cease, for the present, at least, for there is another side to the picture, which I must not neglect. I have said that during the early part of the present century but little legislation took place. Government was out of fashion, and self-interest was supposed to supply the want. It claimed to be enlightened, of course. We have seen what, under certain circumstances, was the result. Of course, Anglo-Saxons would not stop at this, and taught self-dependence, and with self-interest prescribed as the great rule of life, they set to work according to their light, and applied the doctrine to some remarkable effects. They formed friendly and co-operative societies, the progress of which I now propose to trace, and they formed also those trades' unions so much now talked of, and framed moral and social laws to match. These, at least, were natural results. As a social contract they recognised common interests, which even seemed to them more noble than self. As a moral code it was defective, but this was also natural, perhaps, under the antecedents I have pointed out.

The first of these friendly societies was recognised by law in 1793, and since that date we have had twenty-six different Acts to regulate and amend these laws. Nearly the whole of these are now repealed by the Act 18th and 19th Vic., cap. 63. Many of them are of very ancient date, but these were rather guilds, than provident institutions, for the wage paid class. For their full development we must come up to the nineteenth century, during which the number has reached 24,800, with 3,000,000 members, and £20,000,000 of assets in hand. This, in itself, is a most significative fact, especially when the circumstances are taken into account. Left to themselves, and scarcely countenanced, they could not fail to be open to abuse, and knowing as we do the great proneness to fraud which attend all such transactions, upon the unwary and the weak, it seems wonderful that they should have been on the increase, or gained the confidence of such a class. Many of them are by no means rich, as the following returns sufficiently prove—of 10,264 which made returns, there were:—

3,161	with less than	£100 in hand.
4,222	from	£100 to £500
1,602	,,	£500 to £1,000
903	,,	£1,000 to £2,000
316	,,	£2,000 to £5,000
50	,,	£5,000 to £10,000
18	,,	£10,000 to £20,000
12	,,	£20,000 to £50,000
3	,,	£50,000 to £100,000

Among such societies the Royal Liver is a leviathan, and its progress is in itself a remarkable fact, worthy of record. In 1861 its assets were £15,092, since which its increase has been at the following rate:—1862, £18,004; 1863, £25,630; 1864, £39,036; 1865, £55,460; 1866, £78,026; 1867, £103,355; 1868, £132,372. To their success there is, however, one formidable obstacle, the management expenses, and this item does not, as might be expected, decrease in proportion to the number insured. In ten of the largest these expenses amount to from 25 to 50 and 95 per cent. of the amount expended in relief; of these the largest are the worst, viz., 15s. to 16s. in the pound—a feature which, however, explained, is by no means a desirable one in such a case, and is no doubt the result of neglect, or a vicious system from the first. Unaided from without, it could not be otherwise in this case. Nothing, perhaps, can show the necessity and advantage of a sounder system (though by no means unexceptionable in itself, and partaking of the evil pointed out) than the success of the Post-office Savings' Bank, the number of which between 1861 and the end of 1866

had increased from 2,535 to 3,509; the number of depositors from 639,216 to 5,421,076; while in the old and new savings' banks. at the close of 1866, the number of depositors amounted to 2,149,764, and the deposits to £44,495,806—facts which seem to me clearly to indicate the future course, and the necessity of authority to guide and direct the effort, and to protect the weak. All that is ever urged against these societies tends to such a point. They are the speculation of a clever knave, or for the benefit of a public-house. What else can we expect, and whose the fault, if this is the case? Is it a new feature that idleness should prey upon industry, or that a man should put his brains to the worst possible use? Does not society guard itself with all its power against such abuse? That we know it may be otherwise is enough. In such eminently successful undertakings as the Essex Provident Society, with 8,000 to 9,000 members, and £70,000 assets; the Hants, with 3,000 members, and £35,000; the Hereford Friendly Society, the Shropshire, the Wiltshire, the Rutlandshire, the Lois Weedon, and the Beau Manor and Woodhouse, we see the true results of sound principles, and great and philanthropic efforts of good men, whose genius has thus enriched others, and whose reward is not of this earth. But society which applauds should do more than this, or it abrogates its highest task.—*The Past, Present, and Future of the Working Classes. By F. S. Corrance, Esq., M.P. Read at Norwich, before the British Association.*

JAMES BELL, THE INNOCENT CONVICT.

James Bell, aged 21 years, who has recently been liberated from Pentonville Prison, has made a very remarkable statement as to his treatment while undergoing a sentence of penal servitude. He was convicted of stealing twelve lambs, his identity being sworn to by three policemen. It has since been most conclusively proved that he was in bed at the time stated, and the really guilty man has been captured. Bell complains that when he was first taken to the police-station for the purpose of identification, instead of being placed with other persons he was put in a cell by himself, and the three policemen were then brought in. Bell's story is as follows:—

'On Friday, the 26th of last March, I was in the dock of the Middlesex Sessions, and I heard the foreman of a jury say, "We find the prisoner guilty of stealing twelve lambs." Of that crime I was entirely innocent, and I was found guilty upon the evidence of four policemen. Three of the constables swore in the most positive manner that they saw me in the broad daylight, at five minutes past six o'clock in the morning, driving the stolen lambs along the Farringdon Road. One of the men swore that he had spoken to me while I was driving the lambs, and that he had walked by my side for very nearly 200 yards. You might almost have knocked me down when I heard the word "Guilty" of a crime of which I knew nothing. I cried, and I placed my hands together, and I looked up to heaven and to the judge, and I cried out, "I am innocent." I was going to say more, when one of the warders, who had during my trial been standing by my side, laid hold of me by the left arm and dragged me out of the dock into a narrow passage. Another warder came up to me and said, "Have you anything about you?" and I answered, "No." He ran his hands down my clothes, and he said, "Come along," in a civil way. He put me into a white-washed cell. It had a stone flooring, and there was an iron grating on the floor of the cell, and I had to walk over it. It was a three-cornered cell, and I had about eight feet to walk up and down, and walk up and down I did, for I was very downhearted, for I had never seen the inside of such a place before. After I had been in the cell about an hour (it seemed a very long one to me), a warder came up to me with a brown loaf. It weighed about six ounces. That was my dinner. I had no water with that dinner. I was hungry, for I had been fasting from eight o'clock in the morning, and it was then long after two. There was a wooden bench in the cell, and I tried to sit on that, but I could not contain myself, and I could neither

sit down nor lie down. I first sat, I then lay down, and then I used to get up and walk up and down. At five o'clock the van came, and a warder came up to me and said, "Come on," and when I left the cell I saw a young man getting into the police-van. We were taken to the Coldbath-fields Prison. I there saw a policeman, and I said. "I am innocent." He laughed, but said nothing. I was then taken through a large gateway, and I stood there for some minutes; and while I was standing there another prisoner came, and that made our party of prisoners up to three. We were then taken through another gateway to some more prisoners into a room. I sat there for some minutes, and I was given half a pint of gruel and about 6oz. of brown bread. It was rather thin gruel, and of a dirty white colour. It was given to me in a rather rusty, dirty, tin bowl, which they call a pannican. After I got my supper, as they call it, all my clothing, with the exception of my trousers, was taken off. The clothes were searched, and the only thing that the warder found was my "bail paper." He took that away. I was taken up a flight of stairs and into a large long room, what they call a dormitory. Down the room there were two rows of matting, stretched from the wall to a bar running up the middle of the room. They were our beds. We had a blanket and a rug. I got into my bed. On the matting there was room for about fifty people. I laid between two men, and my feet very nearly touched the head of another. I could not sleep, and during the night I heard the other prisoners snoring, and I was thinking over the way in which the police swore my liberty away. There was a warder sitting on a stool in the middle of the room, and no one was allowed to even whisper to another. There was a gas-light in the room, and by the light of it I saw the warder eating a comfortable supper as he watched us. It was a weary night to me, and I was glad when morning came. As none of the prisoners were allowed to get off their mats until a quarter to six, I had to lie still until then. After dressing we were taken downstairs into the room where we had all been the preceding night. For two hours we sat here and looked at each other. At eight o'clock a warder brought me a loaf (6oz.) and a half-pint of gruel. After breakfast I felt very hungry. A lot of warders then came into the room and stood opposite us to see whether we were "old friends." None of them recognised me, and no wonder, for I had never before seen the inside of a prison. The doctor then came, and he asked me if there was anything the matter with me, and I said "No," for I was then a healthy, strong young man. He said nothing, but walked on. The governor then came and looked at us, and he walked away. I was then taken into the bath-room, and bathed in warm water. When I came out of the bath I found that my clothes were gone, and the prison suit was in their place. I was then taken to be present at the labelling of my own clothes. I was then taken back into the reception-room. I was there given a sheet and a coarse towel, and I was then taken and weighed. They did not tell me what I weighed, so I don't know. I was then measured, and then I was taken to a warder, who placed me in a cell. It had a black concrete floor, and I had to keep that well polished with a brush. It was about eight feet long and five feet wide, and about nine feet high. There was a small window in it, and it had bars in front of it. In the cell there was a hammock, a blanket, and a rug. There was also a small stool and a small wooden table. In one corner of the cell there was a closet, and when the door was open there was a smell from it. On a small shelf I found a Bible and a book of prayer. There was a bell handle in the cell, and the warder said, "If ever you are taken bad at night, ring that." There was a gaspipe hanging from the wall. The warder locked me in and left. At one o'clock a warder brought me a pint of gruel and a loaf. At three I had to go and get some oakum to pick. At that time I had not been sentenced; and at five o'clock I got a pint of gruel and 6oz. of bread. At nine o'clock I went to bed. That completed the diet for the first day. Three times that week I got the same diet. Two of the other days I got 4oz. of meat and half a pound of potatoes, and a 6oz. loaf for dinner. On the other two days I got a pint of pea-soup and my bread for dinner. Sunday was a soup day. That was the usual routine until the next session, when I was brought up before Sir W. Bodkin, the judge. He told me that he would give me a week to consider whether I would tell who my accomplices were. I said, "I can tell you nothing, as I know nothing about it." He said, "You are an ungrateful and an incorrigible thief;

and the sentence I shall pass on you will be that you be kept to penal servitude for five years." I then asked to see my parents, and the judge granted my request. I was taken out of the dock, and cried. As I was going down the stairs the warder said, "I'll kick you down." I replied, "I'll go down. I'm not a thief." He then placed me in a cell, and I was there visited by my father. The warder then said to my father, "Well, your son has come to something now, by his sheep-stealing tricks." Father said, "My son is innocent; you are a liar." I said, "Well, father, years ago, I should have been hanged for this crime." Father said, "Never mind, bear up and go through it. The punishment that you have got we shall not leave a stone unturned to alter. Your brother-in-law is looking out to find the real thieves." He wished me "Good-bye," and left. I was taken back to the House of Correction, where I was put in the same cell, and I found a pint of gruel and a loaf on the table. "Is this all," said I, "that I am going to have for my dinner?" The warder then asked me how long I had got, and I said, "Five years." He at once brought me 4oz. of meat and half a pound of potatoes. He took away the gruel, but he left the 6oz. of bread. The cell was dark and gloomy, and I asked to be taken to another cell. They took me to another one. I was told that I was now on first-class diet, and I got a pint of gruel and a loaf weighing 6oz. for supper. For breakfast I got a pint of cocoa and my loaf. On first-class diet there are no gruel dinner days. There is a pint of pea-soup three times a week, and eight ounces of potatoes—they are not peeled, and some of them are bad. I have been often so hungry that I have eaten the bad ones. Sunday is still a soup day. The next day, at seven in the morning, I was placed on the treadmill. It was a quarter of an hour on and a quarter of an hour off. It makes the legs stiff and tired; it is very hard work. You are not allowed to turn your head; if you do you get bread and water. I became weary, and once turned my head, and I got bread and water for one day. Twice after that I turned my head; on each occasion I got bread and water for one day. The bread consisted of 18oz. for the whole day. When I turned my head I neither smiled, looked, nor spoke. I was six months in prison, and during the whole of that time I never said a word to anyone. The silence was horrible, and I have not yet got over the effect of it. It was shocking not to be able to speak to anyone, or even to turn one's head. While in Coldbath-fields I only wrote one letter, and that was to my family, to know how they were getting on with the sale of newspapers. I had been in the newspaper business for the last ten years. On Sunday, all the prisoners are taken to the church in the prison, where they listen to preaching for an hour and a half on the Word of God. In about two months I was shifted to the Model Prison in Pentonville. The diet is: Breakfast, three-quarters of a pint of cocoa and half a pound of white bread; dinner, 4oz. of beef, a pound of potatoes, a pint of the liquor in which the meat was boiled, and 4oz. of bread; supper, a pint of gruel and half a pound of bread. That is on Monday and Tuesdays. On Wednesday I got one pint of soup and potatoes for dinner. The other days were much the same. While I was there I had to pick three pounds of oakum every day for a length of time. It was too much for me; I could not do it. I was then put to sewing braces. After that I had to make mats. I was reported for talking once. I whispered to a man who was sitting next me in church, and we were both put on a pound of bread and water for a whole day. While I was on the bread and water I was kept in a cold (separate) cell for twenty-four hours. The authorities never informed me of the fact that the real culprit had confessed two months ago to the commission of the crime for which I was unjustly suffering; and during the whole of that time I was still kept to hard labour, and was even punished by bread and water, although they were aware of the fact of my entire innocence. Until last Saturday I knew nothing about the fact of my innocence having been proved, until I was suddenly brought out into a passage and saw Mr. Guerrier and my brother-in-law, George Edds. They told me that they had the order for my release, as they had succeeded in proving that I was an innocent man. When my family found that they were in a position to prove my innocence, my brother-in-law sent me a letter, telling me what had been done, but it was sent back, and I was not allowed to see it. I never heard of that letter until I came out. When I left Pentonville Prison I was suffering from the effects of illness. One Friday, while I was making mats, I was sud-

denly taken ill, and I was seized with violent pains in my chest. During the whole of my life I had never suffered from chest disease. Although the pain was dreadful, I said nothing about it that day. During the whole night I found it impossible to sleep. On Saturday, when I saw the warder, I asked to see the doctor, and I was taken downstairs to him. He asked me what was the matter with me, and I told him that I could not get rest on account of the pains in my chest. He ordered blisters, and I was taken back to my cell, where they were put on. The skin is now off parts of my chest, and it is quite raw. I was very ill for seven days, but as I found my diet worse under the doctor's hands, I declared myself well before I was so. I got boiled milk instead of gruel, and I found that the change was for the worse. The milk was less strengthening than the gruel, and I found that the quantity was also less. I am suffering from the effects of that illness now. It is now eight weeks since I was informed that my hair was to be cut. At that time my innocence was known. Mr. Nichols, the warder, cut my hair off as close as ever he could. When I passed my hand over my head I thought it had been shaved. My hair has not been cut since then, and it is now half an inch long. I have had a cold in my head ever since. If I had remained in the prison six months longer, I feel confident that I should have become mad. It was wrong to keep me there performing the hardest labour when they knew that I was innocent. Even after the granting of my pardon for being innocent I was kept in prison. My pardon was granted by the Home Secretary on a Friday afternoon, and the order for my release was then given. I was kept in prison the whole of that afternoon and the following night, and I was not even told that I was entitled to my release until after eight o'clock on Saturday morning. All that time I was on prison diet, and I had to do prison work. I have told you that I saw my clothes labelled. Why that was done I do not know, for when I came to get them on leaving the prison I was told that they were sold. They gave me instead a wideawake hat, a short brown coat, a brown waistcoat, and a pair of corduroy trousers. I was told that they were dressing me according to my station in life. If I had been a gentleman they would have given me a suit of black. When they gave me a pair of boots I said that my own were better, and I asked for them, and they told me that they had sold my boots for 2s.'

The family of the unfortunate young man have been almost ruined by the affair. They were in good circumstances before he was arrested. For his defence they parted with their furniture, and even their clothes. They then borrowed money from their neighbours and their friends. So confident were those that knew them of the innocence of James Bell, that subscriptions were raised in their behalf. Some persons lent them shillings, while one whose name ought to be mentioned in consequence of the active part which he took in bringing about the happy result spent on their behalf £15. His name is Mr. Rendall. He it was who first offered a reward for the discovery of the real thieves. Mr. Guerrier then came forward, and he increased the first reward of £10 to £100, and the whole sum expended in getting Bell out of prison will come to £200. When the real thieves were discovered, the persons who owned the lambs refused to prosecute them, and the Bells were then informed that, before they could secure the liberation of James, they must find the money to prosecute the thieves. That they had to do. They say that was very hard, and that it shows the want of a public prosecutor, who would provide the money for such cases.

We give below their narratives of their adventures in quest of the thieves. That of George Edds, the brother-in-law of Bell, is as curious as it is interesting. It may be as well to state that Edds is, like Bell, a man in humble sphere, but is possessed of good intelligence and wonderful tenacity.

'When we found,' says Edds, 'that James Bell had been sentenced to five years' penal servitude and separation from his family for a crime that he had never committed, we pledged our words to him that we would leave no stone unturned to prove his innocence to the world and secure his return to freedom. Our task was a hard one, for all appeared to be against him. When we saw him in his cell, after the judge had told him that he was an incorrigible thief, he was crying bitterly, although for some time, while his father was present, he made every effort to keep up. The jeering of the warders at his grief, and at our declarations of our belief in his

innocence, made us feel as if our task was altogether a hopeless one; but we had made up our minds that, cost us what labour or time it would, right should be done, and we left him with the assurance that before many months had passed he should be with us once again. We were all rather sad that day, and we returned home. When there, we held a sort of meeting of all our family and a few of our neighbours. We knew poor James was innocent, so we did not talk much about that, and we set about talking of the best way of getting evidence to prove that he had never stolen twelve lambs that he had never seen. While we were talking over this matter, a young woman ran in to tell us that she had told Bell's mother that her son had got five years, and that when she heard it she fell on the ground insensible. The young woman said that she believed that she was dead. That stopped our first meeting; but Bell's mother was not dead, she had only fallen in a fit. Shortly after a woman sent in three shillings, and she said that that would pay for the printing of a hundred bills asking for information that would lead to the discovery of the real thieves. We ourselves were out of money, for we had spent all we had in paying lawyers to defend him. When we were about to get the bills printed, Mr. Rendall, a house agent, said that he would put "£10 reward" at the top of them, and he asked the acquaintances of the thieves, too, if they knew anything about the stolen lambs, to call up for the money. The bills were printed, and we put them up in a hundred different places on the same night that Bell was sentenced. The first night I went out,' continues Edds, 'I went after the master drover who gave evidence against James. I thought from his way in court that he was a thief, and I was not wrong. He had a mean look, and he used to hang down his head when he was passing by any of our family. He was keeping company with a young woman, and I have often been tired out following them. I thought that they would never stop talking and walking. They used to walk down John-street Road, on to Shoreditch, and then back again all round Islington. What they talked about I could not make out, and I often thought that he might say something to her about the lambs. One night I saw them go into a public-house. I was afraid to follow them, for I knew that that would stop their conversation. I stood outside, and while I was waiting I saw a poorly-dressed young man sauntering along the road, and I went up to him and asked him would he have a drink. He said "Yes," and I then told him that I would give him sixpence if he would go into the public-house and tell me what the drover and his sweetheart were talking about. I said to him, "Get up to them as close as you can, and listen to all they say." He said he would. This was in the John-street Road. In half an hour he came out, and he said, "He is telling her how he's looked at in the market with an eye of suspicion, and some of the drovers say that he knows more about it than Bell did. That's all I could get you." I gave him another sixpence and went away, for it was twelve o'clock at night. For a whole fortnight I kept watching those two, night after night. Then Mr. Guerrier came into the field and offered £100 reward. He came with me some nights. The drover afterwards got four months' imprisonment for lifting a lady's mantle off a draper's door in the Holloway Road, and handing it to his sweetheart, while he was taking an evening walk with her. She, poor girl, also got imprisoned for taking the present from her lover. One is in Coldbath-fields, and the young woman is in the Westminster House of Correction. While we were watching I frequently went into from six to ten public-houses every day. Sometimes by going in with other people, and paying for what they had, I was able to avoid drinking even ginger beer, for I never drank anything else. During the time I was engaged in this anything but pleasant work, which lasted five months, I went into 270 public-houses—not bad for a teetotaler—and I saw in that time twenty working men thrown out of public-houses, after they had spent all their money, and had become insensible from drink. They were generally caught hold of by the throat and the shoulder, and the landlord or his barman used then to throw them out on to the flags. I have often heard a dull heavy thud, caused by the man's head falling on the stones. Some of the barmen used to say, "Pity people don't know when they have enough. They never do — they are so ignorant." Shortly after Mr. Guerrier came to our assistance, we received a letter from one of the men who stole the lambs, but he did

not give his name. The letter was very short, and it was: "I stole the lambs, and not James Bell. Get up a memorial to the Government, saying that he is innocent. I have written to the judge and to the police-sergeant, to tell them so. Send you 2s. worth of postage stamps, and I shall send you more when I can." There was no clue given to the writer of the letter, and it had been posted in the General Post Office. We tried to find out where that letter came from, but failed. We gave it to Mr. Guerrier, to see whether he could trace the handwriting. In about a week another letter in the same handwriting arrived. It was:—"Bell,—I hear that you have given my letter up to Mr. Guerrier, and only that you have done so I should have given you more assistance; but now, if any one come near me, I shall put a knife up to the handle into them" That was all he said, and he still withheld his name. I then went round to several of the post-offices, and asked whether any drover had lately bought two shillings worth of postage stamps. They were civil, and they said at the offices that they had not noticed any one. In trying to trace the letter, there was one drover that we came across whose writing we thought was the same, and we watched him for a month, and one Friday we went up to him, and said, "You know something about this, and we have sent for a warrant for you." He replied, "Good ——, I know nothing of this, I am as innocent as Bell;" and he cried. We afterwards found out that he had nothing to do with it. On the following Friday he was on Clerkenwell Green, talking to several men about the arrest of three men for sheep-stealing at Tottenham, when a young man came up and said, "What a shame young Bell should get five years for nothing. I know one of the parties that had the lambs." One of the men said, "Do you? then it's £100 for us, if you tell." The young man replied, "I have opened my mouth too wide," and he ran down the street, and several of the men ran after him, and they discovered where he was employed. They then told us what he said. We were three days trying to find out that young man, for he threw up his employment when he heard that detectives were after him. We passed him one morning at two o'clock returning from the Britannia Theatre, where he told us he had seen "All is Not Gold that Glitters." He refused to tell us anything, but after some persuasion and threats he consented to go to a solicitor's in the morning. He went, and his statement was written down, and he said in it that Daly was the thief, not Bell. The police were then applied to, and they refused to give any assistance, saying, "We have got the right man in Bell, and we will do nothing more." Common policemen used to stand on Saffron Hill and say to us, "The walls are high. Three policemen have sworn against him, and you can't get him out, and you shan't get him out." We sent a letter to Bell to tell him that his innocence was nearly proved, and to "Trust in God, as He is the great deliverer." That letter was sent on the 3rd of June, and was returned to us from Pentonville Prison the next day, after it had been read by the Governor. It was endorsed—"Memo. 5,546. James Bell will not be entitled to receive a letter until the 18th of November, 63. 4, 6, 68. GOVERNOR."—The next part was to go to Tottenham to the hearing of the three prisoners. Two of the prisoners had to sign their names, and one of their handwritings corresponded with the letter that we had received. He was the guilty man, and he has since got five years. His name was Daly, and he afterwards confessed to Mr. Guerrier, while he was in the House of Detention, and in it he implicated others, but fully cleared Bell. The police were again applied to, and they still persisted in refusing to give us any assistance. Several of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood then got up a public meeting on Clerkenwell Green, "to protest against the injustice of keeping an innocent man in prison when it was known that he was innocent." The meeting was a crowded one, and several very long and loud speeches were made. The police told us that we should have to prove the guilty parties guilty before we could get Bell out. Even after Daly's confession we were told that we should never have him out. The consequence was, that we determined to give Winter into custody. We arrested him at a slaughterhouse in Whitechapel, and then we took him to Inspector Thomson, at Scotland Yard. The reason that I arrested Winter was that I had heard that it would be necessary to capture and convict everybody concerned in the stealing of the lambs before I could get Bell out. When I got Winter

the police for the first time gave me the use of a constable, and he went with us to Scotland Yard.'

Mr. Rendall states that, believing in the innocence of Bell, he exerted himself to procure evidence which would establish the fact to the satisfaction of the authorities. He visited innumerable public-houses, choosing by preference the least respectable. The haunts of the lowest class of drovers, roughs, and bad characters generally were the most promising with regard to the end in view, but visits to such places were not always unattended with inconvenience, and even danger. 'On one occasion,' says Mr. Rendall, 'while in a wretched public-house amongst all sorts of people, and while attending carefully to what was being said all around, I noticed one man whom, from his appearance, I judged to be a likely person to lift sheep. I, therefore, walked towards him and invited him to have a drink. I got into conversation with him, and gradually introduced the subject of sheep. All appeared to be going on right enough until I somewhat incautiously spoke of Bell and the twelve lambs. He instantly took the alarm, and eyeing me with great suspicion from head to foot, he appeared to come to a conclusion the reverse of complimentary. He looked me full in the face, and cried out in a voice that struck upon the ears of everybody in the place, "He is a —— detective." The public was instantly in an uproar. The cry of "The detectives! the detectives!" was raised by nearly everybody in the place, and they all began to crowd round in a most threatening manner. I did not at all feel intimidated, although I will confess that I remembered very distinctly at that moment the expressions in the letters promising the knife to anybody who was too inquisitive with respect to the stolen lambs. I knew how to deal with them, however, and I kept quite cool. I took no notice of the others, but I said to my man, "What a fool you are making of yourself. I am no more a detective than you are. You have been drinking too much." The obvious truth of this last remark made them give me credit for that of the other. The affair blew over, and I quietly slipped out of the house as soon as possible.'

After Daly's confession, the labours of those who interested themselves in the matter were not lightened. There were two others of those implicated in the crime still to be discovered. From the attitude taken by the police it was pretty evident that nothing short of the conviction of the whole gang of the real criminals would suffice to secure the liberation of Bell. The question was how to get hold of the two rascals still at large. Acting on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, four members of the profession were dexterously appealed to, and were promised £5 each if they would get the required information. They got a sovereign on account, but they seemed loth to act in the matter. When pressed they stated what seemed to be true enough, that they were afraid they would get the knife if they did not mind what they were about. Their scruples, however, yielded to a higher bribe and solemn asseverations of secrecy—one of them, who is known, has received a free passage to America and £10. The result of this diplomacy was shown in the conviction of the three thieves at the Middlesex Sessions.—*Morning Star.*

ORGANISATION OF THE DESTITUTE POOR AND CRIMINAL.

Let us now briefly apply these plans and principles, beginning with the *criminal* population. Men and boys belonging to this class must be made to understand, through the medium of friendly meetings, at which no policeman should be allowed, that measures are being taken for offering all who will accept it honest employment with cheerful amusement, but that far closer watch will be kept on known and suspected thieves, and far longer and severer punishments will shortly be inflicted on those who, still preferring a life of crime, are convicted and sentenced. At these meetings the men themselves should be invited to state their own wants and wishes, and the aim should

be to adopt and supplement their views, when reasonable, as far as possible. Those who are willing to live honestly and to work must then be enrolled in groups, clubs, or societies, with presidents or captains over every ten, fifty, and a hundred members, great care being taken to make both them and their former companions know that none of these reclaimed criminals will be invited or, indeed, allowed to give information incriminating their associates for past offences. As fast as you gain any influence over them, you must endeavour to make good your ground by uniting them with some kind of organised society. Meetings of a similar character should also be held for inviting the honest roughs and unemployed poor to join a society or club in their neighbourhood. English labourers, as well as artisans, are already accustomed to organisation, to some extent, by their friendly societies and benefit clubs. By thus gathering these chaotic individuals into organised groups, you will be able by degrees to awaken in them an *esprit de corps*—an attachment to, and a pride in, the society or community in which they are enrolled. May not men in a condition not more anarchic and hopeless than the early settlers in Rome, the Anglo-Saxons when the Danish deluge was rolled back, Florentine *ciompi* in the Middle Ages, or French *sans-culottes* during the wars of the Revolution—may not our criminal and destitute population be brought to care strongly for a society of which they are the organised members—to care for it, not to the heroic or death-point, perhaps, but sufficiently to call forth much of their better nature? For this purpose, however, it would be needful, first, that there should be a simple natural organisation into which they can easily enter; secondly, that this organisation should form a society or community which they can feel some pride and find some joy in belonging to; thirdly, that they should have the hope and the chance of gradually making that fellowship, club, or community more worthy of honour, and more capable of affording honour and joy to those who *belong to it*.

In like manner, there must be a system introduced into these groups or communities, whereby, on the one hand, men deserving of trust and honour should receive it; and, on the other, unworthy conduct, especially violation of the law, whether of the State or the society, would be instantly denounced and punished. By the Saxon system of 'Frank-pledge,' and on which I desire to lay great stress, not only would every man be answerable for his neighbour, but the whole community would be liable for the misdeeds of a single member. In fact, there is true fellowship, a veritable corporate society, only in proportion as the members are thus bound together, so that if the hand offends the foot also suffers. In the case of reclaimed criminals, at all events, the head of each group and of each subdivision must be held legally answerable for the conduct of the members beneath their supervision, and we might trust to the honour even of thieves that if this were done very little crime comparatively would be undetected.

Genuine suffering and hardship among the destitute poor would thus, also, be at once promptly discovered and effectually relieved, while imposture would as surely be exposed. District visitors are admirable persons, whose visits in some shape will always be most useful and needed. Many a blessing of unspeakable value has been brought to a sorrowing, ignorant, or sin-stricken abode through their instrumentality. And they would be wanted more than ever, for a time, under the system I propose. Relieving officers, detectives, and policemen generally in their way are very useful and necessary, and long will be. But much of the work now being done by district visitors, relieving officers, and the police could be done far better if the roughs and rogues of our great cities, reclaimed criminals, and the honest but suffering poor, could be got to *help* in doing it, and especially to prevent the necessity for its being done by visitors, or policemen, or relieving officers at all. It is quite true, however, and *most important to be observed*, that a system of Frank-pledge, of supervision, and responsibility *for crime only* would soon be felt to be degrading. You make it healthful and welcome by combining with it relief in sickness and suffering, provision for amusement and education, a share in the management of the little commonwealth or society, and the cultivation generally of corporate, brotherly, neighbourly life. Thus, persons who had lately been, or still were, leading criminal lives would come under supervision anyhow; but if they joined one of these clubs it would not be their conduct only that would be looked after,

but also their comfort, means of livelihood, enjoyment, and so forth.

But pray understand that it is not proposed to attempt uniting in one fellowship honest roughs and dishonest rogues while the latter *remain* dishonest; nor, in fact, to organise at all those who are living a criminal life. Whether, as men give up thieving, and take to honest work, the honest poor will allow them to be associated with them remains to be seen. There is reason to hope that, under good influences and wise arrangements, this might be accomplished, even as reclaimed drunkards have been cordially welcomed, nay, drawn into temperance brotherhoods consisting of sober men. But, then, as in the teetotal movement so in this, persons of good character and higher social position —clergymen, skilled artisans, noblemen, and benevolent ladies — must also join these groups and organisations. It is true that the separate groups must consist *chiefly* of persons residing in the same neighbourhood or district, both for the sake of sociable intercourse, mutual improvement and recreation, and also for the supervision, guidance, and help to be given by each officer or family to those subordinated to them. But the larger organisations in which the smaller societies should be united, might contain many of a higher class; and, under all circumstances, a certain proportion of the more influential class, possessing simple and kindly dispositions, would be invaluable for filling particular offices, for occasional visiting, but especially for promoting recreation, business, education, and general good fellowship. Thus the higher and lower ranks would find a common meeting-ground, and a good understanding would be promoted between them in a simple natural way.

Each group or club should probably meet once a-week at first for business and friendly discussion. After awhile, once a month would be often enough. For the first six months after the society was formed, perhaps for a year, every male member of each group above twenty-one should be at liberty to attend and vote at these meetings, with a view of awakening and sustaining general interest in the proceedings; and at no period should any general laws be made or rescinded except by the whole body assembled. But, after awhile, the general business of each club or society should be transacted by a committee chosen quarterly or half-yearly. The business and the laws would, of course, have reference only to whatever concerned their common weal. Any matters relating to employment, recreation, education, relief of distress, supervision, to the health of the district, the operation of the Poor-law, condition of dwellings, drainage, the appointment of officers, and so forth, would be among the matters for discussion. These meetings, among other useful purposes, would perform the valuable function of what is known by most working men's clubs and institutes as the 'Remark Book'— a book in which any member can write suggestions for the benefit of the club, or mention any grievances under which the members labour. This book is duly laid before the committee; and in like manner a record of remarks made at the above-mentioned meetings should regularly come before the governing body.

Then there would be nights set apart for concerts, readings, &c., free admission being given to the members of each club or group, or perhaps admission to them only; and on Sunday evenings there should be meetings held for those willing to unite in prayer and the performance of sacred music, to listen to reading of the Scriptures, sacred poetry, and exhortation. Twice a-year, at Christmas, and combined with a rural excursion in the summer time, there should be a general festival, introduced by religious services, if these were requested, as at the annual festivals of the Oddfellows, &c., attended by members of all the clubs in each district, and at which musical, literary, artistic, and scientific performances should take place.

There should be some suitable ceremony whereby all youths, on attaining the age of twenty-one, should be initiated and welcomed into the group or club of their neighbourhood, probably at a quarterly meeting, thereby metaphorically induing the *toga virilis*.

The clubs should most likely offer the advantages of sick and burial funds and penny bank collections, with deferred annuities, &c., to all their members, either by forming lodges in connection with the Oddfellows, Foresters, or other large existing societies, by using the Government scheme, or in connection with an organisation expressly formed by them for the purpose.

With regard to the means of enforcing obedience to the rules and government of these organisations, you can only

inflict direct punishment by means of fines. But indirectly, and far more efficiently, you can exercise the requisite amount of correction or retribution by depriving members for longer or shorter periods of privileges and enjoyments. But for this purpose you must *give* enjoyments and privileges. And the promotion of the general happiness thus becomes as useful in preserving order and obedience to rules as for its own direct benefits.

It will no doubt be urged that I have been suggesting the employment of far too many agencies in combined operation. I answer that you might as well object that this table rests on too many legs. It stands firmly precisely because it has several supports, not three or two. We constantly find that one agency is inoperative without another, and that other without a third, and so on, because they each supplement the deficiencies or strengthen the weak points of the rest. As human wants and weaknesses are very manifold and diverse, so must be the agencies for meeting the one or supporting the other. Otherwise admirable schemes have failed just for want of attending to this principle.

Two or three points only remain to be noticed, or rather time permits of my noticing only these.

1. The assistance of Government should be obtained for the appointment of commissioners to engage the services of competent engineers to set the unemployed poor to work on remunerative labour, as in the time of the Lancashire cotton famine, and also for passing an Act for the infliction of long sentences on offenders convicted the second or third time after due warning given, according to the suggestions made above. By offering the criminally-disposed great facilities for escaping from a life of crime, and great privileges of various kinds when they have abandoned their evil courses, we earn a right to restrain them from further injury to society by far severer punishment than would now be equitable. We should have a velvet paw of tenderest benevolence for those who will accept our help, but beneath it a claw sharp as steel for those who still rebel. We must not be exposed, if this scheme should ever be put in operation, to its being continually thrown out of gear by returned convicts and incorrigible gaol-birds coming back at short intervals to boast of their victory over law and order, and to seduce from a new and at first irksome life of honest labour their former and better-disposed companions. The aid of the Legislature must also be invoked to restrain the present enormous multiplication of public-houses and beershops, and to amend the whole system of licensing these terrible temptations to evil; while an Act to levy an exceptional and heavy rate upon houses inhabited by thieves and receivers of stolen goods (according to a valuable suggestion by Mr. Pare, F.S.S., in a paper read before the Social Science Association in 1862) would also most materially promote the object.

2. In order to carry out to their full extent these plans you would need, no doubt, a far larger body of devoted Christian workers than is even now engaged in philanthropic labours in the metropolis, each having his or her special department of work or superintendence according to their gifts and calling, with a definite relation to one or more above and to others below them in the required organisation. The 'Parabolani' of the early Christian Church are a memorable illustration of what may be, and to some extent is now being done to promote missionary effort in the midst of a half-barbarous people surrounded by luxurious civilisation. But I think we need not fear that this body of workers would not be gradually forthcoming. For while on the one hand there is all that huge chaotic mass of suffering and crime, there is assuredly on the other a vast amount both of active and latent, or wasted because unorganised, Christian energy and love. Thousands of generous-hearted men and women of every rank, from the aristocracy downwards, often feel life to be a burden, and seek refuge in frivolity, or worse dissipation, simply because they have had no fitting field presented to them for the exercise of their energies and benevolent affections. A noble sphere would be offered by the plans detailed above to thousands of high-hearted, accomplished young men and educated women for bringing their accomplishments and influence to promote the reclamation and happiness of their sinning and suffering fellow-creatures, by helping in concerts, readings, exhibitions, lectures, classes, discussions, excursions, &c., or by guidance and counsel at home—perhaps by leading forth emigration abroad.

An inestimable blessing also might possibly result from this co-operation

of earnest benevolent persons for a great common object—viz., greater Christian union and charity among the servants and disciples of our common Lord and Head. All long and pray for that true unity in Him which has been sought for in many ways, but which, perhaps, can never really be attained except by first uniting in practical Christian labours for the benefit of those for whom He died.

The practical steps to be taken at once, if you think it good to take any at all, seem to be the appointment of a committee composed of representatives of the principal London philanthropic societies, who shall be requested to put themselves in communication with their respective committees, with the clergy, ministers, and missionaries of the various denominations in London, with Scripture-readers, with the Poor-law Board and the Commissioners of Police, with the view in the first instance simply of laying before them the foregoing and various other principles, requesting, in return, co-operation, suggestions, and information. They should then present a report of what they have been able to learn and to do to a conference of leading social reformers, which should be convened next spring, and when it could be decided whether any and what steps should be taken to carry these or other plans into effect. For want of a practical step of this kind following up meetings for discussion, many valuable measures have been at various times lost sight of and much valuable time lost.

But do not, I beg of you, imagine that I want to propose the formation of a new society, or the sudden commencement of some gigantic organisation. I want simply, in the first instance, to urge the principle of applying benevolent energy and resources to the uprooting, the complete extirpation of the distress and crime caused by defective civilisation, instead of merely to palliative measures—to prevention instead of cure. And with that view, I would urge, in the second place, that our benevolent societies should form or co-operate with this joint committee, for deliberation and collecting the materials for future action. No matter how little progress is made at first in the right direction, so long as it *is* in the right direction, real progress towards ultimate health, and not merely plaistering over the sores. If you can in any district set the honest unemployed men to remunerative work, get half-a-dozen thieves really to give up thieving, and bring these and twenty roughs besides to group themselves in fellowship that involves civilised humane ways of life, you may feel satisfied that you are on the sure road to ultimate victory, which I do not think we are, by any means, at present.

I pray you remember that if we do not more or less *crush* those evils in this generation, the task will be far more terrible for our children. Social disorganisation and moral putrefaction, such as we have seen in the most flourishing communities of other times, may be expected, as a slow gangrene or sudden paralysis, to invade the body politic, unless we can arrest its progress by a living healthy development of organised fellowship and benevolent co-operation. —*Destitute Poor and Criminal Classes. By the Rev. H. Solly.*

INCREASE OF INSANITY AMONG THE POOR.

That insanity is largely on the increase among our poorer classes has long been admitted by those who have specially directed their attention to the subject, and there is much in the recently published Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy, despite its lamentably-defective statistics and decided lack of information on vital points, in support of the painful and disheartening allegation. Of the 31,917 lunatics officially mentioned as remaining, on the 1st of January, 1867, in the various county and borough asylums, registered hospitals, metropolitan and provincial licensed houses, and naval, military, and State criminal asylums in England and Wales, no less than 25,998 belonged to the pauper class. On the 1st of January, 1868, the number of insane patients confined in these institutions had risen to 34,213; this marked increase being wholly among the pauper lunatics, the number of which, at that date, was 27,361, the

better class of patients exhibiting a decrease of 67 during the same period. These figures do not include the patients confined in the lunatic wards of our workhouses; this species of information being apparently considered of remote importance by the commissioners, who merely inform us—in a separate table—that in the 299 workhouses in England and Wales, visited under their direction in 1867, the number of insane, idiotic, and imbecile inmates was 7,987. As to the number of persons of unsound mind residing as single patients, either in lodgings or with their relatives, the commissioners do not condescend to vouchsafe any information whatever, although in their previous report they obligingly mentioned that the number of such persons then actually under their notice was 6,861. It is perfectly clear that if we desire to stay the further progress of insanity in this country, we must, as a mere preliminary step, acquire a considerably larger amount of definitive information respecting the actual extent to which cerebral diseases prevail among the community in general, especially among the poor; also respecting the real or probable causes of the same. As regards the latter, the commissioners' report is absolutely worthless. It merely supplies certain formal statistics of a most meagre and commonplace character, leaving those who wish to investigate this painful subject to procure their information from non-official sources. Considering the expensive character of the commissio n, we have a right to look for more satisfactory results. So far as we can ascertain, it would appear that it is the lower and most degraded section of the poorer classes which furnishes the great proportion of lunacy cases. It is amongst these that drunkenness is most rife. They certainly are the largest consumers of the vilely-adulterated malt liquors and spirits common in poor neighbourhoods, and it is most desirable that it should be ascertained whether there be any connection between the wholesale system of drug-poisoning practised by large numbers of beershop-keepers and publicans on the one hand, and the increasing prevalence of insanity among their customers on the other.

Again, most medical men are aware that severe privation, sanitary deficiencies, depression of animal spirits arising from want of employment, parental intemperance, defective living, over-work, and adulterated food, are among the prolific causes of working-class insanity; yet the commissioners take not the slightest heed of these. They pride themselves, however, on the adoption of a series of tabular forms, 'drawn up,' we are told, 'after careful consideration of the subject, by a committee of the Medico-Psychological Association,' and which tables, they believe, will enable them to prepare 'a compilation of facts,' of 'the greatest utility in statistical comparison,' and which will 'supply the chief requisites for a scientific application of the results of medical experience.' Now, will it be believed that these much-vaunted tables merely show the number of admissions, re-admissions, and deaths; the proportion of deaths and recoveries; causes of death; length of residence, &c., in each asylum? All this information ought to have been procured on the first establishment of the commission, and it is scarcely to the credit of the commissioners that no systematic attempt should have been made in this direction until the commencement of last year. In their present report the commissioners recommend the collection of information relative to the number and duration of insane attacks, age, and condition—whether married or single—of patients, and probable causes of cerebral disease. So far, good. But under a proper system we should, long before this, have been in full possession of such details, also of others relative to the trades or occupations of the persons afflicted, their social habits, the physical condition of their immediate relatives, and numerous equally-essential facts, the knowledge of which is requisite to a proper investigation of the subjects. If the commissioners have not legal power to insist upon the collection of such information, they ought to have at once applied to Parliament for the same, instead of allowing things to take their wonted course without the slightest hindrance. The interests of the community demand that the country should be placed in possession of all procurable information respecting the real or probable causes of insanity, and of the conditions under which it is fostered, so that some attempt may be made to effectually stay its further increase.

With respect to the condition of the insane coming under the observation of the commissioners, there seem to have been more pains taken with regard to investigating the state of the 'lady' and

'gentleman' class, than in the case of the mere paupers; but we should be loth to accuse the commissioners of unfairness in this respect. Their report, however, contains ample evidence that in many of the metropolitan and provincial workhouses and asylums, the treatment of the insane poor, although superior to that adopted in former years, remains far from being what it ought to be. The want of proper provision for the insane poor of Middlesex has caused the metropolitan licensed houses, in which paupers are received, to become crowded to overflowing. In other instances, numbers of recent and acute cases 'have remained for long periods in the wards of workhouses, where no proper means for their care or treatment are provided.' False notions of economy have in more than one place produced a tendency 'to relieve the pressure on the asylums, and to avoid building, by removing to the workhouses harmless chronic cases.' This tendency has been severely commented on, in previous reports, by the commissioners, but without result. 'During the past year (1867)' say the commissioners, 'in many of the populous unions in the provinces, separate lunatic wards have either been established, or the existing wards have been extended. These wards are professedly intended only for such chronic and harmless patients as it is proper to retain in the workhouse; but we very generally find that where such wards exist, they are not restricted to the above-named class, but that, as a rule, in many unions recent cases of insanity are sent to them in the first instance, and are only removed to the asylum when they have become so violent and dangerous as to be quite unmanageable, after imperfect attempts at cure in the workhouse have failed, and when much valuable time has been lost, during which the patients, if submitted to proper treatment, might have recovered.' Here, surely, exist reasons for legislative interference.

But this is not all. In the report before us we have numerous significant complaints, on the part of the commissioners, of the deficiency of bathing and washing accommodation in many of the asylums visited by them. In some, the cisterns were too small to admit of the patients being washed separately; in others, the same water was used for four or more patients. In the Devon County Asylum there were only four baths for 266 male patients, and five baths for 400 female patients; while in the Dorset County Asylum there were only four wash-basins for eighty-two patients. In the Sussex County Asylum a much better state of things prevailed. In that institution, which is under the care of Dr. Robertson and Dr. Williams—the latter gentleman formerly belonged to the Northampton Asylum—the bathing arrangements are represented as 'very good;' every patient being bathed twice a week, and each time having fresh water. The quality of the food supplied to the insane is found to vary considerably. In some establishments there is nothing to complain of; in others, there is much to condemn. In one place the soup tasted by the commissioners is spoken of as 'poor and tasteless;' in another, it is described as being of 'poor quality,' and rejected by nearly fifty of the patients; in a third case, the meat was considered as 'somewhat coarse and inferior in quality;' elsewhere, the meat proved too 'hard,' or the suet-pudding appeared 'to be generally disliked,' or the use of mustard and pepper is practically forbidden, and so forth. Then we are told of establishments where the drains are very defective, the case-books neglected or badly kept, the staff of attendants too small, the class of keepers inferior, in consequence of the low wages offered, no physical or mental occupation provided for the patients, no attempt made to impart a cheerful aspect to the interior of the wards, and where overcrowding is largely practised. In the Carmarthen Asylum, we are told, 'little or nothing has been done to supply the numerous deficiencies in the way of furniture, and the wards still present a very bare and comfortless appearance.' In the same place, the commissioners 'are very sorry to be obliged to report that the case-books have been almost entirely neglected.' In the Hants County Asylum, 'the recommendations made during a series of years, at each successive visit of members of our board, have had little or no attention.' Here, too, 'the seclusion continues to be large.' At Colney Hatch, we are informed that 'one subject on which remark has been made at every commissioners' visit, but without obtaining the attention which, above almost every other, it requires, is that of regular employment for the male patients. Out of 825 male inmates, there is not an average of more than forty engaged on the land and fifty in the workshops; while in the tailors' and

shoemakers' shops there are almost as many paid workmen as working patients.' In the Somerset County Asylum, the state of the persons and dress of the male patients is reported as being 'far from satisfactory.' 'Much of their clothing,' we are told, 'even of those in the dining-hall, was of inferior quality, untidy, and out of repair.' In the same place the commissioners remark the want of table-cloths, 'the absence of which tends to diminish the aspect of domestic comfort.' While visiting the City of London Asylum, the commissioners 'noticed a considerable number of patients wearing strong and special dresses of an unsightly character, secured by locks and belts;' in consequence of which they recommended 'the disuse of such obsolete contrivances,' but we are not informed whether their recommendation has been acted upon. In connection with the same institution, we are told that 'the airing-courts in connection with the worst wards remain in a rough and unfinished state, neither laid out, turfed, nor planted.'

Complaints similar to the foregoing are scattered profusely through the report of the commissioners, and read very inconsistently with the high praise invariably lavished by them on the medical and other authorities connected with each asylum. Indiscriminate praise of this kind is worth little. In fact, it is almost an insult to bestow on those in charge of really well-managed institutions the same meed of approbation as that dealt out in cases where there has been so much of which to complain and so little of which to approve. Altogether, the general tenor of the report is far from re-assuring; it rather tends to convince us that things are considerably worse than they are made to appear.—*London Review.*

PETTED DAUGHTERS AND SPOILT WIVES.

It is seldom that a petted daughter becomes a spoilt wife, human affairs having that marvellous power of compensation, that inevitable tendency to re-adjust the balance, which prevents the continuance of a like excess under different forms. Besides, a spoilt daughter generally makes such a supremely unpleasant wife that the husband has no inducement to continue the mistake, and therefore either lowers her tone by a judicious exhibition of snubbing, or, if she is aggressive as well as unpleasant, leaves her to fight with her shadows in the best way she can, glad for his own part to escape the strife she will not forego. One characteristic of the spoilt woman is her impatience of anything like rivalry. She never has a female friend —certainly not one of her own degree, and not one at all in the true sense of the word. Friendship presupposes equality, and a spoilt woman knows no equality. She has been so long accustomed to consider herself as the lady paramount, that she cannot understand it if any one steps in to share her honours and divide her throne. To praise the beauty of any other woman, to find her charming, or to pay her the attention due to a charming woman, is to insult our spoilt darling, and to slight her past forgiveness. If there is only one good thing, it must be given to her—the first seat, the softest cushion, the most protected situation; and she looks for the best of all things as if naturally consecrated from her birth into the sunshine of life, and as if the 'cold shade' which may do for others, were by no means the portion allotted to her. It is almost impossible to make the spoilt woman understand the grace or the glory of sacrifice. By rare good fortune she may sometimes be found to possess an indestructible germ of conscience which sorrow and necessity can develop into active good; but only sometimes. The spoilt woman *par excellence* understands only her own value, only her own merits and the absolutism of her own requirements; and sacrifice, self-abnegation, and the whole class of virtues belonging to unselfishness, are as much unknown to her as is the Decalogue in the original, or the squaring of the circle. The spoilt woman, as the wife of an unsuccessful husband or the mother of sickly children, is a pitiable spectacle. If it comes to her to be obliged to sacrifice her usual luxuries, to make an old gown serve when a new one is desired, to sit up all night watching by the sick bed, to witness the painful details of illness

—perhaps of death—to meet hardship face to face, and to bend her back to the burden of sorrow, she is at the first absolutely lost. Not the thing to be done, but her own discomfort in doing it, is the one master idea—not others' needs, but her own pain in supplying them, the great grief of the moment. Many are the hard lessons set us by life and fate, but the hardest of all is that given to the spoilt woman, when she is made to think for others rather than for herself, and is forced by the exigencies of circumstances to sacrifice her own case for the greater necessities of her kind.

All that large part of the perfect woman's nature which expresses itself in serving is an unknown function to the spoilt woman. She must be waited on, but she cannot in her turn serve even the one or two she loves. She is the woman who calls her husband from one end of the room to the other to put down her cup rather than reach out her arm to put it down for herself—who, however weary he may be, will bid him get up and ring the bell, though it is close to her own hand, and her longest walk during the day has been from the dining room to the drawing room. It is not that she cannot do these small offices for herself, but that she likes the feeling of being waited on and attended to; and it is not for love, and the amiable if weak pleasure of attracting the notice of the beloved—it is just for the vanity of being a little somebody for the moment, and of playing off the same regality involved in the procedure. She would not return the attention. Unlike the Eastern women, who wait on their lords hand and foot, and who place their highest honour in their lowliest service, the spoilt woman of Western life knows nothing of the natural grace of womanly serving for love, for grace, or for gratitude. This kind of thing is peculiarly strong among the *demi-monde* of the higher class, and among women who are not of the *demi-monde* by station, but by nature. The respect they cannot command by their virtues they demand in the simulation of manner; and perhaps no women are more tenacious of the outward forms of deference than those who have lost their claims to the vital reality. It is very striking to see the difference between the women of this type, the *petites maitresses* who require the utmost attention and almost servility from man, and the noble dignity of service which the pure woman can afford to give—which she finds, indeed, that it belongs to the very purity and nobleness of her womanhood to give. It is the old story of the ill-assured position which is afraid of its own weakness, and the security which can afford to descend—the rule holding good for other things besides mere social place.

Another characteristic of the spoilt woman is the changeableness and excitability of her temper. All suavity, and gentleness, and delightful gaiety, and perfect manners when every thing goes right, she startles you by her outburst of petulance when the first cross comes. If no man is a hero to his valet, neither is a spoilt woman a heroine to her maid; and the lady who has just been the charm of the drawing room, upstairs in her boudoir makes her maid go through spiritual exercises to which walking on burning ploughshares is the only fit analogy. A length of lace unstarched, a ribbon unsewed, a flower set awry, anything that crumples only one of the myriad rose leaves on which she lies, and the spoilt woman raves as much as if each particular leaf had become suddenly beset with thorns. If a dove was to be transformed to a hawk the change would not be more complete, more startling, than that which occurs when the spoilt woman of well bred company manners puts off her mask to her maid, and shows her temper over trifles. Whoever else may suffer the grievances of life, she cannot understand that she also must be at times one of the sufferers with the rest; and if by chance the bad moment comes, the persons accompanying it has a hard time of it. There are spoilt women also who have their peculiar exercises in thought and opinion, and who cannot suffer that any one should think differently from themselves, or find those things sacred which to them are accursed. They will hear nothing but what is in harmony with themselves, and they take it as a personal insult when men or women attempt to reason with them, or even hold their own without flinching. This kind is to be found specially among the more intellectual of a family or a circle—women who are pronounced 'clever' by their friends, and who have been so long accustomed to think themselves clever that they become spoilt mentally as others are personally, and fancy that minds and

thoughts must follow in their direction, just as eyes and hands must follow and attend their sisters. The spoilt woman of the mental kind is a horrid nuisance generally. She is greatly given to large discourse; but discourse of a kind that leans all to one side, and that denies the right of any one to criticise, doubt, or contradict, is an intellectual Tower of Pisa under the shadow of which it is not pleasant to live.—*Saturday Review.*

CARICATURE AND ITS HISTORY DURING THE REIGNS OF THE GEORGES.

The application of song and satire and picture to politics, is a thing of no modern date; for we trace it more or less among every people with whose history we have much acquaintance. Caricatures have been found in Egyptian tombs. The song and the lampoon were the constant attendants on, and incentives in, those incessant political struggles which, during the middle ages, were preparing for the formation of modern society; and many an old manuscript and sculptured block, whether of wood or stone, show that our forefathers in those times understood well the permanent force of pictorial satire. But it is more especially in religious matters that the middle ages, like antiquity, have shown a full perception of the importance of appealing through the eye to the hearts of the masses. In the rapid and temporary movements of political strife this weapon could not be adopted with much effect until after the invention of printing, when, by a quick process, pictures engraved could be multiplied indefinitely. It was in the latter part of the sixteenth, and especially during the seventeenth century, that engraved caricatures became a very formidable instrument in working upon the feelings of the populace. Songs and lampoons, which every tongue could assist in circulating, have never ceased to show themselves in great abundance during every political movement since the period when the small amount of historical information which time has left us, allows us first to trace them; and they, as well as caricatures, have been by far too much neglected as historical documents,—for in them, perhaps, alone can we hope to trace many of the real motives which caused or exerted an influence over all the great popular revolutions of the past. In the wish to show the utility of such records, by illustrating a given period of modern history from materials entirely derived from these sources, originated the following picture of the reigns of the first three Georges. It is to us an interesting period, because in it arose all those distinctions of political parties, and that peculiar spirit of constitutional antagonism which exist at the present day. With it most of the political questions now in dispute took their rise. It consists in itself of two periods; the first that in which the House of Brunswick was established on the throne of England upon the ruins of Jacobitism, and by the overthrow of the political creed of despotism; the second, that in which the same dynasty and its throne were defended against the encroachments of that fearful flood of republicanism which burst out from a neighbouring kingdom, and when they thus gained a victory over democracy. During these periods both the great political parties in this country came into play; in the first, the constitution owed its salvation to the Whigs; in the second, it was in all probability saved, perhaps not altogether designedly, by the Tories. It may be necessary to state that in the present work the political colour of the history has been generally given more or less as represented in the class of materials on which it was founded. This was the period during which political caricatures flourished in England—when they were not mere pictures to amuse and excite a laugh, but when they were made extensively subservient to the political warfare that was going on. This use of them seems to have been imported from Holland, and to have first come into extensive practice after the revolution of 1688. Before that time, the art of engraving had not made sufficient progress in this country to allow them to be produced with much effect. The older caricatures, those, for instance, upon Cromwell, were chiefly executed by Dutch artists;

and even in the great inundation of caricatures occasioned by the South Sea bubble, the majority of them came from Holland. It was a defect of the earlier productions of this class, that they partook more of an emblematical character, than of what we now understand by the term caricature. Even Hogarth, when he turned his hand to politics, could not shake off the old prejudice on this subject, and it would be difficult to point out worse examples than the two celebrated publications which drew upon him so much popular odium, 'The Times.'

Modern caricature took its form from the pencils of a number of clever amateur artists, who were actively engaged in the political intrigues of the reign of George II.; it became a rage during the first years of his successor; and then seemed to be dying way, to revive suddenly in the splendid conceptions of Gillray. This able artist was certainly the first caricaturist of our country; during his long career he produced a series of prints which form a complete history of the age. — *Caricature History of the Georges, by Thomas Wright, F.S.A.*

ISLAY.

All the grown male inhabitants understood English besides the Gaelic, but very few of the women or children could make themselves understood in it, especially in those parts remote from schools. If we are to credit the stories in circulation, the English of even some of the men is not particularly classic. One is told of a cattle dealer, of considerable position in the island, who had pre-engaged the steamer for his cattle. On the arrival of the boat, another drover, unaware of the compact, persisted in having his animals put on board; upon this Donald lost his temper, and eloquently expressed himself as follows:—'I tell ye I'm the poat, and the poat's me, and — the stot'll get aboord but mysel';' a conglomeration of persons and things that would rather stagger a grammarian. This is on a par with the Inverary man who addressed the cartwright of the place with, 'Are you a pig this year?' Upon the reply in the negative, he exclaimed triumphantly, 'Oh! I am two pigs this year.' I always found the men sturdy, intelligent, and hospitable, and ready to give their assistance kindly and good-humouredly; but a total disregard for truth, a 'plentiful lack' of knowledge regarding everything excepting whisky and potatoes, and the most degrading filth, these are the principal characteristics of the mass of the natives. How have they been caused? how are they to be ameliorated? are the questions that naturally arise. They are the characteristics of an enslaved people, and the consequences of a state of serfdom. Until lately, the population of the Highlands and islands had been little better than slaves. Ground down by a landed aristocracy who treated them like dogs—for rarely indeed have Scotch or Highland proprietors shown the slightest regard for the feelings or welfare of their tenants—they have gradually increased in poverty and misery. Losing all respect for themselves, they plunged into the oblivion of drunkenness, and, without the semblance of education to teach them better things, have gone from bad to worse. Gaining a scanty subsistence, partly from agriculture and partly from the sea, they have lost all regular habits of labour, and the practice of subdividing the land among their children has increased their difficulty of gaining a livelihood. Thus that look of sadness and hopelessness so generally observable among the lower classes of the Scotch, when not roused by action, settles down upon their faces. It is not always because 'they can never get enough o' fechtin,' that the Scotch look so serious; oftener far is it that they cannot get enough of proper food, and, on the mainland especially, that they cannot get sufficient rest, rest from continuous grinding labour. Seeing none on earth, they place all their hopes on heaven, and possessed of a strange mixture of superstition and religion, through a life of labour, immorality, and devotion, pass wearily to the grave. As is to be expected, the people are very immoral. I hold it almost impossible for a pure mind to rest in a filthy body, and calmly to live in the midst of dirt. This impurity of mind and body has been the growth of centuries, and is

not to be got rid of in a day. Already illicit distillation, always a great source of depravity, has been done away with in the island; other improvements must be more gradual. The education of the young, and the instillation into them of habits of cleanliness, sobriety, and the necessity for steady labour in life, will also do much. But the root of the evil is not thus to be eradicated. It lies with the proprietors to assist in removing the evils caused by their predecessors during centuries of oppression, by having proper dwellings erected for their small farmers and cottar tenants. But not until the owners of the soil dwell thereon, with their wives and families; not until the women of the island have some higher standard of excellence and cleanliness brought constantly before them; not until the ladies of the lairds visit the cottages of the poor, and exercise the benign influence which ever belongs to a virtuous woman; not until the women are taught by one of their own sex that a neat wife and a bright clean fireside to welcome him at home are the best inducements to make a man work hard, and cut the public-house on his return; in fact, not until the dirty, slatternly habits of the women are thoroughly revolutionised can any real progress be anticipated. Once, through improvements in their dwellings, cleanliness becomes possible, they will take care to have everything tidy against the visit of 'her ladyship,' or the clergyman, and be ashamed to be caught with unswept hearth or dirty person. But 'Rome was not built in a day,' and certainly a considerable period must elapse before the 'great unwashed' of Islay will be presentable in society.—*Off the Chain: Notes and Essays from the West Highlands. By Gowrie.*

THE ROYAL HOUSES OF ENGLAND AND SICILY.

It is true that a much closer relationship than that which has been above indicated exists between the Royal Houses of England and Sicily, but that relationship comes through the House of Savoy, and is represented by King Francis II. of the Two Sicilies, who is the eighth cousin of the Prince of Wales. A very perceptible family likeness between these two princes may be detected by even a cursory inspection either of the countenances or of the photographs of these descendants of King Charles I. Even the legislation of the English Parliament is not competent to extinguish lineal descent, however it may deal with the claims which are usually entailed on the hereditary representatives of great names of the past. But it is happy for the dynasty now enthroned at Westminster that the Nemesis of the House of Stuart—that constant and unintermitting evil fortune which in nine descents was marked by four violent deaths, two of which were on the scaffold, by one death of broken heart, by four abdications, imprisonments, or dethronements, and by the final loss of a dominion descending from the Plantagenets and from the Scottish kings—has followed the right line. On the death of the Cardinal of York, in 1807, the representative of the House of Stuart was the head of the House of Savoy, who descended from Charles I. of England, through his daughter, the Duchess of Orleans, the House of Hanover being a degree more remote from the representative line, as descendants of a daughter of James I. The Stuart line of the House of Savoy lost its Italian dominions owing to the operation of the Salique law, on the death, in 1831, of Charles Felix, in whom, being the third brother succeeding to the crown of Sardinia, the dynasty became extinct. But the second of these brothers had left four daughters, two of them twins, and the eldest son of the first of these ladies who gave birth to a male child was, according to English genealogical rule, the heir by blood of the House of Stuart. The eldest daughter, who married the Duke of Modena, was also the mother of the eldest son. The third sister had no issue, her husband, the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, himself descending from his throne under the constraint of a *Conseil de Famille*, to make way for the present King of Hungary, Francis Joseph of Lorraine Hapsburg. The representatives of the other three sisters are—Francis, the dethroned Duke of

Modena; Robert, the exiled Duke of Parma; and Francis II., the fugitive King of the Two Sicilies. Four abdications or expulsions, affecting the husbands or the sons of the four Stuart co-heiresses, is an instance of persistent evil fortune not easy to parallel in the history of any Royal House.—*The Trinity of Italy.*

PUBLIC OPINION.

If some classic writer of ancient Rome could say, and some French Revolutionary leader could repeat, *vox populi vox Dei*, what may we hopefully say and believe of the voice and power of the public sentiment of Christendom, gifted with these new and stupendous energies? If with the forces given to it by steam, railways, cheap postage, and all the other facilities invented to give it movement and momentum, it has driven slavery out of the world, and brought down the level of other great sins and miseries, what may, what ought it not to do with all these electric wires that thread the oceans and the seas and the wide world itself? When any event worth the world's notice may be known the very hour of its occurrence at all the capitals of Christendom; when instead of twelve men, twelve great nations may be summoned by lightning to sit in jury upon any great act or intent of wrong; when any outrage upon human rights may thrill the palpitating nerves that connect all the Parliaments and Congresses of the two hemispheres with all the localities and realities of mankind; when the thunder of universal opinion may follow instantaneously its lightning hurled in one burning bolt against a sinning Government or people in the very act and moment of the wrong; in a word, when the voice of the people is so made by Him the speech of God to mankind; when He has clothed it with such omnipotence for His glory and the good of man, what next? What great monster of iniquity, what huge, gorgon-headed enemy and destroyer of the peoples should fall next under the thunder and lightning of the world's opinion? What new mechanical forces wait we for, what new machinery of thought do the people need to sweep war from the face of the civilised world? What more wait they for? Let them feel the edge, the pulse, and the point of these mighty, these almost over-awing instrumentalities of omnipotence put into their hands by Almighty power and wisdom. Why should war stand up longer in their midst like the very abomination of desolation; bending them to the earth; battening upon the spoils of their peace and prosperity; consuming their substance; throwing the bread earned with such toil for their children to its greedy dogs? Who shall lead the van? Who shall sound the charge of the nations against the great Destroyer?—*Fire-side Words, by Elihu Burritt.*

GOUCHO HORSEMANSHIP.

One performance of the gouchos, however, was really startling. The entrance to the corral was closed by five slip rails, in place of a gate, fitting into morticed posts as in England, save that the highest was some eight feet from the ground. Among the mares in the corral was one great black five-year old, well bred and vixenish-looking, standing over fifteen hands high. She was already very excited at her unwonted confinement in the corral. Speaking a word or two to his capitaz, Signor —— called us outside, when a goucho, in huge spurs, and having only a heavy revenche in his hand, clambered on the top slip rail, standing on this so far towards the centre that he could just balance himself by touching the side-post. Another goucho let down the under four rails, then, entering the corral, he swung his lasso in the air, and away with a rush went the mares, making for the gateway. Watching his

opportunity as the mares passed under him, the goucho on the top rail dropped down safely mounted on the vicious black, who seemed so utterly astonished that she appeared for a moment to slacken her speed; down went the heavy revenche on her starboard flank; then, with a scream and two or three tremendous bounds, away she went, head down, across the camp. No less excited seemed her reckless rider, as, yelling like a demon, continuously flogging and spurring, he and his mount rapidly passed out of sight. Signor ——, however, assured us they would soon return, which they did in about a quarter of an hour, the mare staggering, seemingly exhausted, but still showing the whites of her eyes, and, with ears sloping back, looking vicious enough, but quite under command, and easily guided by the application of the revenche on either side of her neck. The goucho dismounted by sliding off the mare, still in motion; he seemed perfectly cool, and not at all aware he had done anything out of the common. Not so the mare; covered with foam, her quivering flanks bleeding and striped with huge wales, after a few yards she stopped, as though bewildered, then, smelling about the ground, she kneeled, snorted, and rolled, at first feebly, afterwards more energetically; in three or four minutes she arose, shaking herself vigorously, then, as we advanced towards her, she flung her heels high into the air, and bounded away as madly as before, never slackening her headlong speed so long as we could sight her; and Senor —— told us she probably would not pull up until she joined her equally scared companions, long since out of sight.—*A Long Vacation in the Argentine Alps.*

BIRMINGHAM TRADE AND THE FASHIONS.

Birmingham, in its mechanical industries and productions, has followed the fashions and customs of the world very closely, and supplied every art and occupation with all the working tools and appliances it needed. It has 'worked to order' without asking questions for conscience' sake in regard to the uses made of its articles of iron and brass. It has made all kinds of cheap and showy jewels for the noses and ears of African beaux and belles, and stouter bracelets of iron for the hands and feet of slaves driven in coffles to the sea-board. In the same shops and on the same benches, gilt and silver buckles were made by the million for the shoes of the nobility and gentry when Charles II. came back to the throne and brought with him the court fashions and moralities of the continent. That was what archæologists would call the bronze period, when articles of brass slightly gilt or washed with silver were in high fashion in the upper ranks of society. Buckles and metal buttons then began to compete with iron wares in the business of the town, and from that to the present day, the workers in brass have steadily increased, until they now number about 10,000 persons employed in that department. But the manufacture of firearms may be considered to have been the great distinctive industry of the town for more than 200 years. Up to the middle of the seventeenth century, London monopolised the fabrication of these weapons of war, and then it was transferred to Birmingham. Indeed, its skill and labour all the way back to the morning twilight of written history have wrought upon the scythes, sickles, and reaping hooks of war 'for home and exportation.' On the battle grounds of Hastings, Lewes, Evesham, Tewkesbury, and Flodden Field, hundreds of these tools bearing the Birmingham brand lay scattered about with hacked edges or broken points. Perhaps thousands of the tomahawks lifted by North American Indians against the 'pale faces' of New England and Canada wore the same mark. And since firearms superseded these weapons of hand-to-hand fight, it is doubtful if a single battle has taken place in the civilised or uncivilised world in which muskets and rifles manufactured here have not played their part in the work of slaughter. — *Walks in the Black Country.*

A PHILANTHROPIST IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

During his entire London life he wore unusually large coat-pockets, and no change of fashion, or jests, could induce him to alter the style. These pockets were to carry oranges and apples and children's books. There were many poor orange and apple-women who had stalls upon his daily beat. At the close of the day he would notice which of them had been the least successful, and often would he rejoice the heart of some poor woman, who had been watching all day in the biting wind or drizzling rain, by clearing her stall, and sending her home with a lighter step to her waiting and hungry children. The pockets were filled to the brim, but he soon lessened his load as he went along. If he met a little girl carrying an infant he would give her an orange 'for nursing baby so nicely.' If he met a little boy and girl hand-in-hand he would give the boy an orange for taking care of his little sister, with injunctions to give her a part. If he overtook two children carrying a clothes basket he tossed one or two oranges in 'for helping mother,' expressing a hope that it would not make the basket too heavy, and adding a book 'to read to mother' when the day's washing was done. With every orange came a book. So would many a lesson of kindness be enforced, and many a ray of sunshine thrown across a dreary home by the encouraging word and unexpected notice. . . . Widows and orphans were the special objects of his generous and delicate kindness. Some such reduced in circumstances by their bereavement experienced that kindness for years, unknown to any but themselves. Nor did it need extreme destitution to call forth the exercise of his liberality. In less urgent and less obvious perplexities he was equally considerate. There is the case, for instance, of two young people long waiting to be married, because he is a minister on small pay, and she has little but goodness and pure affection for her dower, and Mr. Thompson writes to some members of her family, challenging them to give £50 each, and he would give £100, to furnish their house, and start them comfortably in their new life.—*Life of Thomas Thompson.*

SPEED OF THE SENSES.

There are thirty-one pairs of compound nerves in the human body, the sensory and motor fibres of which are so commingled as to render it an impossible undertaking to separate them by any means at present known. Now if, for instance, a needle be stuck into one of the fingers, the sensory fibres take the impression through the nerve and the posterior root to the spinal cord, and thence to the brain. The command goes out to 'draw the finger away.' The mandate travels down the spinal cord to the anterior root, and thence through the motor fibres of the nerve to the muscles, which immediately act, and the finger is at once removed. All this takes place with great rapidity, but yet with nothing like the celerity once imagined. The researches of Helmholtz, a distinguished German physiologist, have shown with great exactitude the rate of speed with which the nerve fluid travels; and other observers have given a great deal of time and patience to this and kindred questions. As the result of many experiments, it was ascertained that the nervous fluid moves at the rate of about 97·1 feet in a second. Now electricity travels with a speed exceeding 1,200,000 feet in a second, and light over 900,0 0,000. A shooting star moves with a velocity of 200,000 feet in in a second, and the earth in its orbit around the sun, 100,000. A cannon ball has a mean velocity of 1,800 feet in a second; an eagle, 130; and a locomotive, 95. We thus perceive the nervous fluid has no very remarkable rate of speed—a fact which, among many others, serves to indicate its non-identity with electricity. Professor Donders, of Utrecht, Holland, has recently been making some interesting experiments in regard to the rapidity of thought, which are likewise interesting. By means of two instruments, which he calls the noematachograph and the noe-

metachometer, he promises some important details. For the present he announces that a simple idea requires the brain to act for sixty-seven one-thousandths of a second for its elaboration. Doubtless the time required is not the same for all brains, and that, by means of these instruments, we may obtain definite indications relative to the mental calibre of our friends. What invaluable instruments they would be for merchants in want of bookkeepers; in short, for all having appointments of any kind to make. For the eye to receive an impression requires seventy-seven one-thousandths of a second, and for the ear to appreciate a sound, one hundred and forty-nine-thousandths of a second are necessary. The eye, therefore, acts with nearly twice the rapidity of the ear.—*Galaxy.*

A PATERNAL GOVERNMENT.

A curious controversy has sprung up in Russia. M. Aksakof, in the paper called the *Moscow*, has been advocating religious liberty in Russia. He complains that the superintendence of the Government over a Russian begins with his birth, never leaves him one moment during his life, and accompanies him to his grave. The police regulations about his baptism extend to the most minute details. Still more particular are they about his catechising. He is required to be diligent in his attendance at church, especially on Sundays and civil festivals. Parents are bound, under severe penalties, to see that all their children over seven years go to confession at least once a year; and the civil and military authorities are to see that no parents fail in this. All adults are under the same rule, which in their case is to be enforced by the 'civil and military authorities.' 'In the most private details of religious life the police stands sentinel over every Russian.' Police regulations require him to attend church 'with piety' and 'without hurry' (Art. 3); not to talk there; to treat the sacred pictures with due reverence (Art. 6); not to move from one part to another; to show 'awe, silence, recollection, and reverence' (Art. 7); not to kiss the pictures except before or after the service (Art. 8). All particulars of the church decorations are carefully prescribed, and useless ornaments out of keeping with the sacredness of the place and carved images are strictly forbidden. Then as to religious liberty, any member of the Russian Church is subject to the forfeiture of all civil rights and exile to Siberia. or two years' service in a penal corps, if he joins any other communion (Art. 47-49 and 32). M. Aksakof has been pressing for the repeal of these laws, and has been answered in the paper called the *Russia* by M. Pogodine, who says:—'What in the world would you have with your "liberty of conscience?" If the Government were to listen to you, we should soon have the population in different sects, and half the great ladies throwing themselves into the arms of charming abbés.'

JAPANESE FUNERAL.

The correspondent of the *New York Times* gives an account of a funeral he attended recently, when in Hiogo:—'First walked a group of boys bearing poles ornamented with long streamers and paper banners covered with inscriptions—no doubt laudatory of the dead. Next came several white-robed priests with shaven heads, and carrying cereal offerings to the deities. Two of them had cymbals, which, at a signal from a silver-toned bell, they would strike as if to drive away evil influences. After these was the corpse, borne on a cumbrous bier. The latter looked like a small temple, and was decorated with tinsel and with ribbons of parti-coloured paper. Then came more priests, boys bearing sacred chairs, and a group of mourners completely enveloped in white robes, with long gauze veils thrown over their heads and reaching to their feet.

After these marched three priests of the highest order, robed in gorgeous vestments like those worn in the Romish Church. Each carried a fan—that Oriental emblem of authority—and wore a tall hat of golden-coloured silk, with a cape falling upon the shoulders. Then came about thirty of the gentry, all bare-headed—the fashion in Japan—and dressed in the official costume, with swords by their sides; and a long line of women and children brought up the rear of the procession. It marched a long distance into the country, and as it wound along hill and valley with flaunting streamers and sounding cymbals, the scene was weird and unearthly. At last they reached the appointed spot; the bier was laid on two stone pillars, its frame was taken apart, and inside was seen a cask like a small half-barrel well hooped. This is the coffin, and into this the corpse has been packed into a sitting posture, and all spare room filled with combustibles. The sacred chairs are placed opposite this cask, and are occupied by the high priests, and on a bench between them are laid the cereal offerings. The people gather round and commence a low-toned and monotonous chant, probably a mere repetition of the name of their deity, after which one of the high priests approaches the dead and mutters a prayer. In the meantime the thirty men previously mentioned are kneeling near by on a matting, and are scattering bits of white paper, probably to distract the attention of the devil, while the others secure the safety of the departed. Several of the assembly wear white paper crescents on their foreheads, and their duty appears to consist in passing around and bowing very low to the others. The services are closed by burning the body, and after all others retire the undertaker remains to gather the ashes, which are placed in an urn and buried.'

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Ecce Agnus Dei!' or, Christianity without Mystery. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

In the absence of all external clue to the authorship of this remarkable volume, the internal evidence suffices to prove that it is the work of a clergyman of the Established Church of the southern kingdom, somewhat advanced in years, but full of fire, strong in abhorrence of Popery, bitter with dislike of Mr. Gladstone's anti-Irish Church Establishment movements, hostile to Dissent, and a hater of the Liberation Society. He is, also, much dissatisfied with the doctrine of his own Prayer Book, and with the condition of his own communion, and is an ardent advocate of tenets which, if the Thirty-nine Articles were thirty-nine men, would make the hair stand on the head of some of them. He is a hearty friend of temperance and the Permissive Bill.

In his preface, the author states that as a Bible-student he has from his early years, in common, perhaps, with many others of his class, experienced the unsatisfactory character of Bible Commentaries, hardly ever having been able to find in any of them a conclusive answer to a serious difficulty. May not this (he asks) be accounted for by the writers having commenced their labours with mistaken views of the being and character of the Almighty, and moulded the Scriptures to suit such views, unconscious that they were looking through a perverted medium? All commentaries (he thinks) written upon this principle are comparatively useless and often misleading. Contrasted with these, a key to the principles by which the Bible is to be understood, coupled with some illustrations from familiar portions of the Divine Word, might seem to be acceptable at the present juncture, if only one could be found willing, to some extent able, and withal bold enough, to undertake the work. The author has made the attempt (he assures us), at least, in the love of truth, and on behalf of all parties; and he humbly commends it to the perusal of the Queen, and the bishops, priests and deacons, and particularly of the Houses of Convocation, in whose hands, he thinks, under favourable circumstances, authoritative declarations of doctrine might safely be left.

The book consists of a dedication, a preface, and a list of contents, followed by an introduction, and a series of little essays on detailed themes, suggested by texts of Scripture, or otherwise. These essays are in four divisions; on what principle classified we have not been able to detect. A brief synopsis of the author's cardinal doctrine follows, and the work is concluded with an appendix of anti-alcoholic extracts from the speeches or writings of Dr. Begg, Lord Shaftesbury, Dr. F. R. Lees, S. Warren, Esq., Mr. M. D. Hill, Mr. C. Buxton, and others. The declaration of the Council of the United Kingdom Alliance is the last thing quoted.

That the writer is an ardent adherent of the Alliance is evident from the following extract,—one out of many to the same effect that might have been selected:—

'The *dangerous classes* may be regarded in two divisions:—

'1. Those numerous bands of persons of *all ranks* who infest society, and cause perpetual and increasing hurt and danger to life, to property, and to institutions designed for the spread of truth, the increase of knowledge, and the general advancement of the people. In *this* division we may notice the *victims* of ignorance, destitution, pauperism, crime, disease, and insanity. These are fast multiplying in our midst,—a result flowing of course from some *adequate cause*. Something radical, therefore, in the form of change is needed, going to the root. This portion of the dangerous classes must be brought to a knowledge of the *actualities*, the physical and moral agencies, which make them what they are; and, somehow or other, they must be made *willing* to co-operate in their removal.

'2. Those other classes who have controlled the causes of these evils, *they*, too, must see that it is *their* duty to aid in the possible abatement of the wrong.

'If the main cause be national drunkenness, induced by the common sale and general consumption of intoxicating liquors (App. 2), then *that* condition must be changed; and, until it be so, every other effort will be but "beating the air." Improvement in this direction demands that the *people* by some means shall attain to clear-headedness, and become accessible to reason and religion; that their animal passions and sensual propensities shall not be provoked into morbid action by any agency which it is within the scope of society to limit or prevent. The *first* body of the dangerous classes, deeply criminal though many of them may be, are not the controllers of their own circumstances; their surroundings, unfavourable to moral and spiritual culture, are to a large extent determined by the ignorance or covetousness of others, and hence they must in some measure be viewed as social *victims*.

'In *this* second division we include those other classes who, simply to serve certain ends of their own, either *do*, or suffer to be *done*, those things which tend to create the first-named body of the dangerous classes. In describing these, we deal only with matters of fact.

'(*a*) We want means (money) to stop the cause of PAUPERISM. The working classes are tempted by others into spending on intoxicating liquors, every fifty-two weeks, at least sixty *millions of pounds* sterling of their wages.

'(*b*) We want to stop the operating cause of public *crime* (and what stops this will also diminish private vice), which society is called upon to punish or to repress. *Drunkenness* is the great originator and support of this.

'(*c*) We want to prevent the decimation of the people through the diseases that spring from causes that are either preventible or removable.

'(*d*) We want to save from *premature* DEATH the myriads that are "slain" in our streets, and that outnumber those who die in war or by pestilence. *Intoxicating liquors* destroy more than fall by those other causes, year by year.

'(*e*) We want to displace *national ignorance*, and for this purpose we require money for schools and schoolmasters, and a willingness on the part of the people to avail themselves of the offered advantages. Intoxicating liquors, and the *drunkenness* ensuing from their common sale, frustrate the attainment of these benefits (App. 3).

'(*f*) We want the dwellings of the people improved, by being ventilated, furnished, and decorated (App. 4). The money now spent in fostering *drunkenness* and its concomitant evils would effect this.

'(*g*) We want to see the national mind made sane (App. 5), commerce flourish, rags disappear, and the people well clad with the clothes they manufacture, not only for home consumption, but for those who live in other lands. Commerce flags, our national wealth is ab-

sorbed (App. 6), and rags necessarily result from the use of the "*drunkard's drink.*" We want to see unjust and pernicious laws REPEALED, and others founded in reason and justice substituted. A House of Commons, filled with brewers and distillers, and the advocates and lovers of strong drink, is not willing to legislate in direct opposition to their own means of acquiring wealth. These men are wielding a power opposed to every good, and engaged in a business instrumental and incentive to the production of everything that is to be deplored.

'(*h*) Above all, we want to bring the people at home and abroad to the knowledge of the "truth as it is in Jesus," because "there is no other name given under heaven *whereby* they can be saved." That trinity of evils—*intoxicating liquors, the liquor traffic, and the drinking customs* must give way to purer and better things, ere the Gospel in our dear old English homes and our dependencies can leaven the hearts of the people.

'The term "dangerous classes," when applied *simply* to the *pauperised, ignorant*, and *criminal law breakers*, is a misnomer; these are indeed dangerous, but they will never cease; on the contrary, they will increase and multiply upon society, so long as those agencies which produce them are morally or legally permitted to work. Whereas, if these were, so far as possible, removed, such "dangerous classes" would, by reclamation, prevention, and the course of nature gradually disappear. In other words, the *victims* would cease, if they were no longer required, sought out, and in a very business-like way "*ordered by*" and for the *victimisers* themselves. The *more really dangerous classes*, then, are assuredly those who devise, arrange, and carry out the *plans* and *processes* by which their dupes and victims are to be seduced and defrauded, robbed and ruined. The responsibility lying upon them must be tremendous; yet, as of old so now, because they deceive themselves, "hardening their own necks," and wilfully shutting their eyes to the *facts*, many of them will never realise it till it be too late, in that hour when "He that shall come, will come," and in the presence of adoring angels give to every man "*according as his* WORK *shall be.*" There is an internecine war going on between "*heaven and hell;*" so says a reputed philanthropist and a brewer (App. 7), and the *munitions* of that warfare are of course essentially diverse, the one from the other.

'On the one hand we have the "school" in which to teach the young; the "library" whereby to bring learners into contact with the facts and experience of the present and the past; and the "church" to inform and influence the spirit, and bring the souls of men to the knowledge of their heavenly Father, so that by belief in His truth and obedience to His law they may "save their souls alive." And on the other hand we have the "gin-palace," where fiery poisons are recklessly sold to all who will buy, unfitting men, women, and children at every step both for the life that is, and that which is to come; and the "beer-shop," second only to the "gin-palace," in lacking its *variety* of "poisoned poisons." And this (writes the same philanthropic brewer) is "a *development of the war between heaven and hell*,"—GOD, in His mercy, vouchsafing the blessings of knowledge, supplemented by the revelation of His divine truth through the medium of the church; and *distillers and brewers*, with their "legion" of dependents, supported and sanctioned by laws, in making which the people at large have had no hand,—arranging their implements of warfare with a deceptiveness and a power for evil which assumes the proportions of a diabolic empire. How long, O Lord! how long! shall these "dangerous classes" of the *higher*, and therefore *more guilty* and *blamable* kind, be permitted to make and multiply those *lower* "dangerous classes," who, but for their social superiors, might have been honest and happy citizens, but who, under existing circumstances, never can or never will be aught but social pests. Oh God! that a sense of THY JUSTICE, THY MERCY, AND THY LOVE may constrain all sincere citizens to perform their respective duties, and that a way of escape from our distresses may be opened, for man's deliverance, to Thy glory in Jesus Christ our Lord.'

Of the author's theology, we need merely report that he holds that the 'Agnus Dei,'—Jesus Christ, is not a mere man, as the Socinians teach, nor yet the Second Person of the Trinity, as taught by the Tripersonalists; but is 'God [not the Son of God, but God] manifest in the flesh,' in whom dwells 'all the fulness of the Godhead bodily;'—in whom, therefore, dwells the whole Divine Trinity, which is a trinity of essentials,

but not of persons. Thus the personal unity of God is maintained in conjunction with the assertion of the doctrine of the Trinity.

The Temperance Bible Commentary. Giving at One View, Version, Criticism, and Exposition, in Regard to All Passages of Holy Writ bearing on Wine and Strong Drink, or Illustrating the Principles of the Temperance Reformation. By Frederic Richard Lees and Dawson Burns.—Second Edition.—London : S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

This remarkable contribution to Temperance literature forms a volume of 504 octavo pages, and in it the learned and laborious authors have collected every passage in the Scriptures that can be supposed to bear, however remotely, on the wine and strong drink question. How large is the number of verses thus dealt with will be seen, when we state that 109 are found in the Pentateuch alone, 116 in the following books down to Job inclusive, 26 in the Psalms, 51 in the three books associated with the name of Solomon, 190 in the Books of the Prophets, and 144 in the New Testament. Each of the texts is first quoted from the authorised version, then dealt with to obtain accuracy of text, and afterwards examined minutely as to its bearing in the Temperance controversy. A 'General Preface' serves as a brief introduction to the volume. A 'Preliminary Dissertation' acquaints the reader with the various propositions that are afterwards more fully established in the commentary, contains a summary exposition of the chief Hebrew terms concerned in the inquiry, and deals with the objections of various antagonists. A 'Preface to the Notes' comes next; and it is not till we arrive at the fiftieth page of the volume that the actual Notes on the several texts of Scripture are reached. These fill 394 closely printed pages. An actual examination of the Notes is necessary before justice can be done to the painstaking minuteness of the inquiry. A series of appendices, and an index, conclude the volume. The first contains a solution of Scripture texts, exhibiting the authorised English version, with suggested emendations, of the principal passages concerning which a revised rendering is deemed desirable. Appendix B gives a concordance of such Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek, and Latin terms as tend to illustrate the object of this Commentary. In Appendix C we have an article on the application of 'Yayin' and 'Oinos' to the unfermented juice of the grape. The index is a copious one.

Of the manner in which the authors have fulfilled their task, nothing needs be said to those who are already acquainted with their writings, except to rank this, their latest work, as worthy to take its place with their previous achievements. Others we can only advise to examine the volume for themselves. For our own part, we know of no more valuable contribution to Temperance literature than this Commentary. The authors' design in preparing it is shown in the following extract:—

'Christians everywhere unite in accepting the saying of St. Paul, that all God-inspired Scripture is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works." (2 Tim. iii., 16, 17.) But the profit derived from Divine Truth will necessarily vary according to the degree of teachableness and soundness of judgment brought to its perusal. The Bible is not accountable for the multifarious errors and abuses it has been employed to support; yet it is occasion for lamentation that on not a few great questions, both of Science and Morals, the Living Oracles have been strangely misapprehended and misapplied. Not the illiterate and vicious alone, but successive generations of scholars and divines, have enunciated mischievous fallacies professedly extracted from the Scriptures. In Physical Science, the fixity and recent creation of the earth; in Political Philosophy, the right of arbitrary government and negro slavery; in Social Economy, the excellence of polygamy; in Ecclesiastical ethics, the duty of persecuting heretics, and the obligation of unlimited submission to the clergy: these, and other baneful dogmas, have been zealously propounded, not as speculative theories, but as the practical teachings of the Divine Word. That such conclusions are now commonly discarded, is not due to any change in the Record, but to a marked improvement in the manner of reading it; and to a perception that there can be no real contradiction between one portion of Holy Scripture and another, or between

the Revelation of God in Nature and in His Written Will.

'Not less obviously true is it, that social customs and personal habits of diet and indulgence, continued from childhood upwards, may induce a state of mind inconsistent with the unbiassed interpretation of Holy Writ. For example, let a man be accustomed to regard intoxicating liquor as a necessity, or even a valuable auxiliary, of life, and as an innocent vehicle of enjoyment and social entertainment; let him remain ignorant of all that can be said, and has been proved, to the contrary; let him consider the intemperance arising from strong drink to be one of the inevitable forms of natural depravity, and therefore to be classed in its origin as well as its results with other sins of the flesh; let him persuade himself that the ordinary means of Christian evangelisation are sufficient to eradicate this prolific vice with its dismal progeny of social curses: let all this be done, and it will no longer appear surprising that many of the allusions contained in both the Old and New Testaments are construed in favour of the use of such drink, and that other passages, clearly opposite in their tendency, should be ignored or explained away. This may be done in perfect good faith, and without any consciousness of the process by which the one-sided exegesis is wrought out.

'Accordingly, when the Temperance Reformation began, some of the earliest arguments brought against it were borrowed (as was supposed) from the armoury of Scripture texts; and down to the present time many who hold aloof from that cause, defend their estrangement by a similar appeal to Scripture precedent and approval. Some even now go the length of charging abstainers with a conduct at variance not only with the privileges, but with the duties of the Christian dispensation, and accuse them of seeking to impose a code of asceticism contrary to the genial and liberal spirit of the Gospel. In controverting what have been represented as the views of Temperance writers upon the wines named in Scripture, some critics have ignorantly attributed to them the most absurd positions—such as that all those wines were unfermented and unintoxicating,—while they themselves have neglected to distinguish between the various terms translated "wine," and have confounded the use of intoxicating liquor by men of old, and the permission of such use, with the express sanction and blessing of God.

'To some friends of the Temperance movement a work of this character may appear superfluous. Certain of them may be disposed to deny that the question is one for Bible arbitration or reference at all; while others may be prepared to concede that Scripture permits and approves the use of strong drink, though also permitting and approving of abstinence from it. It is in vain, however, to expect that the Bible will cease to be quoted as an authority on the subject of Temperance; nor is it desirable that its store of facts should be overlooked, or its testimony left unexamined and disregarded. Those who contend that "liberty to abstain" is all that is needed as an argumentative basis for abstinence, will find themselves undeceived when they attempt to urge the practice upon others as a duty; for how can that be a duty, it will be asked, the opposite of which is sanctioned by both the *letter* and the *spirit* of the Divine Word? Besides, even the argument from Christian expediency to which such friends attach a high (if not exclusive) importance, cannot be understood without an appeal to passages of Scripture whose true meaning and legitimate bearing have been warmly contested.

'In reply to the inquiry, which may not be discourteously proposed, whether the authors of this Commentary can claim to be exempt from a bias in favour of abstinence which may have inspired and controlled their exposition?—they can but say, that they have been fully sensible of their liability to such an influence, and have therefore endeavoured to counteract its operation by carefully weighing all adverse arguments, and by placing before the reader the materials by which he may form for himself an independent judgment as to the correctness of the inferences drawn. They have honestly sought, with trust in Divine aid, to discover the truth contained in the passages successively discussed; and, in consigning the fruit of their labours to the press, they pray that the blessing of heaven may attend it so far as it is adapted to promote the faithful, intelligent study of Scripture, and a more perfect sympathy with the spirit of the Psalmist, "Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end. Give me understanding, and I shall keep Thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart."'

The Social and Political Dependence of Women. By Charles Anthony, Jun. Fourth Edition. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1868.

This essay, which was adverted to some time back amongst the Notices of Books in 'Meliora,' has now arrived at its fourth edition. This fact adds another proof of the increasing attention its subject is receiving, to the one advanced at Norwich the other day, when Miss Becker read her paper before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. We have already declared our assent to the justice of the claim for political equality so ably set up in this essay, as well as our dissent from some of the arguments on which it is founded. The distinction of sex, we repeat, is not superficial; it is *intus* as well as *in cute*, and extends through every department both of soul and body. But distinction is one thing, inferiority is another. Who shall decide the relative values of the bass and treble clefs? It is virtually involved in the arguments of most of the advocates of women's rights, not excluding Mr. Charles Anthony, that girls would come to sing bass as well as the men, if they were not secluded in early life, and deprived of the educational advantages of boys. We have no respect for such notions. Yet for the free admission of woman to all the fields of use and exercise for which she feels herself adapted or adaptible, we earnestly plead; it is her right, and by all means let her have it. When all is done, the indelible sexual distinction will assert itself in the mass of men and women, none the less because there are exceptional men who squeak and have smooth faces, and exceptional women who speak gruffly and grow short whiskers or moustaches.

A Selection of Æsop's Fables, Metrically Translated from the Greek Original, and Modernised. Cambridge: Forster and Jagg. 1868.

A well-meant endeavour to promote a good cause, but, unfortunately, the author does not see the line between the sensible and the ridiculous, and runs across it without mercy.

Letters by Discipulus to a Friend on Moderate Drinking. Belfast: Henry Greer, 31, High-street.

A series of seven letters, in which a friend is reasoned with and advised to abandon 'moderate drinking.' The method of treatment is thoughtful, earnest, and Christian.

The Fixed Character of God's Dealings in Nature and Grace, in this Life and the Life to come. Lessons from the Healing of the Paralytic. By the Rev. G. St. Clair, of Banbury. Oxford: Henry Alden, 35, Corn Market-street.

A sermon on Mark ii., 1—12. A very sensible exposition of the literal sense of the passage.

The Hive. A Storehouse of Material for Working Sunday School Teachers. A penny monthly.

A capital help.

The Scattered Nation. Edited by C. Schwartz, D.D. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, London.

The Appeal, a Magazine for the People. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Church. A penny monthly magazine. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Old Jonathan, the District and Parish Helper. An illustrated penny monthly.

The Lifeboat, or Journal of the National Lifeboat Institution. Issued quarterly. 14, John-street, Adelphi, London.

The Church of England Temperance Magazine. A monthly journal of intelligence. London: Secley, Jackson, and Halliday, and S. W. Partridge.

Meliora.

THE LIMITS OF STATE ACTION.

1. *On Liberty.* By John Stuart Mill. People's Edition. London: Longman and Co. 1865.

2. *History of Civilization in England.* By Henry Thomas Buckle. 3 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1867.

3. *The Contemporary Review. November. Article 4, The Relative Functions of Church and State in National Education.* By Professor Plumptre.

THE greatest problem of civilisation is, to avoid a possible despotism. We do not mean, of course, the vulgar, typical despotism of a single imperial will, backed by an army and the whole force of rough, rudimentary laws, working out its own selfish ends, crushing out human freedom, and rioting in the absolute satisfaction of its own caprices and desires. A despotism of that kind is an impossibility where humanity has been quickened by the faintest breath of civilisation. The despotism we refer to is one of law, of society, of maxims; sometimes impalpable, as in fashion, frequently just in idea, though not in mode, and always the result of centuries of advancing civilisation. It is so subtle that we are not always conscious of it, so all-pervasive that it binds us, as with a zone, and so consonant with our natural indolence and subservience that we ridicule it, and sport with our chains. There are philosophers who tell us it is social progress, sceptics who assure us that it is the natural evolution of law, and moralists who would have us yield to it a blind, unquestioning obedience. The poet says, 'the individual withers and the world is more and more,' and the politician hints that we have simply to read *state* for *world*, and we have translated from poetry into fact a fundamental axiom, which holds true of all civilisations whatsoever, be they monarchical or republican in form.

In having admitted the character of the danger, we have by no means confused it with the natural functions of civilised government. It is hardly possible yet to erect government into a science, and yet it is every day losing its unscientific character. At present we rule by a few empirical maxims, and are content with a certain amount of orderly progress, produced at the expense of much waste of time, effort, and officialism; but we shall presently leaven our crudities with genuine philosophy, ascertain whither we are going, and balance the probable effect of extension in one direction, with contraction and defeat in another. Until we are able to do so, laws will be seemingly harsh, freedom restrained, and despotism legalised. At the present rate of law-making, unchecked by a truer estimate of the limits of state duty, we shall reach a despotism in practice, if not in name. 'Fewer laws, I beseech you,' is the plaint of many wise men, as it was of M. Michelet. We shall, however, go on making them, rightly and wrongly, until we clearly understand the virtue of state-rule and the dignity of individual citizenship. Other science consists in the reduction of phenomena to the fewest possible laws, and when politics cease to be ruled by expediency, and are history blending with prophecy, we shall take up a vantage ground from which it will be possible to reconcile the highest human freedom with the most faithful attention to the common social necessities of protection from crime, vice, and disease. At present, we are suffering from anarchy on the one side, and a patchy, mean, and cowardly despotism on the other. Let us explain ourselves. In the first place, we suffer ourselves to be ridden to death by a few grand half-truths about the absurdity of governmental interference in this or that direction. This is what we mean by a despotism of maxims. The sounding phrase, 'liberty of the subject,' makes us willingly submit to all manner of infringements of our liberty. Shoals of predatory people are permitted to make war upon society, upon our persons, our properties, our health, our food, our very existence. The ragged urchins who tumble about our streets; the vagrants who cant, sing, beg, and steal; the professional thieves, burglars, assassins; the food and drink adulterators; the noisome quacks, and some of their still more pestilent victims; the thousands who are ignorant, vicious, ready to lift a hand against everybody, are all sheltered by this shallow philosophy, and must chuckle to themselves at the potency of a pretty maxim. The law is no terror to them. Most of them know how much punishment it can give them for a given offence, as well as a criminal lawyer or a stipendiary magistrate. They band together,

when committed to a life of crime, to provide money for legal expenses, and for the support, when they are in prison, of those dependent upon them, and they are nice on the subject of prison dietaries. To catch a poor Fenian, who is maddened by a silly but patriotic dream, we suspend the *Habeas Corpus;* to justify our being the freest people under the heaven, we permit known criminals to be at large so long as they are clever enough to evade our police, and cannot be inductively suspected of some unusually daring offence. It is not much better in other things. Free trade is good, and no one but an idiot now denies it, but free trade in poisons, in adulterated food, in fire-arms, in prostitution, is a physical and moral calamity, which we shall presently come to view with a purified and enlarged vision. Look at other examples—for instance, our dislike of compulsory labour and education. Why should the sturdy vagrant thrive under our poor-laws, with a minimum of physical exertion? Why should the children of the drunkard, the idler, the criminal, the starving poor, grow up in ignorance, with a blunted moral sense, and the consciousness that, inasmuch as society crushes them, they must speedily make war upon it? Voluntary labour and effort are very grand, no doubt, but what anarchy they are leading to!

The functions of the State, men say, are to give free play to all, and to crush none, if possible. Granted; but what is the test of success? Of what use is one man's freedom to live honourably, virtuously, beautifully, if he is not protected to the utmost against aggression, not only by the punishment of the aggressor when he is found out, but by the prevention of his plotting, his disposition of plunder, his very criminal training? The honest citizen is invested by law in all directions, as to bequests, voting, taxation, and a hundred other things. He feels it no loss of liberty, though in one sense it really is, to comply with these forms, to pay his debts, to marry according to law, to trade according to law, to respect the constitution under which he lives, municipal and parliamentary, and to bring up his children to do the same. We demand of him self-sacrifice in a hundred ways, and he cheerfully makes it. He pays dearly, usually, for being on the side of peace and order. Does the professional criminal pay as much? Do we ever seek to influence him through his predominant quality—love of liberty? We incarcerate him, clothe, feed, and shelter him, when he is found guilty; and when his term of sentence has expired, he returns whence he came, possibly a better, more generally a more hardened man. He has had a taste of the worst, and all he sets before

him is, either a prolonged sentence for another offence, or loss of life by hanging should he advance to the very acme of criminality. The difference between the two men is this: the honest man is girt about with law in all directions,—the criminal only feels it when he blunders, or when others are more than usually vigilant, or acute. Beside law, in fixed regulations, the honest man is bound by the fashions, the *convenances*, the moralities of the society in which he moves. We do not for one moment say this is not right; we are contrasting the more or less conscious despotism which goodness has to endure with the licence which badness enjoys. It is possible our terms may be disputed, but we have no fear that the position itself will be denied. The struggling, honest man frequently staggers under the heavy load of imperial restrictions on his absolute freedom, whilst they sit comparatively light on the man whose life is one long gratification of his savage instincts and lusts, for we must not suppose there is no actual pleasure in this preying upon society, low and brutalising though it may be. Why, however, should it be so? The most trivial, momentary criminality of the weak but honest man, brings him within the reach of the criminal laws. It would seem, in fact, as if our police-system were more intended to keep the honest, honest—to enclose them, as it were—than to watch the criminal, and prevent, as well as punish crime. Thus, it is more difficult for the honest man to begin to be criminal, in the first instance, morally as well as socially, than it is for the criminal to commit the fifth or sixth offence; whereas it ought to be more difficult for any man, legally, we mean, to commit the sixth than the first crime, though the habit may have stifled the conscience. What society does in the first case, police espionage ought to do in the second. We are now leaving out of view the question in casuistry, as to whether a first sin is morally worse than every single act after a certain habit is formed; we simply insist on the necessity of the State attempting by law, after a criminal habit is fixed, to set up some detective, condemnatory apparatus which shall act as respect for law, in the individual and the mass, does in the case of a first offence. As it is, when the strain of this consensus is taken off, we impress on the criminal mind the necessity of expertness, in a Spartan kind of method. We punish him when we find him out, but not otherwise, unless he is blundering enough to be seen and caught under suspicious circumstances. If he has been known to be a criminal for years, has been convicted, imprisoned, has undergone several terms of penal servitude, we still permit him to be at large, because ours is a free country, though if

he were a lunatic, or an idiot, we should have no scruples in limiting his freedom, and subjecting him to rigorous surveillance.

A truer theory of the limits of State action would correct our behaviour in this and many other things. The highest duty of the Legislature is not to go on perpetually making fresh laws, as occasion seems to require, and popular feeling demands; but to understand where the pressure of the State may be relaxed, or taken off altogether, and in what directions it ought to be increased and vigorously persisted in, convenient and current philosophic maxims notwithstanding. In this way, and this only, can the science of government become a factor in human progress, instead of a feeble expression of a civilisation already attained without its aid. We are aware that this will be denied, and that one of the most vigorous intellects of the present day is against us. 'The whole scope and tendency of modern legislation,' says Buckle, 'is to restore things to that natural channel from which the ignorance of preceding legislation has driven them. This is one of the great works of the present age, and if legislators do it well, they will deserve the gratitude of mankind.'* We venture to think this is simply a brilliant half-truth. A review of past legislation undoubtedly shows that repealing laws is a most important part of our legislative work. It is nothing more than the wisdom of to-day sitting in perpetual judgment on the past. As civilisation grows more complex, and human society decomposes into sections, with varying necessities and desires, we must remove old barriers and allow for freer expansion. But this is merely one aspect, or one function of Government, though where civilisation is many-sided and a nation has a checkered history, it may come to be very important. The other aspect is towards the future; the other function to assist in shaping it. It may be a nice problem to detach the influence of the nation from the reaction of its Legislature upon it, and the difficulty may induce us to imagine that because public opinion is sometimes omnipotent, and legislators simply focalise it, Government can neither beat it back when it is formed, nor create it when it does not exist. We do not claim for resistance the character of the highest State-craft, but there are times when it may claim to have become so; as, for instance, when the nation is panic-stricken, as it has recently been over Fenianism in England and in New South Wales. Had the English Parliament been as fanatical as many public writers were, immediately after the Clerkenwell

* Vol. 1, p. 275.

explosion, we should have passed a law as absurd as the New South Wales Treason-Felony Act. The creation of opinion by legislative projects is strikingly seen in two matters: the Irish Church question, and the Electric Telegraph Bill. Pronouncing no opinion here on the merits of the first, we simply note the illuminating effect it has had on the public mind, the new views of Church and State it has created, and the political education that has grown out of it. Hundreds of persons have had to form an opinion upon a matter they previously knew nothing about, and discuss principles of which they knew as little as they did of the law of storms, or the precession of the equinoxes. They have been led to study Irish history, to consider the effect of race upon politics, and to think and reason in a hundred new and different ways. The Telegraphs Bill originated, we believe, with the Government, at least with Mr. Scudamore, one of its trusted servants, and the scheme for Government purchase and control was in noway the result of public opinion, or pressure from without. The measure was seen to be good, was in fact an imitation of what was being done elsewhere, and was almost unanimously acquiesced in at the first blush of the matter. Its effect upon our civilisation will probably be as great as the monopoly assumed in letter-carrying—a very striking contradiction to Mr. Buckle's dictum. We may say the same of railway legislation, for any parochial system of iron-roads would have robbed us of half the advantages of steam, and it was quite open to the State, in the early unformed condition of public opinion on the subject, to have refused to assert its right to regulate the sale of land by giving compulsory power of purchase. If the new Parliament should adopt the principle of compulsory secular education, it would be an originative instrument of progress, especially if there should be grafted upon it a scheme of State-managed and supported technical schools, for on neither question is opinion unanimous, or capable of directing legislation. It seems clear to us, then, that Legislatures or Governments may become, and when wisely managed invariably are, potent factors in both mental and material progress. The very existence of Government necessitates special education, and we agree to call that education politics, and it is through it that we are constantly shaping the future. The doctrine of expediency, which too generally governs political life, is admitted by Buckle himself to be only a temporary one, to be simply a rule 'on all subjects not yet raised to sciences.'

Admitting, therefore, that the State is an active element in civilisation, either as a creating or co-operative force, we have to ascertain its fundamental principles of action, and trace its

current and legitimate tendencies. Neither of these problems should be very difficult, and the one throws a flood of light on the other. The State, in scientific terms, is the reaction of the whole upon its parts. It exists for the individual *per se*, and for society as a community of individuals. Its fundamental principles are, therefore, twofold—to assist in the development of the individual, and to reconcile his freedom with the artificial conditions of life. Intellectually, morally, and religiously, the State must allow to every man as much freedom as is conducive to his individual ends, so much and no more. Thought must be free, politically and religiously; hence we must have a free press, right of public meeting, untaxed paper, privilege of association, liberty of worship. There are, however, fair limits even to these, and they begin where individuality and society overlap. Laws must be respected, life sacred, trade honest, marriage regulated, political power subject to restrictions, crime and treason punished. The State must levy taxes to find us protection, by armies, navies, police; to provide for the higher adminstration of justice; to sustain the supreme head of the State for the time being; and to regulate our international intercourse. All these are restrictions on individuals, but for the common benefit of all. We have no right to grumble at the facts, though we may at their intensity, inequality, or incidence. All civilised beings accept most of these forms of State control, which are as natural as the laws of life or health; and fanciful scientific observers are for ever tracing resemblances between the physical and the political, as we may sometimes do with profit. Thus, if we want an image of true State influence, we may find it in the sea, never keeping precisely the same limits, receding here, advancing there. It precisely typifies present tendencies. When free trade was a thing unknown, we had more liberty in other matters. Inhuman sports were more common; we had no Factory Acts, no courts for the cheap recovery of small debts, no stringent laws against duelling and bribery, and unlimited licence in sanitary matters. For the loss of freedom in these matters, we have gained an equivalent in other directions, and so long as we gain freedom in the right direction we are in no danger from the pervasive omnipotence of the State. This should be the cardinal virtue of State action—freedom to do right, opposition and loss of liberty in doing wrong. But it should be more than a blind tendency, a struggling principle. We should think it out, and make it the test of righteous government. Protection in trade was wrong, because it stood opposed to the brotherhood of nations, and free trade was the only reactive

influence that could temper and destroy the natural dispersion of races. Protection was also wrong because it was an undue interference with the laws that underlie production, demand, and supply, and its abolition was the first practical acknowledgment that the true science of government is to understand law, and let it have free play, whether it be in trade, intellect, or religion. Thus, government is a double process of relaxation and tension; of the first in all that concerns the true individual, and the second in all that concerns the collective mass, called society. It is necessary to protect the first from any undue interference on the part of the second; the second from any aberrations, or licence, on the part of the first. The tendency of individual freedom is to decomposition, dispersion, speciality; of society to despotise, to absorb, to confuse. By allowing fair swing to the former, we secure a healthier spirit in the dominance and reaction of the whole, and exactly in proportion as the State does so allow it, its other functions come out into distinctness and assume their proper rank. 'In low, undeveloped forms of society,' says Mr. Herbert Spencer, 'where there is yet but little differentation of parts, and little specialisation of functions, this essential work ("protecting its subjects against aggression") discharged with extreme imperfection, is joined with endless other work: the Government has a controlling action over all conduct, individual and social—regulates dress, food, ablutions, prices, trade, religion—exercises unbounded power. In becoming so constituted as to discharge better its essential function, the Government becomes more limited in the power and habit of doing other things. Increasing ability to perform its true duty, involves inability to perform all other kinds of action.' *

We may, therefore, dismiss a good deal of current cant about the danger of being over-governed, so long as the stream of government, the dominance of the whole over the parts, is in the right direction—the development of man, and the betterment of his social state. We are, also, now in a position to apply, practically, the foregoing inductions from history, and deductions from individual life, to several modern questions of serious moment, stating freely where and how they must be rigorously, lightly, or compromisingly applied. Let us begin with education, as most important. Has any individual, living in a social state, an indefeasible right to be ignorant, and therefore potentially a pauper, or a criminal?

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* Representative Government—what is it good for? Essays, Second Series, p. 226. Williams and Norgate, 1863.

Has the State a preventive, as well as a repressory and punitive right, duty, or function? Again, is it the duty of the State to direct, as well as enforce, education? To the first question, no wise man can answer *yes*, and by refusing so to answer he has in part disposed of the second, and somewhat narrowed the third. Mr. Mill calls it 'almost a self-evident axiom that the State should require and compel the education, up to a certain standard, of every human being who is born a citizen,' and Professor Plumptre is even more explicit and exacting, though not less just. We quote the passage as a convenient summary of what has been, and what remains to be, done.

'The State, then, looking to the end for which it exists [that it may develope the national society, *as such*] is bound to see that the education which is needed for the attainment of that end, is within the reach of all its members. If ignorance be productive of crime and pauperism, it is justified in removing that cause of evil, even at the cost of some interference with individual freedom. If skilled labour be less serviceable than unskilled in the increase of a nation's wealth, it is justified in demanding of all who share its protection a certain *minimum* of skill. It may treat the neglect of parents to provide that education for their children, where they have the power, as not only a *sin* but a *crime*, to be punished like other crimes by imprisonment or fines. It may restrain the premature employment of the young before their education is completed, or compel those who employ them to provide for their instruction. It may apply a part of the national revenue in bringing its education to the doors of those who are unable to provide it for themselves, or may sanction the imposition of local taxes for the same purpose. It may legitimately claim and exercise any amount of inspection and control, where an education is given which the State does not originate, in order to ensure the fulfilment of conditions which it regards as indispensable. The right of the State to make education compulsory, to levy an education rate, general or local; to appoint inspectors for every school in the country, private or public, endowed or unendowed; to make the very function of teaching dependent upon evidence that satisfies its officers as to the competency of the teacher, takes its place with the other primary rights of the national society. It has an almost axiomatic character. It must be accepted as soon as stated, unless we are prepared to maintain a doctrine as to the rights of men, and the freedom of the individual will, which would land us in lawlessness and anarchy. The extent to which the right should be exercised, when it is fitting to assert it to the uttermost, when it becomes irritating, vexatious, and oppressive, is a question of expediency and degree. It is always wise to keep the assertion of a right in the back ground as a reserve force, and to accept, as far as may be, the results which it is intended to bring about when they come as the fruit of men's free activity.'*

Our third question still remains unanswered, and those who are most active in advocating compulsory education hesitate to boldly answer it in the affirmative. Mr. Mill discusses it in his essay on 'Liberty.' He states that objections urged with reason 'against State education, do not apply to the enforcement of education by the State, but to the State's taking upon itself to direct that education; which is a totally different thing.' The former he supports; the latter he goes

* P. 385-6.

'as far as any one in deprecating.' The distinction is to be insisted upon, because, in recent discussions, it has been entirely lost sight of. Whilst, therefore, the test of teaching ability may safely be left in the hands of the State, and, if need be, by agreement, in our University corporations as well, local authorities should be left to settle subjects in their own way. This removes the objection to the dead uniformity characteristic of a national system, civil, or clerical; it allows districts to adapt their teaching to special requirements, naval, mining, manufacturing, or agricultural, as the case may be; and it recognises that social freedom which no one would wish to see lost in a prison-like sameness. There is no reason why the State should not encourage special subjects, as elementary political economy, and industrial history, but beyond that few would wish it to go. It might also give its imprimatur to class-books, written by eminent men, upon these and other topics, and continue to hold and exercise authority over building and sanitary arrangements, giving to local bodies compulsory power of purchase of land, so that no serious inconvenience should arise, in country districts, as to distance. The form compulsion should take, and whether education should be gratuitous or not, purely sectarian or religious without being denominational, are matters of detail we need not discuss in tracing the limits of a principle.

Next in importance to education is the question of State limits relative to our criminal population. We have already incidentally referred to it, but the subject has latterly assumed such importance as to warrant an attempt to show that much may and ought to be done on the theory of protection from aggression, which is the grand duty of representative government. To punish crime is not enough. Our reformatory arrangements are a confession of the failure of punishment, and an effort to prevent vicious habits from vigorously rooting themselves in the character. We have now, it seems to us, to begin a new movement at the other end, so as to effectively deal with those persons in whom criminal habits are fixed and ineradicable. How shall we do it? And why ought we to do it? Let us answer the second question first. The State exists for the welfare and the protection of all, and the predatory classes make themselves legal aliens. They do not recognise the justness of the laws, at least practically, and they do not respect the rights, property, and peace of society. They are an unproductive class, evade taxes, and discharge no single decent citizenal function. When convicted of crime, we punish them; but, except they are ticket-of-leave men, the State resigns its authority over them the moment their

term of sentence has expired. A few of them eventually become prisoners for life, but the majority use their newly-acquired freedom to return to their old prowling, predatory habits. As enemies of the State, *in esse* or *in posse*, the duty of the authorities is to look after them, to restrain them, to convince them by sleepless vigilance that a life of crime cannot be permitted, and means loss of liberty and loss of citizenship. This truth has been lately forced upon us in our large cities, especially in the metropolis, in many painful ways. New forms of crime make their appearance, perplex the authorities, and bring disrepute upon our protective system. The police are at fault, the public is alarmed, and by the time we have devised some fitting punishment for these offences, criminal invention and expertness, favoured by facility of organisation and co-operation, have planned some new method of attack, more daring and ingenious than the other. What are we to do? Will simply increasing the police prevent them? or are we to be driven to bolder expedients? The latter is, we conceive, the wiser policy. Men who have forfeited the rights of citizenship have no longer any claim to the liberty that is the essential part of these rights. We have, then, to fix some test of avowed criminality, and shape our measures accordingly. When, for instance, a culprit has been three, or four, or five times convicted of a serious offence, as burglary, robbery with personal violence, let him be put under the police surveillance, which forms such an admirable feature of the Irish convict system. Let him have a conditional ticket-of-leave for life; the conditions being that he shall report himself every month at the police station of his district, or give good assurances that he is living an honest, industrious life. Failure in either of these qualifications for liberty, should entail incarceration for double the term of the last sentence. Photographs, descriptions, and a more centralised system of police administration would enable this plan to work with ease and at very small expense. A second plan was proposed in the *Times* recently by a chairman of quarter sessions, namely, that after three or four convictions, such persons 'be sentenced to labour for life—not exactly in penal servitude, but to work in some Government establishment, under supervision, and only to receive a remission of sentence under the conditions of the licence of 1864.'* The principal objection to such a scheme is, its expense; but since unreformed criminals must be kept by society, one way or another, it surely would be better, and more economical, to main-

* The *Times*, November 4, 1868.

tain them by a system, and get as much productive labour in return as possible. At present we keep them and get none. A third plan, in which an increase of policemen would be indispensable, would be to form a daily and nightly cordon round suspected centres and localities. Legitimately, however, this plan would be a branch of the first. A fourth plan has also been suggested, and has great merits. It is to destroy the co-operation of capitalists who enable the robber-criminal to live. First, to make harbouring a thief a severely punishable offence, which it is not at present. Secondly, to increase in stringency the regulations affecting the receivers of stolen goods, especially pawnbrokers, and flash-house keepers. By these means we might, assuredly, deprive the predatory classes of their means and material of war. What to do with the children of criminals, under long or life convictions, is another branch of this subject, previously dealt with in this Review. Loss of citizenship, by perverse criminality, ought to carry with it loss of all rights, and domestic duties can never be more than sparingly or viciously performed by those who neither respect the moral law within nor the national law without.

Trade, again, has dangers that require to be guarded against, so that absolute free-trade in every thing is an absurdity. Mr. Mill admits that in many things restriction is desirable, but we go very much further than he does, without, we think, endangering the liberty of the individual he so strenuously upholds. The sale of reputed poisons is manifestly a matter for stringent regulations, and any plan that would prevent ignorant shopkeepers in country villages from combining two trades, as grocer and druggist, and doing mischief by selling drugs in the latter, would be very desirable. As to reputed poisons, all we need do is to make it more difficult to procure them for criminal than innocent, industrial, or experimental purposes. Free-trade in strong drink would be an injury, and this is admitted by existing restrictions. No lover of his species would desire to see intoxicating liquors sold as freely as groceries are, and power of local self-government on a matter of this kind seems to harmonise the liberty of the individual with the claims of national society. The tendency of the times is towards Government centralisation on strictly national questions, as the administration of justice, and as Viscount Amberley has shown in the case of Devonshire,* it would lead to local improvement and real thrift, though it requires to be corrected by local independence on such

* See the *Western Daily Mercury* for November 6, 1868.

matters as admit of variation according to the disposition of a district. County financial boards are an effort in this direction, and we are not sure that in the future these local organisations will not play a much more important part than they do now. While on this part of our application, we may say a word respecting food proper. Tradesmen are no longer allowed to sell diseased meat with impunity, and the principle demands extension. Why should any other kind of food be sold, with deleterious compounds introduced into it? If the State protects society against diseased meat and fish, why should it not also condemn adulterated milk and other things? We really see no reason why it should not. If legal regulations on these matters would prove burdensome, the least the State could do would be to appoint a chemical analyst in every large town, whose certificate should have a moral if not legal weight, and who should be paid by a nominal salary from the State, and a small fee for every case in which his judgment was required. Immoral trading would be as effectually checked by this plan as it was by the loosening of the restraints on frontier trade; and now we have introduced a system of inspecting weights and measures, common sense demands that it should be done. The Factory Acts must also be applied to agriculture, unless our new educational arrangements will prevent the employment of young children in continuous labour before they are fitted for it, and have received any education. The farmers will stoutly resist it we know, and already show fight, but if the ancients regarded the cultivation of land to be more sacred than trade and manufacture, there is no reason why we should be influenced by their folly. The deck-loading of ships is another matter for State interference, because many lives are wantonly imperilled by it. The working men of Edinburgh and Leith have very properly made this, and the inspection of vessels before proceeding to sea, a part of their political programme.* Unhealthy occupations, and trade combinations are other matters where individual liberty may be justly curtailed or modified. Respecting the latter, we may say that Mr. Roebuck's idea of making Trade Union subscriptions recoverable, like common debts, would be monstrously unjust to literary and social voluntary associations, where nothing but a parliamentary charter bestows such a right. Other points in which the State may legitimately interfere with trade in the interests of the nation will readily suggest themselves, and need not be dwelt upon here. For instance, the

* See the *Spectator* for October 24, 1868.

governing principle of trade taxation should be to press as lightly as possible on necessaries, but heavily on luxuries. Armorial bearings and jewellery obviously ought to bear more taxation than tea, sugar, or foreign articles of food. Works of art, pure and simple, are sources of national culture that may be justly placed in an intermediate position.

We have only space to make two other applications. The first, to State monopolies; the second, to sanitary matters. A great outcry has been made against the Electric Telegraph Bill, and the probability, growing out of it, that the State may some day purchase and work our railway system. The issue is simply this: Ought the State to do for all what it can do infinitely better than private and voluntary associations? We admit the fact in protection from criminals, and every policeman is our answer. We admit it in trade, to some extent, and are likely to admit it still more as the years roll on. When the Paston Letters were written there was no national postal system, but who would dream of returning to that old free state? In a few years we shall be equally reluctant to return to the existing, wearisome, delaying, and expensive system of telegraphy. If we hesitate to accept a Government monopoly in manufacture, as we rightly should, even in ships and fire-arms, much more in salt and tobacco; why should we grow so timid and scrupulous in the matter of communication? The State has had to give power to voluntary associations, or they could never have existed at all, or worked to any good ends; and in assuming supreme control, the State would only take up the ceded right, and relieve us of those conflicting claims that make junctions little better than penitentiaries, of those panics that affect our pockets, of those accidents that endanger our lives. If these and other obvious things could be done by State management, both telegraphs and railways are clearly cases wherein monopoly would be advantageous, deprived of its usual objections, and neither detrimental to trade at large, nor out of harmony with common social interests and pursuits. The second, and the last point we have to apply, does not need many words. Our Boards of Health are doing and have done inestimable service. Fevers have been driven from some localities altogether, and health has been increased in all. Compulsory vaccination has told, as a visit to any essentially agricultural district will show, when compared with what used to meet us twenty years ago; but there are still many objections felt against it. The Contagious Diseases Act has answered so well in our garrison towns, as we can testify from our own observation in one of them, as well as the abundant statistics extant on the question, that we surely cannot be

long before we shall overcome our reluctance to apply it in every town with a population of over ten thousand inhabitants. The argument that it makes vice less harmful, and so increases the very moral evil we are anxious to repress, can best be met by the counter argument that, if the State enforces celibacy on thousands of men, it is bound to see that the health of the community does not suffer by it, and the only method of preventing that ill-health is by applying the Act in question to all towns where soldiers abound, permanently or casually, or where there are naval stations. Indirectly, this touches the civil towns, for the persons in question are migratory in their habits, and continually prevent the full effects of the Act from being developed where it is in force. The more general enforcement of the Act, in military towns and sea-ports, would prevent this immigration, and hence the civil populations would suffer, as they do now in some measure. The physical degeneracy, and consequently low moral type of population where prostitution abounds, and there is no restriction upon it, physically or medically, is after all but a poor equivalent for an unwillingness to indirectly recognise a vicious tendency. Let us preach down the tendency by all means, and in all ways, but let us also be careful of the physical stamina of the future inhabitants of our country.

We shall be accused of having started with the idea that civilisation should not be despotic, only to end by proving how completely it ought to be so. Let us not be misunderstood. Society demands concessions of individual right, or it could not exist, and individuals demand freedom for all that is good and necessary to their development, or they become things instead of persons. We have only tried to harmonise the two. The laws of things are not the laws of persons. Political economy cannot be governed by the State, but human actions can, and what is wanted is free play and free recognition for the double fact. As knowledge extends, the bonds of the State dissolve; its restraints become less harsh, its will is nobler. The whole philosophy of our subject, the lesson of all we have written, may be pressed into that fine saying of Emerson's:—'To educate the wise man, the State exists; and with the appearance of the wise man, the State expires.'

INCREASED PAUPERISM, AND ITS REMEDY.

1. *Prize Essay on the Employment of Operatives and Workmen in Temporary Distress.* By R. A. Arnold. London: Social Science Association. 1868.
2. *Industrial Employment of the Casual, Destitute, and Truant Poor.* By Thomas Webster, Q.C. London: Social Science Association. 1868.
3. *How to Deal with the Unemployed Poor of London.* By the Rev. H. Solly. London: Social Science Association. 1868.
4. *Letters on East London Pauperism in 'Times,' 'Daily News,' and 'Standard.'* 1867-8.
5. *Poor-Rates and Pauperism. Parliamentary Returns.* 1867-8.
6. *Twentieth Annual Report of the Poor-Law Board.* 1867-8.

WHAT are we to do with our unemployed poor? For years the question has been either evaded, or recklessly ignored by many of those who profess to aspire to the rank of statesmen; but of late it has acquired such pressing importance, that its thorough discussion in Parliament cannot be much longer delayed. Whether any practical good will arise from any such discussion, must depend entirely on the manner in which the subject shall be treated, and on the amount of information and experience possessed by those who shall take part in the matter. We are far from being too sanguine. The general tenour of the papers on the subject read before the members of the Social Science Association, and the various discussions arising therefrom, conclusively show that, even amongst those who have given considerable attention to the question, there exists a considerable amount of misconception—arising either from imperfect knowledge, prejudice, or adherence to some particular theory respecting the actual cause of pauperism—the deficiency of employment amongst the poor. Nearly all the speakers who took part in the discussions alluded to, committed the grave error of confounding effects with causes. To the committal of this mistake are directly traceable the many fallacious conclusions

arrived at by them, and the generally unsatisfactory nature of the different remedies proposed. Instead of staying the evil at its source, they would dam it up at the flood, even at the risk of the barriers suddenly giving way, and allowing the destructive torrent to carry all before it.

The serious nature of the existing crisis is plainly evident when we glance at the enormous amount of pauperism with which we are at present burdened, and which forms a striking and significant commentary on our boasted social and industrial progress. Each successive year has beheld a steady increase in the number of our pauper population, and there does not appear the slightest prospect of any perceptible diminution in the rate of increase. In January, 1860, the number of persons relieved in 642 unions, in England and Wales, was 844,875. In January, 1868, the number had risen to 1,040,103; being an increase of 195,228 in eight years; and this, too, with thousands of ameliorative social agencies actively at work in all parts of the United Kingdom. A volume of many hundred pages would scarcely suffice to hold the names of all the charitable associations, hospitals, dispensaries, philanthropic societies, homes, penitentiaries, reformatories, industrial schools, refuges, asylums, nurseries, relief funds, institutions, charities, almshouses, orphan schools, and other portions of the vast and costly machinery with the aid of which the wealthier classes strive to assist their poorer brethren. Yet, notwithstanding the millions annually expended in these multifarious agencies, pauperism continues to advance with rapid strides. The twentieth annual report of the Poor-Law Board contains many painfully interesting details respecting our increased pauperism. According to that authority, the numbers of paupers (exclusive of lunatic paupers in asylums, and vagrants) at the end of July, 1866, and the end of July, 1867, respectively, were 836,486, and 877,020, showing an increase on the former year of 40,534, or 4·8 per cent. That the rate of increase has not since diminished is shown by the official returns for August, 1868, according to which there were at the end of July, 1868, 913,084 persons relieved, being an increase of 36,064 over the number during the corresponding period in 1867, and 76,598 over the number in 1866. This, too, at a period wherein employment was generally plentiful; with a fine summer and an abundant harvest! Later returns present an even more gloomy picture. The number of paupers at the end of August, in the years 1866, 1867, and 1868, respectively, were 840,388; 871,572; and 920,313; being an increase of 79,925 in two years. As the estimated population of England and Wales is only 19,886,104, it follows that

nearly every twentieth person is a pauper. To aggravate the difficulty, a considerable percentage of our paupers are persons afflicted with insanity. These number 41,276, of whom 30,905 are lunatics, and 10,371 are idiots. This class of paupers are a source of constant trouble and heavy expense to the parochial authorities, whose means of accommodation for such cases are necessarily limited. More than half of the insane and idiotic paupers are maintained in county or borough lunatic asylums; 10,324 are kept in union or parish workhouses, and the remainder are found in licensed houses, or lodgings, or living under the care of their relatives.

The cost of pauperism keeps pace with its increase. During the year ending Lady Day, 1866, no less than £6,439,515 was expended for the relief of the poor, but during the same period ending Lady Day, 1867, the amount had increased by more than half a million sterling, being £6,959,841, or £520,326 more than in 1866. The returns for 1868 are expected to show a far larger increase. The progressive rate of increase of expenditure is indicated by the subjoined figures :—

	£		£
1851 ...	4,962,704	1860 ...	5,454,964
1852 ...	4,897,685	1861 ...	5,778,943
1853 ...	4,939,064	1862 ...	6,077,525
1854 ...	5,282,853	1863 ...	6,527,036
1855 ...	5,890,041	1864 ...	6,423,383
1856 ...	6,004,244	1865 ...	6,264,961
1857 ...	5,898,756	1866 ...	6,439,515
1858 ...	5,878,542	1867 ...	6,959,841
1859 ...	5,558,689		

Here it is evident that although the wave of pauperism may occasionally appear to recede, it progresses steadily and irresistibly onwards. Nor is the cost so largely increased by the alleged high price of provisions as some would make it appear. In 1856, when the average price of wheat per quarter was 75s. 4d., the rate per head of amount expended in relief to the poor on the estimated population was 6s. 3¾d.; while in 1867, when the price of wheat had sunk to 53s. 7½d., the rate per head had increased to 6s. 6¼d. Facts like these speak for themselves.

The greatest increase of pauperism has taken place in the metropolis, where there are at present over 130,000 persons in receipt of parochial relief. The increase is not confined to any one particular locality, or class of labourers, although it is most marked in Poplar, Bethnal Green, and other East

London parishes. The real or alleged causes of this increase of pauperism have been partially inquired into by the Poor-Law Board, who 'think that it may be mainly attributed to the general depression consequent upon the commercial crisis of 1866, which had been preceded by much speculation and overtrading.' The Poor-Law Board appear, however, to have overlooked one most important fact, namely, that the causes, whatever they might be, of the present increased pauperism were in active operation previously to the great financial crisis of 1866. As if conscious that the explanation preferred by them was not wholly satisfactory, the Whitehall authorities proceed to offer a few others. According to them :—

'The cholera, which prevailed in the summer and autumn of 1866, added still further to the distress thus caused, carrying off in the East of London many of the heads of families, whose wives and children were left almost entirely dependent upon the poor-rates. This calamity was followed by a winter of great severity, causing the suspension of out-door employment, and an urgent pressure for relief; and as in such a case an easy and abundant supply actually creates or increases the demand, even the large sums which were so liberally subscribed by the public to relieve the distress, and which in many instances, it is to be feared, were distributed without due discrimination, tended to aggravate the evil. The class of ordinary labourers, many of them already half pauperised, and others only just removed above pauperism, soon learn the advantage of living in a district where the alms of the benevolent flow in to eke out the legal provision from the poor-rates. Lodgings in these districts are comparatively cheap ; upon that account numbers flock thither in hard times, and still more when it is found that charitable contributions are systematically advertised for, and alms indiscriminately distributed. The provisions of the Sanitary Acts are not always duly enforced, overcrowding follows, and thus disease and pauperism are generated. Another cause of the increase of expenditure, which has not been confined to the metropolis, but has affected the relief throughout the whole country, has been the comparatively high price of bread. In the year 1865-66 the average price of wheat was 43s. 6d.; in the year 1866-67, 53s. 7½d. It is evident that a high price of provisions not only adds to the cost of maintenance of the existing paupers, but brings additional claimants upon the poor-rates. In the metropolis also the crowded state and condition of the workhouses, which has precluded the application of the workhouse test to the able-bodied, and the difficulty of providing out-door labour on a large scale, have alike tended to increase the numbers of the able-bodied class applying for relief.'

Here, again, the Poor-Law Board have more than once laid themselves open to the charge of inaccuracy. If the cost of pauperism is partly regulated by the price of wheat, it ought to have been far higher in 1856, when this was 75s. 4d., than in 1867, when it was only 53s. 7½d. The reasoning of the Poor-Law Board is, on this point at least, somewhat defective.

The preceding facts naturally lead us to inquire what means should be adopted for staying the further progress of pauperism? The first impulse of the wealthy is to forward the means of relief, both in money and kind, to the destitute poor; but this, while betokening the existence of a kindly disposition, speaks ill for the wisdom of the donors. It is

admitted on all sides that the wholesale system of charitable relief, so long prevalent in East London, has had the effect of largely increasing the amount of destitution prevalent in that part of the metropolis. The Rev. Septimus Hansard, M.A., Rector of Bethnal Green, says :—

'The easy way in which charity has been given without supervision has done most incalculable mischief to us. People look for it as naturally as possible. I have known men who earn in the summer 30*s.* a week regularly, and they never lay by any money. They state deliberately that it is because they know that in the winter there will be this cry of distress at the East End, and they will get charity.'

Mr. Thomas Webster, Q.C., commenting on the great number of relief organisations in East London, observes :—

'That societies should so work as to be a confusion to one another in the same locality is greatly to be regretted, but this fact may in itself be taken as a proof that so serious a matter as the present wide-spread distress cannot adequately be met by partial philanthropic efforts. Indeed, their discordant organisation is in too many cases proved to be a stimulus to imposition, and to keep back the flood of public charity from those who are the most deserving.'

The Rev. H. Solly states that :—

'The total sum raised for charitable purposes of all sorts and kinds in the metropolis is estimated at nearly £2,000,000, of which at least £1,200,000 may be considered as raised for the benefit of the poorer classes, and of course considerably relieving the suffering that abounds among them. But it is the ragged schools, reformatories, refuges, industrial schools and homes which alone can be said to be really doing much among all our charitable institutions to prevent and eradicate the enormous social mischiefs which are now the disgrace and danger of our boasted civilisation, and even these are not stopping the evil at its source.'

The present system of Poor-Law administration having admittedly failed to check the progress of pauperism, and the extension of charitable assistance being found to encourage, rather than to prevent the evil, it becomes doubly important that some attempt should be made for the purpose of ascertaining the best and most effectual means of removing this great stumblingblock from the path of our social and industrial progress. The subject has more than once engaged the attention of the Social Science Association, but the result has been more to show the utter confusion of ideas existing in connection with the question, than to evolve any really sensible or practical suggestions. One of the first papers read on the subject in 1868, was by Mr. Thomas Webster, who, alluding to the continued increase of pauperism, observed :—

'Neither law nor public charity appears able to cope with this severe distress which is pauperising whole districts, and every morning brings its fresh tales of woe, illustrative of the shortcomings of voluntary efforts and the weakness of the present legal remedies. There is also a deal of clashing, confusion, and mismanagement among the various schemes of relief, which brings odium upon the cause of public charity, and opens a door for the imposition of the least deserving, while

the average relief after all only just keeps these vast numbers of our fellow-beings above starvation point, and leaves behind it no labour or work done which is worth mentioning, after an expenditure of thousands. Moreover, as the distress is to a great extent localised, the legal means for its relief fall most heavily upon certain districts, and the Bethnal Green guardians report that they are beset on the one hand by an "ever-growing pauperism," and on the other by a yearly increasing inadequacy with respect to the funds which the ratepayers are able to supply. This at once would appear to throw the responsibility back upon the Government of supplementing the inefficient system of Poor-Law provision by some strong and well-considered plan of remedy.'

Mr. Webster insists that increased pauperism signifies increased crime, that it is but a slight transition from the pauper to the thief:—

'How many of the really industrious and well-intentioned classes of society are driven by distress into dishonest courses under those fearful circumstances with which they at present have to contend? We cannot expect men to be more than human, or excluded from the temptations of our common nature, who are to a certain extent perfectly uneducated and find themselves suddenly confronted by hopeless ruin and innumerable temptations. There can, indeed, be no doubt that from the out-of-work paupers, industrious so long as they could earn a living by industry, the ranks of crime are very liberally recruited. To allow them to be exposed to these seductions on the one hand, or on the other to emasculate their industrial energy by forcing them as the condition of a subsistence which will scarcely keep body and soul together to perform some ridiculous task of nearly useless labour is, it appears to me, derogatory to the administrative capacity of a great and Christian nation. We are not only unnecessarily degrading and reducing to a condition of chronic pauperisation whole masses of the people, but we are largely feeding that most costly element in our national expenditure, crime.'

The heavy burden thus entailed upon us, is presented by Mr. Webster in the following painfully significant picture:—

'The criminal statistics of the year 1866 reveal the startling fact that the cost of crime in this country is at least between seven and eight millions a year. Of the criminal classes at large there are known to be no less than 113,566. Our police force costs £1,827,000; our Treasury prosecutions £16,000; our county and borough gaols £614,000; and our convict prisons at home and abroad some £400,000 more. Supposing our criminal classes at large to abstract from the earnings of the honest and industrious classes an average of £40 per annum, which is not at all an excessive estimate, we have £4,500,000 more with which to debit crime, besides a large proportion of the expenses of our Home Office and judicial establishments.'

Mr. Webster's remedy for this state of things is identical with that advocated by the Howard Association, which, according to Mr. Tallack, has been formed with the object of procuring employment for the poor on public works, and for obtaining loans of money from Government for that purpose.

The Rev. Henry Solly, some few weeks afterwards, read a Paper on the same subject; but, although his plan reads well on paper, it would be found ineffectual in practice. Like Mr. Webster, he overlooks the causes of pauperism, and confines himself to dealing with their effects. He recommends five methods—all to be worked in common—for reducing the existing mass of pauperism. These are, employ-

ments, amusements, education, supervision, and social organisation. The first could be found in the cleansing of streets, and the reclamation of waste lands by the utilisation of the sewage of towns. Amusements would be provided by means of concert-rooms or club-houses, to supersede the attractions of the public-house. The poorer classes he considers to be greatly in need of help of this kind :—

'For want of innocent and beneficial recreation, they are continually suffering from grievous temptations of various kinds, and they give way to vice or crime merely because they have no refuge from weariness, vacancy, or the cravings of their lower nature, no gratification for the right and healthy desire of companionship and recreation, except in the public-house, the dancing or music saloon, the street corner, or in dens of infamy.'

Education, he further remarked, should be used in the most extended sense of the word, and be considered as involving moral and scientific, as well as mental culture, all of which, he thought, could be afforded by institutions, planted in the midst of the poor, 'which should partake of the nature both of working-men's clubs and mechanics' institutes.' Supervision, according to Mr. Solly, would involve an adoption of the system employed by King Alfred, whereby one man in every ten or twenty would be made responsible to some extent for the acts of the others. 'We must see,' he observes,

'If we cannot once again get a system of "*Frank-pledge*," by which men, living at present in a disorganised condition, may be brought under wholesome supervision by being made answerable for each other's conduct, with one man in every ten or twenty more responsible than the rest, and exercising some sort of authority over them.'

Under social organisation he includes a combined, and certainly most complicated, system of friendly societies, religious associations, working-men's clubs, and similar organisations. There is no occasion, however, to go into this portion of Mr. Solly's scheme. Anyone who is in the least acquainted with the actual working of large organisations, has but to glance over the details furnished by Mr. Solly, to perceive at once their utter impracticability. Indeed, the whole of his project, kindly intentioned as it undoubtedly is, displays an amount of hesitation and timidity which contrasts forcibly with the enormous magnitude of the evil it is proposed to remedy.

As Mr. Webster's, so Mr. R. A. Arnold's great panacea for pauperism is employment. He does not pretend to trace the causes why employment is not forthcoming. It is sufficient for him that in this country there are thousands of people unemployed. Find employment for them, and they will cease to be paupers. This is the whole of Mr. Arnold's doctrine, and, despite of the attractive manner in which he

has propounded his views, it betrays but too clearly his lack of real experience and judgment in dealing with such matters. He admits the difficulties which have to be contended with, on the part of the State, or of local authorities, in attempting to provide the required employment, and he offers several sensible remarks thereon, especially with respect to productive industry, which he says cannot be undertaken by the guardians of the poor without effecting much harm. 'If they engage the distressed work-people in the particular trade to which they were accustomed, then stock would further diminish the value of those, the too great accumulation of which had been the cause of distress.' Mr. Arnold is not to be gainsaid in this portion of his argument. It certainly is a great mistake, and one which has often been perpetrated, whenever some particular trade or calling happens to become depressed and no market can be found for the articles produced therein, to continue the work of production merely for the sake of affording employment to the destitute operatives. With rare exceptions, such a policy seldom fails to produce results of a character directly opposite to those really desired. Suppose, for instance, that the staple manufacture of a given district is hat-making, and that of the hundred operatives usually employed, only fifty can procure work. In the absence of a legitimate demand for hats, or the prospect of such a result at no distant period, any attempt to furnish the fifty unemployed operatives with work in the shape of hat-making, would but hasten the moment when the whole body would find themselves deprived of employment. As a rule, the rate of production must adapt itself to the state of demand, and any infraction of this rule will inevitably occasion the disastrous results arising from a violation of the laws of economic science. So well known is this to those who have devoted themselves to the temporary or permanent relief of the poor, that, as a rule, they seldom seek to provide employment for them in their respective trades, unless there exists a probability that such trades may prove remunerative to the workers. And here it may be remarked in passing, that one reason why we hear so little of artisan distress in such towns as Birmingham, is because of the facility with which the workmen can pass from one trade into another. To the same fact, perhaps, may be attributed the comparative absence of strikes. The Spitalfields silkweavers, unable or unwilling to leave their trade, although barely remunerative and subject to serious fluctuations, have always remained in a greater or lesser state of destitution. Indeed, the general condition of the London silkweavers is one of chronic

pauperism. The obvious remedy consists in a diminution of the number of weavers; this, however, the weavers practically will not admit, seeing that they are continually training their offspring to the same trade as themselves, although fully aware that in so doing they are dooming them to a life of semi-pauperism. Were the facility with which large numbers of the Birmingham artisans are enabled to transfer themselves from one branch of employment to another, shared by the great body of workers in the kingdom, the supply of different kinds of labour would become more equalised, and the great mass of skilled workmen less liable to be deprived of the means of employment. The very means by which some trades' unions endeavour to protect their trades by placing a restraint on the free action of the workmen, is one of the leading causes of this want of versatility on the part of our labourers in general.

There is the instinctive desire, in all well ordered communities, to employ the destitute poor in the construction of works of public utility, or in labours intended for the public benefit, and in which the labour shall not be degrading nor beyond the power of those to whom it is afforded. The vital defect of the workhouse labour test-system is its frequently useless and degrading character. Stone-breaking, for instance, is an art which requires a certain amount of experience and skill rather than strength, and the hardened and incorrigible tramp, versed in the mysteries of the stone-yard, has no difficulty in rattling through his appointed task, while the poor, but inexperienced mechanic, whose only crime consists in his poverty, vainly strives, with fingers blistered and bleeding, with limbs weary and aching, to perform the same amount of work. Still more objectionable is the digging and re-filling of large pits. Stone-breaking possesses at least one recommendation, the labour is one of utility; but when, as in the case of pit-digging, the usefulness of the labour is not apparent, it exercises a degrading influence on those engaged in it. The parochial authorities are not altogether to blame for this, as they seldom possess any alternatives beyond stone-breaking, oakum-picking, and pit-digging. But were it otherwise, they would find it difficult, especially in the present chaotic condition of parochial management, to devise more suitable and less degrading labour tests without interfering with some branch of industry affording employment to large numbers of operatives. Whatever kinds of employment be resorted to, they must not in any way clash with the ordinary relations of labour and capital. For instance, were the destitute poor to be employed in making shoes, when the

shoe-trade is in a state of depression, it would tend merely to aggravate the existing amount of destitution. The cheap labour of inmates of prisons in mat and basket-making has deprived large numbers of the industrious and deserving blind of the means of obtaining a livelihood.

If, then, employment is to be provided for the poor, it must be of such a nature as not to interfere with other existing employments. Mr. Arnold therefore recommends the adoption of a system based on the Public Works Act, introduced into Lancashire during the period of the cotton famine. His proposal is that an Act of Parliament should be passed, empowering the Treasury to lend money for the construction of public works to the parochial or corporate authorities of any district where a large number of labourers are suffering from temporary distress. He suggests that, for the repayment of such loans, an annual payment of five per cent. shall be required, which at the end of thirty years would cancel both principal and interest. Furthermore, he would entrust the management of the works to the local authorities, although the central Government must, in the first instance, be consulted: and for the more effectual working out of his plan he suggests the establishment of what many other Governments already possess, namely, a special department of public works presided over by a minister directly responsible to Parliament: in default of this, 'the advances for the purposes of the Act should be made by the Public Works Loan Commissioners upon orders bearing the seal of the Poor-Law Board, and the signature of the president of that board for the time being.' It is highly problematical whether Mr. Arnold's suggestions will ever be carried into effect. We must bear in mind the enormous increase of local taxation, to say nothing of the large sums required, under the orders of the Poor-Law Board, for the enlargement of existing workhouses, the erection of others, and the establishment of district schools, asylums, and infirmaries on a large and costly scale. Moreover, the amount of benefit derived from the Lancashire Public Works Act has been greatly overstated. According to Mr. Rawlinson, in Lancashire,—

'There were said to be 40,000 able-bodied men out of employment, but there were never more than 6,000 on the public works there. *Bona fide* work for wages was, in all cases, tendered, and he was not aware of a single instance in which any man or body of men complained that they could not get work, but although they had 6,000 at work, and four or five times that number who were not, some would not stop a week, some would not stop a fortnight, and they found therefore it was only the best men, those who really wished to put themselves into an honest position who would undergo the ordeal of seasoning themselves to labour to which they were unaccustomed.'

If mere employment afforded a remedy for pauperism, we should not hear of paupers in Canada, or Australia, where the demand for labour exceeds the supply. But supposing that the requisite employment were found, the customary rate of wages would have to be given, any attempt at offering less being instantly resented by the labourers, as in the case of the destitute Poplar artisans when offered employment at a lower rate in shipbuilding. And if the full rate of wages be given, the effect would be to attract labourers from less remunerative employment, so that in the end the state of affairs would be exactly the same as at first.

Instead of endeavouring to provide work for the unemployed, the object of all desirous of preventing the spread of pauperism, should be to ascertain, as far as possible, the causes which tend to diminish the means of employment. It needs but the slightest knowledge of the fundamental principles of political economy to perceive that the increasing want of employment is the result of deficient or mis-expended capital. Mr. John Stuart Mill states that 'while, on the one hand, industry is limited by capital, so on the other, every increase of capital gives, or is capable of giving, additional employment to industry: and this without assignable limits.' But for the enormous waste of capital somewhere, there would exist in this country ample means of employment for all able to work. How this waste is occasioned is obvious to all. It is occasioned by the universal passion for alcoholic liquors, the gratification of an acquired appetite at any cost, even of pauperism, sickness, or premature death. Were the many millions of pounds sterling annually expended by the English people in the purchase of beer, wine, and spirits, devoted to the purchase of furniture, clothing, and necessary articles of food, employment would be found in a constantly increasing ratio for all who needed it. Intemperance and pauperism are synonymous, yet neither the Poor-Law Board, in their official report, nor the members of the Social Science Association in their discussions, have ventured to treat the matter from this point of view. The Rev. H. Solly, indeed, is the only member of the Social Science Association who has had the courage to allude to the importance of the Temperance question in connection with this subject, and even he mentions it only incidentally. He says, speaking of the metropolis :—

'There are, taking the whole police district (which includes fifteen miles from Charing-cross, as the returns do not give the number in the metropolis alone), 6,549 public-houses and gin-palaces, and 4,421 beershops, making a total of 10,970 houses, which, if placed side by side, would extend for a distance of about thirty-three miles! There are also music and singing halls, with dancing saloons without number.'

The amount annually spent in these public-houses is, according to the lowest computation, £3,000,000 sterling. One-third of this would suffice to provide work for all the unemployed metropolitan poor. The true cause of our increasing pauperism is the enormous development of our drink-traffic, the very existence of which is in contravention of the soundest rules of political economy. The capital formed by the nation is continually being reduced and deprived of its proper productive powers, merely that a limited class of non-producers—people of no earthly use whatever to their country—may live in comfort, if not affluence. Of all the methods of rendering capital utterly unproductive, its expenditure in the purchase of beer and gin, for personal consumption, is the most effectual and speedy. The amount annually paid for wages in this country has been variously estimated, the lowest computation being £200,000,000. Of this sum, at least £60,000,000 is believed to be annually expended in intoxicating drinks. Have we not here the secret of our increasing pauperism? Does it not tell us how futile is the idea of checking pauperism by finding work for the unemployed, unless we at the same time check the popular craving for beer and gin? Did any doubt exist in the matter it could speedily be removed by a reference to the experience of workhouse officials, who are singularly unanimous in declaring intemperance to have been the predisposing cause of pauperism, in the majority of cases which have come under their care.

Again, take the 41,276 pauper lunatics and idiots now being supported at the cost of the ratepayers. It is an acknowledged fact that many of these are either the offspring of intemperate parents, or have themselves been guilty of intemperate habits. Indeed, the more the matter is inquired into, the more apparent becomes the connection between our drinking habits and the development of pauperism. But our philanthropists will not perceive this. They wilfully shut their eyes, and then declare that they cannot see. It is not pauper colonies, public works acts, or working men's clubs that we most want. Even as mere palliatives these would prove useless. Nothing less than a change in our drinking habits and the greater restriction of the drink traffic will meet the emergency. It may be unfashionable to be a teetotaler, to denounce the public-house system may be considered by many as bordering on fanaticism, but until the principles of temperance are more generally acknowledged and practised, the Poor-Law Board may issue its reports, Social Science theorists gravely discuss each other's hobbies, and the nation

angrily complain that nothing is being done, without in the least staying the onward and desolating march of English pauperism.

ALMANACKS—OLD AND NEW.

TO the inquiry—when and where was the Almanack first devised?—no satisfactory answer can be returned. The thing so called was certainly older than the name, and the name itself, whatever its derivation, marks an antiquity higher than that of any existing European sovereignty, great or small. Whether we find its etymological origin in the Arabic *al*, 'the,' and the Hebrew *manah* and *manakh*, 'to number or count;' or in the Arabic *al* and Greek *meenee*, 'moon,' or *meen*, 'month,' or in the old German *al-mon-aght*, 'the observations of all moons,' corresponding to the Anglo-Saxon *al-mon-heed;* or whether we regard it as slightly modified from an Arabic compound signifying 'the Diary;' we are, in any case, directed to the primitive meaning of the invention, and are impressed with the probability of its connection, under other names, with the earliest civilisation of our race.

Supposing a state of society with periodical festivals, secular or religious, based (as they must have been) on a knowledge, however rudimentary, of the heavenly bodies; and further supposing the use of written signs and symbols, suppositions which apply to the oldest forms of civic life on the banks of the Tigris, the Ganges, the Yang-tze-Kiang, and the Nile—we can scarcely imagine the absence of some recognised register answering to our conception of the almanack in its simplest and roughest state. As to Egypt, indeed, the Abbé Pulche hastily conjectured that the grotesque figures found on the ancient monuments formed a sort of illustrated calendar of the rise and fall of the Nile, and were thus substantially akin to the much later ornamented wooden almanacks of the semi-savage Northmen. But the Egyptian calendar (Wilkinson's 'Ancient Egyptians,' vol. iv., p. 14) appears to have been agricultural, the year being divided into three seasons of 'the water plants,' 'the ploughing,' and 'the waters.' The Romans, we know, had their calendar with its *fasti dies*, 'marked days,' and as this calendar had ceased, four centuries before Christ, to be a vocal declaration by the Pontifex Maximus of the coming monthly festivals, we may presume that the written calendar posted up in the Forum under his directions would be copied for private use, and thus pass into extensive circu-

lation. Among the disinterred antiquities of Pompeii is a square block of marble, upon each side of which a three months' calendar is engraved, with the signs of the zodiac proper to the season, the information given being astronomical, agricultural, and religious. The Alexandrian Greeks, of the second and third centuries of the Christian era, are said to have been adepts in the compilation of almanacks furnished with astrologic lore; and when the spread of Christianity began to call for a calendar in which the names of saints and martyrs should supersede the names of the heathen gods, major and minor, the 'aching void' (if voids can ache) would be speedily supplied. Inasmuch, also, as a belief in days, lucky and unlucky, was one of the popular superstitions not easily rooted out, other influences besides those of devotion would join to stimulate the manufacture of an article in such general request. Casting a glance towards the Scandinavian tribes, we likewise see that both prior and subsequent to their conversion to Christianity, Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes were possessed of calendars cut in wood, in horn, and in metal. The runic lines and grotesque hieroglyphic shapes thus carved-in became treasured, doubtless, as a species of talisman and charm, without which neither weapon, nor tool, nor household vessel could be considered perfect. Walking-sticks, as being easily carried about, were similarly utilised and adorned; and so an almanack, uncouth as the people and the times, was indefinitely multiplied ready to every hand. Where the craftsman was a Christian, saints' days were frequently denoted by significant signs, as a harp for St. David's, a gridiron for St. Lawrence's, and a pair of shoes for St. Crispin's. The Anglo-Saxons borrowed this fashion from their neighbours and rivals; and a specimen of the 'clog almanack,' once widely diffused, has been engraved and described by Dr. Plott, under the title of the 'Perpetual Staffordshire Almanack.'

If we are really indebted to the Arabs for the name, we may reasonably conclude that in the literary blossoming which distinguished the Moorish dominion in Spain, the almanack had a conspicuous place. No specimen, however, of such a production seems to have survived to bring before our eyes the curious mixture of true and false science—of astronomy and astrology—which Saracen philosophers prepared for the entertainment of their Saracen patrons. No almanack-maker earlier than Solomon Jarchus, in the twelfth century, is known by name, and his identification is obscure and doubtful. The earliest almanack MSS. in the British Museum and the National Libraries of other countries do not date beyond the

fourteenth century, though the authorship of one is ascribed to Friar Bacon. The father of the modern almanack, using the term in the most restricted sense as a diary specifying the position of the planets, was the celebrated astronomer Purbach, whose calendars extend from 1450 to 1461. His pupil, Regiomantanus, took advantage of the printing-press to give publicity to his own essays in this scientific line, from 1475 to 1506; and without crediting the legend which makes each copy of his almanacks to have sold for ten crowns of gold, we have no doubt that he was well remunerated for his trouble both by the buyers of his tracts, and by the King of Hungary, Mathias Corvinus, in whom he found a generous supporter. Rivals in this enterprise appeared in Bernard de Granolachs, of Barcelona, and Engel, of Vienna; and as the sixteenth century opened out, first Stoffler, of Tubingen (1526), and then Rabelais, at Lyons (1533), made similar appeals to the curiosity and growing intelligence of Europe. Curiosity, perhaps, rather than intelligence had most to do with the unquestionable demand which prevailed for printed almanacks. Astrology had, to say the least, as strong hold on the popular faith as the Gospels, and the almanack became at this period a special vehicle for the diffusion of prescriptions and predictions based on the supposed influence of the heavenly bodies, through the fame and prophecies of Nostrodamus. This eminent physician and friend of J. C. Scaliger was one of the scientific and philanthropic lights of the sixteenth century; but he was most widely known by his vaticinations, expressed in enigmatic terms, but none the less valued on that account, and circulated by him in the almanacks he published. The pretensions of this extraordinary man have been voluminously canvassed, and it is undeniable that some events, remote from his own day, appear to have been anticipated in his oracular verses; but the more immediate effects of his prophesying were pernicious and alarming, for every man who pretended to be an astrologer, and who was at best nothing more, could prophesy as confidently as Nostrodamus. The agitation produced by these communings with futurity led, in France, to an edict of Henry III., passed in 1579, prohibiting the prophetic element in the almanacks of the day; and if the bishops, who were the licensers of all such publications issued in their respective dioceses, carried out the royal interdict, we may confidently conclude that almanacks experienced a sudden and heavy fall in public valuation and demand.

Manuscript calendars were in use in England before Caxton set up his printing-press in the sanctuary at Westminster; but these were principally of a religious character, and few of

them have escaped the ravages of time. In 1812 a work was printed at Hackney, purporting to be a verbatim transcript, with some omissions, of a manuscript almanack of 1386, and the original was announced to be at the printer's for inspection and sale. No antiquarian has been known to have examined this MS., but, if genuine, its age, to judge from the orthography, appears to have been exaggerated by the modern transcriber. A very early printed almanack, one of Wynkyn de Worde's (and older by nineteen years than his octo-decimo folded almanack deposited in the Pepyseian Library, Cambridge), was accidentally found in an antique oak cabinet, and presented by a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn to the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Its dimensions are two and a half inches by two inches, and the number of leaves is fifteen. The only title is, 'Almanackye for VI. Yere' [1506], and on the reverse of this leaf are the words — 'Lately corrected and emprynted at London, in Flete-strete, by Wynkyn de Worde. In the yere of the reygne of the most redoubted Sovereigne Lorde Kinge Henry the VII.' Earlier, however, than this curiosity was the 'Sheapeheard's Kalendar,' translated from the French, of which the first edition was printed by Richard Pynson in 1497. The next century (1500-1600) was prolific in these annual visitors, some of which, for reasons not positively known, were printed in the Netherlands. One of them is a large single sheet, printed at 'Antwerpe,' for the year 1530, the work of 'Gaspar Leat the younger.' It is described as an 'Almynack and Prognosticatio,' and begins in this fashion — 'The declaratio of this Almynack. The Golden Number xi. Inditio iii. The cicle of the Sunne xxvii. The Sunday Letter B.' Medical prescriptions mixed up with astrological quackery were a prominent element in these productions. A single folio sheet in red and black ink appeared as 'An Almanack and Prognostication for the yeare of our Lord MD. & XLVIII. by M. Alphonsus Laet, brother of M. Jasper Laet, Doctor of Physycke and Astronomy. Imprinted at London by Richard Jugge, dwelling at the North Door of Paul's.' In this almanack certain signs are used to designate the 'chosen dayes' when it is 'good to let blood—meetely to let blood. Good to take medicine—meetely to take medicine. Good to bathe. Good to sowe or plante.' Jugge was an eminent printer of Bibles, and would consider himself kept in countenance by the calendars prefixed to the lawyers' guides, the abridgments of the chronicles, and the translations of the Bible then issuing from the press. In one of these old Bibles the classification of facts is curious. The January calendar runs :—'1. Noah began to see the tops of the mountains.

6. Jesus was baptised. 9. Noah sent the dove out of the ark. 22. The Duke of Somerset beheaded. 27. Paul was converted.' Coverdale put out an almanack to help on the Reformation, and to the same period is referred 'A Spirituall Almanacke, wherein every Christiē man and womā may se what they ought daylye to do or leave undone. Not after the doctrine of the Papistes, not after the lernynge of Ptolemy, but out of the very true and wholesome doctryne of God, shewed vnto vs in his Worde.'

The custom seems to have grown up about this time of printing almanacks in some country town, with the view of getting a circulation in the districts around. One dated 1541, 'practised' by two 'Doctors of Physike and Astronomye,' was published at Worcester. The example was contagious and chronic; and in 1590, 'Walter Gray, gentleman,' published his 'Almanacke and Prognostication,' rectified for the meridian of Dorchester, 'serving most aptly for the West Partes and generally for al England.' Each month's predictions in this almanack were preceded by a few rhymes, describing some characteristics or products of the season. In the plays of Shakespere this species of popular literature receives four allusions, which throw light on its leading features and wide diffusion. In 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' (Act iii., scene 1), Smug asks, 'Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?' And Bottom answers, 'A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanacks; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.' In the 'Comedy of Errors' (Act i., scene 2), Antipholus exclaims, on the entrance of Dromio of Ephesus, 'Here comes the almanack of my true date.' In the 'Second part of King Henry IV.' (Act ii., scene 4), Prince Henry calls out, 'Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?' Poins adds, 'And look whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.' And in 'Antony and Cleopatra' (Act i., scene 2), 'Her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love; we cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report'—a plain allusion to the terrible prognostications by which the almanack-makers of the period roused the fears, while they appealed to the curiosity, of their credulous readers. Yet there were not wanting men able and ready to satirise the tribe of wiseacres and their dupes; and Thomas Decker is credited with the authorship of a parody, published under this title, 'The Rauens [Raven's] Almanacke, Foretelling ye Plague, Famine, and Civill Warre. That shall happen this present yeare 1609.

With certain remedies, rules, and receipts, &c. London: Printed by E. A., for W. Archer, 1609.' This almanack was ironically dedicated 'To the Lyons of the Wood (the young courtiers)—to the wilde Buckes of the Forrest (the gallants and younger brothers)—to the Hartes of the field, and to the whole Country that were brought up wisely, yet proving Guls, who are borne rich, yet dye beggars.' Edward Pond commenced to publish an almanack in 1605, and under that name one was brought out annually for a long succession of years. The names of sixty-two almanack-writers who flourished between 1600-1700 have been preserved, and the actual number was probably greater. The first Oxford almanack was issued for the year 1683, and was ornamented with hieroglyphics, the editor or author being Maurice Wheeler, minor canon of Christ Church. James I., who trafficked largely in patents, gave to the two Universities and the Stationers' Company the sole right of issuing almanacks in England, under the supervision of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, both or either, for the time being. The Universities sold to the Stationers' Company their interest in this monopoly for an annuity, and the Stationers' Company, from their hall off Ludgate Hill, continued to pour forth, without rivalry, for a century and a half, streams of mystical nonsense and indecent jesting, mingled with very moderate proportions of useful information. Lilly, the astrologer, was a confidant of the unhappy Charles I., to whom he might have given homely counsel that would have been of more service to him than reams of astrologic symbols; but Lilly survived the King and the Commonwealth, and died full of years, if not of honours, on an estate purchased with the gains of his art, on the banks of the Thames. But Lilly had a pupil, who developed into a rival almanacker, in John Gadbury, and Gadbury found a competitor in the still better-known John Partridge. In the last half of this century also appeared 'Poor Robin's Almanack,' one of the most popular and longest-lived of the race, whose list of anonymous editors is said to have contained a clergyman of the English Church. Ere the close of the seventeenth century 'Francis Moore, physician,' had started his almanack (1698), and in the present year of grace the old 'philomath' (a favourite cognomen with the almanack compilers) makes, by deputy, his bow on the British stage. 'Poor Robin' seems to have arrived at popularity by a travesty on the style in vogue among the pseudo science-mongers of that day. His humour is of a kind which has been revived of late, consisting chiefly in uttering commonplaces in a grave and serious style. Artemus Ward

drew bursts of laughter from fashionable assemblies when he pointed with a stick to a picture of hill scenery, and said with a solemn, elongated visage, 'That is the top of a mountain;' and so Poor Robin aimed, no doubt, to excite the risibility of his readers by making this entry under the month of June, 1671: 'I can assure ye, upon the word of an astrologer, that we shall have no hard frosts all this month.' And more slily under July, 'Many people now shall be troubled with the Devonshire man's disease; they can eat and drink, &c., woundily, but they cannot work. But for such a sickness, a cartwhip is the best physic.' 'Poor Robin' could cry up strong drink very lustily, but in his 'predictions' he has some fair temperance sallies, *e.g.*, 'More shall go sober into taverns than shall come out. The *falling* sickness will be common with drunkards.' Against Poor Robin, however, must be laid the charge of pandering to a coarseness against which ordinary morality, to say nothing of religion, indignantly protested.

Sectarian bitterness is intensely shown in the almanacks after the Restoration (1660), and a special almanack, entitled 'A Yea and Nay Almanack for the people, called by the men of the world Quakers,' was a libel of the most malignant type. The influence of the almanack on the fair sex of the Stuart times was not agreeable, if Dryden is to be believed:

> 'Beware the woman, too, and shun her sight,
> Who in that study does herself delight,
> By whom a greasy almanack is borne,
> With often handling, like chapt-amber worne.'

We must now briefly advert to that most amusing episode in almanack *notabilia* connected with Dean Swift's attack on John Partridge—by no means the worst representative of his class. Partridge had been a shoemaker, but had found astrology a shorter cut to notoriety and lucre. His 'Merlin Liberatus' had been published for upwards of forty years, when he became the object of attentions more caustic than complimentary from the keenest humorist of the age. Having laid his plan of assault, Dean Swift published 'Predictions for the year 1708,' under the name of 'Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.' This pamphlet opened with a feigned eulogy on astrology, but a depreciation of astrologers, especially the framers of almanacks, and more especially Mr. John Partridge, the Ajax of the throng. After caustically exposing the devices resorted to by the current prognosticators to conceal their ignorance, 'Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.,' asserts that he will deliver, in precise terms, a series of

prophecies, by the fulfilment of which his reputation shall stand or fall; and the first prophecy of this series is directed against the famous Partridge himself. 'Having consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules, I find he will infallibly die upon the 29th of March next, about 11 at night, of a raging fever; therefore I advise him to consider and to settle his affairs in time.' Other 'prophecies' follow, expressed in language equally intelligible and distinct. As the 'prophecy' concerning Partridge was the first, intense curiosity was aroused to see what would happen; and as soon as the fated day had arrived, there appeared a second pamphlet entitled, 'The Accomplishment of the First of Mr. Bickerstaff's predictions, being an account of the death of Mr. Partridge the Almanack-maker upon the 29th instant; in a Letter to a Person of Honour.' In this production the Dean minutely described the circumstances preceding and attending the astrologer's decease, and with masterly tact made him confess that the whole mystery was one of deceit, and that he himself was a poor ignorant fellow. But Partridge, who had not died, yet felt himself incompetent to cope with his assailant, sent out a rejoinder, written for him, it is said, by a neighbour, the Rev. Dr. Yalden, under the title of 'Squire Bickerstaff Detected.' This composition is quite as diverting as the Dean's, for it is chiefly occupied with an account of the tricks played upon him by those who had fallen into the spirit of Isaac Bickerstaff's original 'predictions,' and who zealously co-operated to drive the poor symbol-drawer into a nervous fever. A single extract must suffice—'Nay, the very reader of our parish, a good, sober, discreet person, has sent two or three times for me to come and be buried decently, or send him sufficient reason to the contrary; or, if I have been buried in any other parish, to produce a certificate as the Act requires. My poor wife is run almost distracted with being called Widow Partridge, when she knows it is false; and once a term she is cited into the court to take out letters of administration; but my greatest grievance is a paltry quack that takes up my calling just under my nose, and in his printed directions with N.B., says he lives in the house of the late ingenious Mr. John Partridge, the eminent practitioner in leather, physic, and astrology.' Swift replied by 'A Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.,' in which he maintained that Partridge had really died, giving reasons for the assertion, and adroitly turning against Partridge's denial the well-known device of using the names of long-dead astrologers to maintain the circulation of the almanacks they originally produced. Partridge was really so much upset by this attack

that for some years he did not edit the almanack bearing his name, and though he resumed his old work, he died in 1714. Swift did not wholly abandon his assault on the superstitious trickery to which nearly all the almanack-makers were committed, but issued for 1709 a short paper entitled, 'A famous prediction of Merlin the British Wizard.' The Stationers' Company were not much moved by these charges of their polished opponent; to his wit they opposed the prejudices of the populace, and so, year by year, their almanacks, covered with undecipherable symbols, spread their wings, travelling like vast coveys, till they settled down in ten thousands of English homes. Neither the Archbishop of Canterbury nor the Bishop of London withheld his licence, and that licence was a salve to any modicum of corporate conscience the Stationers' Company possessed. Had these monopolists been capable of learning from example, they might have been shamed and schooled into a reformed course of action by the Philadelphia printer, Benjamin Franklin, who in 1732 brought out his 'Poor Richard's Almanack,' and continued its publication for twenty-five years, without resorting to moral garbage to attract a sale. 'Poor Richard,' unlike 'Poor Robin' of London, used no other seasoning but the salt of a humour that evoked no blush, and of a proverbial wisdom that made economy and temperance better appreciated by rich and poor. In one sense the Stationers' Company studied economy—at least they practised it, in its parsimonious guise, towards the men whom they employed to do the necessary work, as is apparent from a letter by a Robert Heath, of Upnor Castle, written in 1753, in which he states:—'The sheet almanack of theirs sells 175,000, and they give three guineas for the copy. Moore's sells 75,000, and they give five guineas for the copy. The Lady's sells above 30,000 (it sold but 17,000 when I first took it), and they give ten guineas for the copy. Mrs. Beighton's is the most copy-money of any other. The Gentleman's copy is three guineas; sells 7,000. This is a fine company to write for!' The 'Ladies' Diary' and the 'Gentlemen's' here referred to were best known for their mathematical problems; it was their distinction to be the only two of the Stationers' almanacks that were a credit to them—(the one commenced in 1705, the other in 1741)—always excepting the 'Nautical Almanack,' commenced in 1767, and edited for many years by Dr. Maskelyne. This truly scientific annual (formed on the plan of the French *Connaisances des Tems* begun in 1698) fell for a season from its high reputation; but for thirty years past has risen higher than ever, and supplies to the educated mariner, three years in advance, all

the materials he requires for determining his position on the waste of waters ploughed by his ship, out of sight of land, for months together. But the Company's privileges were destined to be invaded by a bold bookseller of St. Paul's Churchyard, Thomas Carnan by name, who, without asking their leave, issued an almanack for the year 1771. He was committed to Newgate at their instance, but continued to repeat the offence, suffering a repetition of the penalty, till a case was drawn up by the Lord Chancellor, in 1775, for the hearing of the defendant's plea, challenging the legality of the plaintiff's patent. The Court of Common Pleas heard the arguments on either side, and unanimously decided, first, that the Stationers' Company's patent only covered almanacks bearing the approval of the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Bishop of London; and, secondly, that the Crown had no power to give exclusive rights of printing and publishing publications of the almanack class. The Company's lawyers, Mr. Serjeant Glynn and Mr. Serjeant Hill, men of eminence at the bar, having no standing ground in the nature of the royal prerogative, or in legal precedents, had argued that almanacks were a part of the Prayer-Book, which belonged to the King as Head of the Church; that they contained matters which were received as conclusive evidence in courts of justice, and therefore ought to be published by authority, with similar trains of reasoning of no effect on the minds of the learned judges. Erskine afterwards exposed the unsoundness of this argumentation when he said that a precedent of the kind sought for, though seemingly trifling, 'may hereafter afford a plausible inlet to much mischief. The protection of law may be a pretence for a monopoly in all books on legal subjects. The safety of the State may require the suppression of histories and political writings. Even philosophy herself may become once more the slave of the Schoolmen, and religion fall again under the iron fetters of the Church.' These words were part of a speech delivered by Erskine in the House of Commons, whence the Stationers' Company, defeated in Westminster Hall, had carried their own cause, in 1779, by means of the Prime Minister, Lord North, who stood in need of all the astrological aid the almanacks could render him and his royal master in their war with the American Colonies. A Bill was therefore introduced by Lord North to give to the Stationers' Company the jurisdiction which it had been proved it never lawfully possessed; but Erskine made a brilliant speech in opposition, in the course of which he finely exposed the plea advanced on the ground of 'correctness and decency' required in the preparation of almanacks:—'I should really

have been glad to have cited some instances from the 113th edition of "Poor Robin's Almanack," published under the revision of the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Bishop of London; but I am prevented from doing it by a just respect for the House. Indeed I know no house but a brothel that could suffer the quotations. The worst part of Rochester is ladies' reading when compared with them.' He acutely observed:—'Their almanacks have been, as everything else that is monopolised comes to be, uniform and obstinate in mistake and error for want of necessary rivalry. In Scotland and Ireland, where the trade in almanacks has been free and unrestrained, they have been eminent for excellence and useful information.' The force of reason prevailed, and the House, on May 10th, 1779, rejected the Minister's Bill by a majority of forty-five votes. It was arranged that the Universities should receive a grant in lieu of the annuity which the Stationers' Company had been accustomed to pay them for their share in the profits of the now-exploded patent. But the Company was not to be beaten yet. The Courts of Law and the High Court of Parliament had wrested from its grasp the weapons of fine and imprisonment, but Philip's 'Golden Key' remained, and too much success attended the efforts of the Company, who used to buy up or overwhelm all private competition. The result was a virtual monopoly, with the usual effects; and it was not till the second quarter of the present century had begun that the Stationers' Company discontinued some almanacks—'Old Poor Robin' among them—and issued others in a more creditable style. But a great change was at hand. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge had been formed, and its 'British Almanack for 1828,' with a 'Companion,' was the first of a series, continued to the present year, which broke up the old stagnation, and inaugurated an era of activity and improvement, as delightful as it was novel. The Stationers' Company was very abusive, but it felt the healthy glow of competition, and forthwith brought out the 'Englishman's Almanack,' a wonderful advance on all its previous performances in that literary line. Public enterprise attracted into this channel, both by the success of the 'British Almanack,' and by the timely abolished Act in 1834 of a tax of fifteenpence per copy on all almanacks, soon kept pace with the progress of the book trade in all its other branches.* To peruse all the almanacks that now swarm forth during every autumn

* From 1821 to 1830, the average number of almanacks printed was 499,000, yielding an income of about £31,000.

would occupy an ordinary reader the entire succeeding year. Some are weighty and bulky, like the elephant, others as bright and tiny as the humming-bird. Science has its 'Nautical Almanack' and its 'British Almanack,' with others of lesser name. Mirth and drollery have the almanacks of *Punch* and *Fun*. Choice illustrated almanacks, with letter-press to match, are supplied by Cassell and other publishers of repute. Professions and trades create almanacks of their own—the licensed victuallers among the rest. Active provincial printers furnish special districts with almanacks, mostly charged with good matter; while pushing newspaper proprietors, wakeful insurance societies, and ever-busy traders turn the almanack into a medium for keeping their claims before the public. The cause of Temperance is represented by Tweedie's Almanack, tasteful and concise, and by Graham's, running over with information of general interest and sterling worth. The mere names of the almanacks of every season baffle recollection, and the number of copies issued of them defies enumeration. The ancient astrological phantasy still survives in a half-crown 'Raphael's Prophetic Almanack,' with a sensational picture; in a sixpenny 'Zadkiel's Almanack,' edited by a retired lieutenant of the Royal navy; and in 'Old Moore's Almanack,' with its artfully contrived prognostications of the fates of men and nations. But time and circumstance are occasionally too strong for even astute astrologers. Dean Swift made merry over the almanacks of his day that contained prayers all through 1702 for King William III., though the Orange hero had paid the inevitable debt in the February of that year. A similar *contretemps* has befallen 'Old Moore' in his forecastes of 1869, inasmuch as under May he predicts: 'Great events will arise in Spain this year. The reign of the present dynasty (!) *will be seriously threatened*' (!) Alas! for the lore that could thus interpret the stars of May, 1869, but could not apprehend the almost actual events of October, 1868! We must not forget to remark that in 'Oliver and Boyd's Edinburgh Almanack,' and in 'Thom's Irish Almanack,' our Scotch and Irish countrymen have almanacks of a standard reputation. The 'Almanach de Gotha' is in its ninetieth year, and is esteemed throughout Europe. France has some of the best and some of the worst almanacks at present printed. An almanack was published in Constantinople as far back as 1706, under the patronage of Achmet III. Persia has its almanacks, one of which is minutely described by a writer in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*.

Bayle relates a story of a maker of almanacks who, mis-

taking the sense of an abbreviated prefix, converted it into 'Saint Almanachus,' and then proceeded to assign that uncanonised saint the 1st of January as his highday and holiday. We fear that writers of almanacks must look out for some other ghostly patron than the one thus improvised for their service. But though our congratulations must be otherwise directed, they may be very heartily and unreservedly extended. It is only requisite to put one of the meagre, ill-printed (and, it may be, obscene) almanacks of the seventeenth or eighteenth century side by side with one of the present year, pleasant to the eye, and charged with wholesome aliment for the mind, to recognise the progress made not only in art, science, and industrial mechanics, but also in moral refinement and public virtue. In the piles and tons of almanacks for 1869 that have been recently scattered over town and village, what stores of knowledge, what funds of innocent recreation, have been set free! St. Almanack may not have presided over the composition of any; but probably not in one is there a trace of indelicacy, not in one a taint of moral pollution; and this, in itself, is a spectacle on which the eyes of every saint, and of all who prize a nation's honour, may dwell with admiring approbation.

OUR CANVASS.

IT was not for the franchise of women, although we believe all who help to make the wealth of a country should have some voice in its expenditure. No! our canvass was for names to a petition to the Honourable Houses, to repeal the law regarding the property and earnings of married women. We do not believe in making our husbands into 'greedy Dicks,' and vulgarly cry as the farmer did to his rector when seizing for tithes, 'Parson, ahoy there! snacks.' It was just before the last session that we got our petition neatly rolled up in oil case, and sallied forth into the suburbs of the busy Cottonopolis. Such scorching weather, too, with the thermometer at 100°, and the roads hot and dusty as might be. We put on our coolest dress, took a large umbrella, and were fairly in for our first day's work.

We commenced with the private houses, some of those elegant little terraces, with smooth grass before the doors. Conquering all bashfulness, we rang boldly, and were answered by housemaids armed with broom and duster. If these personages were amiable, 'they *would* tell missus,' and

we were asked into the drawing-room; if not, we were dismissed with the awful announcement that 'missus was too much engaged to see anyone, and would be so all day,' a small untruth, for which it is to be hoped they will be forgiven. In the former case we sat in the state-room till the lady of the house came, and then we opened our business, and unfolded our papers with professional ease. If the personage in question had defective sight, we had to wait till her glasses were sought up, and then the scrutiny began, to which succeeded sundry remarks of disapproval. 'It is not women's work to meddle with politics at all. They'd better stop at home and mind the house, and leave altering the laws to their husbands, if they want altering, which I don't believe they do.' 'But if they find the husbands don't do it,' we nervously suggest, 'are we out of place in trying to get our own earnings protected, and the right of claiming them for ourselves in case of need?'

'Why, yes! If a woman's good for anything, she can make her husband do as she pleases, and if she is not, why . . .' The rest of the sentence was inaudible.

'But there are very good women who have improvident, unsteady men, who are willing to work and maintain their children. Are such not entitled to a share of their own industry?'

'I don't know, perhaps they are; I never thought about it; have not time.'

'Then you will not append your name to our petition, and assist your own sex?'

'Not this morning, thank you.'

So we go on from house to house, with pretty much the same success, except that here and there we light on some pretty misses, Nellies and Jessies, a little ahead of mamma, who declare it is really a very good thing. 'They would not like their husbands to have all their money. No! they would like a little to spend themselves in nicknacks; they'll sign, that they will, it will be such capital fun for the young men to see they can't have all their own way.' So the inkstand is produced, pens are tried on the blotting paper, and, finally, autographs are made in the fashionable scrawl of misses in their minority.

Never mind, their names are better than none, and help to make a respectable beginning.

We have received a gentle hint to secure the names of the most popular clergymen at once, so we thought we might now make the attempt.

Now it is no joke to make a morning call on one of these

functionaries, especially without your card, or, what is worse, without a contribution to some charitable fund which the pastor patronises. But as he is too moral to send out the fashionable answer 'not at home,' we are ushered in. 'What can I do for you to-day?' said one of these gentlemen to us. We fear it was not a very proper answer, but we felt an irresistible desire to say '*Nothing;*' and we said it penitently, qualifying our reply by the latter end of our sentence, in which we said, 'Please to give your name to this petition.' The black cloth eyed us suspiciously; read aloud 'amend the law;' was horrified at the temerity of the words; bade us beware of weakening the marriage tie, and conscientiously declined further notice of us. Bad omen! we inwardly ejaculated; but then a comforting thought suggested itself in the form of a question: 'Are not this class of the community often a little behindhand in social progression? Why is it so?' We did not try to solve the problem, but resolved to try another clergyman whose views were said to be liberal and enlightened. A pleasant country walk led to his charming residence, a sweet little nook buried in trees. It was near a beautiful grave-yard, whose rural church possessed a sweet artistic beauty peculiarly its own. As we rang at the bell of the rectory we looked on the quiet beauty of the scene around us, and wondered how so lovely a place could exist so near to one of the busiest marts of Europe. Our appeal was answered by a man-servant, who was polite enough not to keep us standing in the passage, but showed us at once to the library, where sat his master absorbed in books and papers. He looked the embodiment of benevolence, and we explained our mission, unfolding the scroll upon the table. The reverend gentleman had his doubts as to the propriety of giving the fair sex so much extra power; but he was open to conviction, and told us how in his own large parish he had seen what women have to endure, when the head of the family is idle, thriftless, and a drunkard. He listened courteously whilst we ventured a few words rather interrogatively. 'Do not the teachings of the New Testament imply that a nobler and more extended social protection will be accorded to us eventually? Did not the Great Teacher himself honour women specially, and deign to become their friend and guest? Is not the influence of woman in the churches at the present day equal to, if not greater, than that of men; and is not her agency sought and accepted in every great social movement?'

The pen was slowly taken up, but remained passive till counter queries were put.

'Will not such a law as the one you contemplate bring

domestic misery, by making the wife independent of her husband? and will she then, as heretofore, succour and sustain him in case of misfortunes or sickness? Perfect love should cast out all fear; a wife should learn to trust her worldly goods with one, to whom she has given herself.'

'Certainly,' we meekly reply, 'but where a man neglects or starves his family, a true woman's duty is not to trust him, but to arouse herself to work to give her children bread. It is not for the loving, happy wife we are pleading, so much as for her who has found only too late the mistake she made on her wedding-day.'

'Yes, there is reason in what you say.' Down goes the pen, and the autograph of a pillar of the English Church is ours.

After we have passed the green lanes, and the hedges, hung over with garlands of roses, we come into the streets where are shops on either side the road. We enter, and soon get a long list of names.

True, it looks rather democratic, and the paper has got rather greasy on the counters, but the owner of the horny hand that signed it would cheer us up by remarking, 'Yes, I'll set my name to that, with both hands if you like. I don't want a woman to work for me; least ways, I won't touch a penny of her earnings. She may keep all for herself and childer.'

Next we come to a smart grocer's shop, with spruce looking windows, filled with goods of extra quality. We step in, inhaling the odour of spices and fresh ground coffee. Parrying to the best of our ability the usual query, 'What do you please to want to-day?' and feeling real compunction that we want nothing in the grocery line, we modestly request the shopkeeper's signature. With a sceptical air he replies, 'I have made up my mind to give nothing to public subscriptions.' 'Oh! we are not begging. We only want your name to this paper.' The gentleman of the white apron scans it, looks at each name separately, and then, with praiseworthy candour, declares, 'No, I shan't sign that, because I'm a widower, and mean to marry again, a nice young girl with plenty of money, with which I mean to do what I like; so you see I should be a hypocrite to sign.' We fully concurred in this opinion, and took our leave.

A little dark corner shop in a narrow dirty street we next alighted on. It would be difficult to designate it but as a general shop, for all sorts of things seemed there. Without much eye to the æsthetic in arrangement, bread, bacon, herrings, cottons, and tapes were all jumbled together.

We wanted the master, whose hands looked as if he might just have blackleaded the grate. As soon as he comprehended, he assured us he would sign that; that was good! accompanying his assertion with a thump on the counter. Pointing to an old barrel which stood topsyturvy, he bade us be seated whilst he went in search of pen and ink, taking our precious document with him. A considerable time elapsed before he returned, and then with a grin of delight on his face he produced our paper with about a dozen hieroglyphics, each one bearing a large blot. 'See here, I have got you such a many, there's Bill Smith, as works next door, and he can't write, so I's set him down, and Tom Pedlar, and Jim and Jack Jones, and——.' 'But, stop,' we said in chagrin, 'these names——' 'No, I be'ant going to stop; there's a sight more a coming yet, our missus is a better *schollard,* and she'll set you down plenty.'

'But, my good fellow, we cannot take names in another person's handwriting, it is illegal.'

'Ill what?' We explained. 'I don't care for that, if them Parliament men won't take honest working folks's names, they may go without, they may,' and down came the fist upon the counter, thump, thump, thump. We were glad to beat a speedy retreat without divulging to our earnest friend our intention of cutting out his names on our return home.

Our next venture was to a shop with the three golden balls; and, as it was thronged with men and women, we hesitated at first to enter it. But the hope of success prevailed, and we quietly waited our turn. The pawnbroker approached us, and heard our errand. 'Ah! I know plenty. I see every day what it is for women to be tied to brutes as won't work, and as makes 'em give them their earnings to buy drink; but I won't sign for all that.' 'Why not?' we ask in a tone of surprise. 'Hadn't Bright something to do with it?' Should we plead ignorance, and say we did not know? No! Truth is always best, so we said proudly he was on our committee.

'I thought as much; you may sign it yourselves. I wish Bright and all such like were smothered,' and sweeping our papers from the counter, he left us to retire as best we could.

We entered next a large establishment whose master approved our undertaking, and recommended his six assistants to give their names. Whilst they were writing, a young woman who had come in for some tea stood an interested listener to the remarks going on. When we left the shop she was waiting outside to speak to us—'O, did I understand you right? do you want to get a law to take care of women's

earnings?' We answered affirmatively. 'Can I sign.' 'Yes.' 'Then let me. I have good occasion.' 'Indeed! it's a pity.' 'I married very young, and soon found out I had done badly. My husband could earn good wages, but he spent them all at the public-house or the gin-shop. I went out to-day's work, and so managed to keep things a little together, but latterly he has left of work, and insisted on taking from me all my earnings. So I have left him, to go out as a cook. My friends are kind, and would make me a home and furnish me a little shop; but what good would it be? for he will surely take all as soon as it is done. Have not I need, then, to sign for a law which would protect me from such a man?' So she added her name with eagerness.

This was a practical witness for the truth of our purpose, and encouraged us for the difficulties which loomed for us in the horizon of the coming day, when we should again go forth amongst all the varieties of the *genus homo* that populate the vast Cottonopolis.

A CHAPTER OF PRISON DISCIPLINE.

HOW are we to treat our criminals? The subject of prison management occupies just now a considerable share of public attention; and there are not wanting plenty of answers to the inquiry. Unfortunately the most prominent are utterly irreconcilable with each other; and in arguing the point upon abstract grounds merely, there does not seem much prospect of an agreement being speedily concluded. Under such circumstances a few well-established facts have their value. The question in dispute has a twofold character. It is upon the one hand moral and judicial; on the other it is economical. All are agreed that the ultimate object of the existence of criminal laws, and of the actual embodiment of their provisions in gaols and convict establishments, is the prevention of crime. Punishment is only partially retrospective in its character. We send our criminals to prison, not merely because they have broken the law in the past, but that the law may be less frequently broken in the future. The chief problem to be solved is this,—by what means can the imprisonment be rendered best fitted to produce that result? One party holds that the term of incarceration should be rendered as obnoxious to the offender as possible by the adoption of stringent punitive measures. The opposite view is that no means by which a reformation in the criminal can be produced should

be left untried. That the latter is the sounder theory of the two does not, to our mind, admit of a doubt. Let the punishment inflicted upon criminals be as severe as it may; if it is the fear of punishment alone that keeps them from crime, that fear will lose its power whenever the temptation to offend outweighs in the mind of the offender the chances of detection. Besides, we have to deal not with occasional violaters of the law only—they are the exception—but with criminal classes. It is their business to prey upon society. If retribution invariably overtook them on each act of their nefarious careers, severe punishment would undoubtedly put a stop to their misdeeds. Notoriously the fact is not so. The immense majority of offences carry no punishment in their train; and under the merely punitive system of prison discipline, the professional criminal and the police are engaged in a perpetual trial of skill—one to detect and the other not to be detected. While the motive and the inclination to be criminal remain, crime will remain also; and by putting punishment in the place of reformation we only make our thieves and swindlers more skilful mal-practitioners. As to casual offenders, they, we take it, come within the criminal ranks just because at some particular moment circumstances present the advantages of crime in a stronger light than its disadvantages, a wide margin always being left for the possibility of not being found out.

Closely allied with this, the moral and judicial aspect of the question, is the economical. The advocates of the merely punitive system contend for the use of unproductive labour, as being a very severe form of punishment. Those who believe that all prison discipline should be reformatory in its tendency, hold that remunerative labour, whilst sufficiently punitive, is best calculated to inculcate habits of industry, and consequently to produce the great end of criminal legislation. The management and direction of prison labour has, therefore, an importance far beyond the direct pecuniary results. If experience proved that unremunerative labour had the best effect in the prevention of crime,—if it was found that punishment pure and simple was the best deterrent,—there would be no choice, we must put up with things as they are, and maintain our criminals as well as correct them. But if, on the contrary, remunerative labour works most successfully; if, the less the net cost of our gaols the more preventative does the discipline prove, there is a double reason for its adoption. Then the more we reduce the cost of our criminals, the less formidable will those criminals be.

It will be a long time before the differences between the

advocates of the productive and non-productive labour systems will be settled, if we trust to argument alone. There are, however, such great variations in practice in the management of our county and borough gaols, and of the large public prisons, that some appeal to experience on behalf of the newer, the remunerative theory, is possible. In the abstract, everybody admits that it will be a very fine thing if we can reform our criminals either wholly or nearly at their own cost, instead of maintaining them at the public charges in idleness, or, what is practically the same thing, in unproductive labour. The opponents of the productive system do not accept it, simply because they doubt its power to realise its promises. If, then, it can be shown by the test of actual facts that their fears are groundless, their more or less speedy conversion may be anticipated. There would be no difficulty whatever in deciding the controversy by the experience of American and continental prison management; but there are many reasons why illustrations drawn from within our own borders must in the long run prove more generally satisfactory. The object of the present Paper is to state what has been effected in one of the larger towns of the West of England;—to make the public acquainted with the system of management adopted in the borough gaol of Devonport, and its results.

The Devonport gaol is a modern structure, planned in conformity with the principles of prison arrangement now generally received. It contains 81 certified cells, and there is attached to it a large walled-in garden. The staff of management consists of nine persons—a governor (Mr. Edwards), chaplain, surgeon, matron, female warder, schoolmaster-warder, two second warders, and a porter. It has been Mr. Edwards's constant endeavour to reduce the cost of the prison as much as possible; and he has succeeded so far that he has effected a saving, as compared with the management of his predecessor, of about £250 a year, the total charges now averaging rather over £1,000. This is, of course, a very substantial benefit looked at from the merely pecuniary point of view; but, when we come to inquire further, we find that the good effects of the system now in force at Devonport are by no means confined to the pockets of the ratepayers. Since Mr. Edwards has held the office of governor, the number of re-committals has very largely decreased; and concurrently with the economical, the most satisfactory reformatory results have been attained. This fact admits of the very clearest demonstration. The system of management adopted by Mr. Edwards, and concurred in by the local authorities, who,

instead of throwing any impediments in the way of his reforms, have aided him to the utmost of their power, is based upon three principles. First, that nothing shall be done for the prisoners that they can do for themselves. Second, that all labour shall be remunerative. Third, that from every prisoner capable and willing, a certain amount of work shall be exacted. In many respects, of course, the Devonport gaol resembles other establishments of a similar character, and, in the details which follow, it is not to be understood that in every particular its arrangements are quoted as exceptional.

The work done by the prisoners comprises all that is usually performed in gaols, and not a little that is unusual. All the clothes—including shoes—required for prison use are made, washed, and mended in the establishment. The prisoners also cultivate the prison garden, pick oakum, make mats, brushes, and sacks, and moreover do what carpentry, masons' work, and painting may be needed. The garden produces all the vegetables required for the use of the prison, absolutely free of cost. Enough extra produce is grown to buy such vegetables as the garden cannot yield, and to purchase seed and other things necessary for cultivation. The prison itself furnishes all the manure, and indeed more than is wanted, the overplus having been sold. Oakum-picking is not generally considered profitable employment, nor is it particularly so at Devonport, where, however, it pays far better than is usually the case. Mr. Edwards has contrived a very ingenious machine, which prepares the oakum for picking in such a way that twice or thrice the usual quantity can be got through in a given time by the prisoners. The brush-making is not of much importance, as it chiefly consists in refilling with hair the old heads of the brushes used about the prison, the wooden parts of which thus last ten or a dozen times as long as they would under ordinary circumstances. However, it helps to inculcate habits of industry, and effects some little saving. Sacks are made by the dozen, and pay about as well as oakum-picking. The mat-making is the most profitable form of labour adopted, and many of the prisoners turn out excellent work. Mr. Edwards has never, indeed, any difficulty in finding a market for his wares at thoroughly remunerative prices. What has been done in the way of masons' and carpenters' work by the prisoners, is really extraordinary. Under the direction of the governor, a soldier who had been discharged with disgrace—a shoemaker by trade—built and fitted up sixteen new cells in the basement of the prison, the additional accommodation thus

provided costing the borough the price of the materials only. Additions have also been made to the main building, an oakum shed erected, and other work of a similar kind executed, entirely by the prisoners; and in every respect the masonry, carpentry, painting, slating, &c., will bear comparison with that of ordinary work. The actual money value of the prisoners' labour is estimated at from 3d. up to 2s. 6d. a day; and Mr. Edwards has found the men who work in the garden to do more than free labourers. In the list of the staff of the gaol, given above, it may have been noticed that there is no mention of a cook. The fact is, that under the new *régime* a cook has been dispensed with, prison labour being found quite equal to all culinary duty.

Care is taken that the prisoners shall never want remunerative employment. In many prisons, where oakum-picking constitutes almost the only form of directly profitable labour in vogue, there is often no oakum to pick in consequence of no orders for oakum-picking having been received. This never happens at Devonport. Oakum is bought and picked on the prison account, and if there are no immediate customers it is put in store until there be. 'But,' it may reasonably be asked, 'seeing that by recent legislation every prisoner sentenced to hard labour must be employed at first-class (*i.e.*, unproductive) labour for at least the first three months of his or her term, how can all labour in the Devonport gaol be remunerative?' When prison after prison is re-adopting the treadmill, in obedience to this worse than useless mandate, the question is a very natural one. The answer is very simple. As compared with the unproductive, the remunerative system has been found to work so well at Devonport, that in order to continue it, prisoners committed to that gaol are not sentenced to hard labour at all. There are cranks at Devonport, and there is a shot-drill ground, but practically they are unused. The experience of the prison proves that many prisoners prefer shot-drill to oakum-picking; moreover, that remunerative labour, as there applied, is at once more punitive and more reformatory in its character than ordinary prison discipline. It is so strictly the rule at Devonport not to sentence to hard labour, that not only is this practice observed by the magistrates and Recorder, but the local heads of the military and naval departments, being convinced from personal knowledge of the wisdom of the system carried out by Mr. Edwards, deal in a similar manner with the prisoners convicted by court-martial who are commonly committed to the borough gaol.

But for the third principle of management, it is impossible that the satisfactory results of which we have been speaking

could have been attained. It is not enough to provide work of a remunerative character for the prisoners, adapted to their separate abilities. The work must be done, and had not Mr. Edwards hit upon a thoroughly successful way of making each prisoner do the amount of work of which he or she is capable, his labours to a great extent would have been in vain. His rule is, that every prisoner capable of work shall earn at least the cost of his or her food. Upon their entry into the prison, therefore, he tells them what he expects them to do, and the consequences of failure. If they do fail, punishment invariably follows, and this punishment consists,—not in confinement in the dark cells, for these are never used at Devonport —but in cutting off an adequate proportion of the daily allowance of food, the full amount of work being nevertheless exacted. Mr. Edwards proceeds, in fact, upon the Scriptural precept, 'He that will not work neither shall he eat,' and he records with reasonable satisfaction that he has never known this plan of management to fail. And here it may be mentioned that the Government scale of dietary, which is that in use at Devonport, is believed by Mr. Edwards to be peculiarly calculated for the reclamation of dissipated characters.

These are all facts that speak for themselves, and therefore this 'Chapter of Prison Management' may safely be trusted to serve the object for which it has been made public without any further comment. It may be as well to add, however, that with an average of 57¼ prisoners, the net annual cost to the borough of the Devonport gaol during the last four years has only been £250. Some allowance, however, is to be made for the fact that the Government payment for naval and military prisoners is greater than that for ordinary prisoners. The average annual cost per head of the prisoners has been £17. 18s. 1½d. No definite estimate has been formed of the total value of their labour, but the money receipts average about £150 per year.

LIFE AT THE TAIL OF COMMERCE IN LONDON.

THERE is no adage more true than that which informs us that one-half of the world does not know how the other lives. Although there are three millions of human beings in London, the great majority of them are as much strangers to each other's ways of obtaining a living as if they lived in opposite hemispheres. The members of each of the numerous bodies who live by trading are thoroughly absorbed in their

own duties, and have neither time nor desire to trouble themselves about the affairs of neighbours who may be either above or below them in the social scale. Each of the different sections into which the great trading population of London is divided is fighting the battle of life upon its own account, and although hundreds are daily falling out of the ranks by death or failure in business, the battle goes on, and the fallen members are either not missed or not cared for. In this Paper we design to introduce to our readers sundry classes in the trading community who live from hand to mouth, and who, as a general rule, have a constant struggle to keep their souls and bodies together.

Strangers from the country upon visiting London cannot have failed, while passing along her busy thoroughfares, to have seen dirty, cadaverous-looking men creeping along the streets, swathed in rags which are frequently insufficient to cover their nakedness, with old hampers slung over their shoulders filled with plantain and groundsel, or, in lieu of these, ferns and other wild plants, which they bring in from the country, to find a market for them in the great town. These poor creatures have no homes, and never enjoy the luxury of a bed. If they are ever washed, it must be with the rain from the clouds; and if their stolid minds ever feel a pleasure, it must be one that is common in kind alike to themselves and the parasites who feed upon their bodies. A bellyful of food, and perhaps after that a smoke of tobacco, constitute their greatest earthly enjoyment. The savages who roam the woods and prairies of America are gentlemen compared with these wild denizens of London. All the other classes of society who live down in the valley of poverty in the great metropolis are gregarious in their habits, but these creatures, as far as we have been able to learn, are solitary wanderers; they have none but themselves to commune with, and if ever they reflect at all, it is not likely that they can find much pleasure in their own thoughts. The past must soon become a blank to them, and their hopes, no doubt, will be confined to the immediate future.

There is another set of nomads who belong to the same family, but who are several grades higher in the social scale. These men supply the wholesale flower-dealers with mosses for garnishing purposes, and when there is not a market for these things, they bring hamper-loads of wild fern and such green leaves as are used for decorating fruit-stalls. The leaves most in use from early spring to far on to the end of autumn are those of the horse-chestnut. It would scarcely be credited by strangers to the trade that several descriptions

of mosses supplied by these men are brought, in many instances, from a distance of thirty and even forty miles. Indeed, we have heard of some particular kinds which are fetched from the neighbourhood of Dover. These mosses having been carefully plucked up, are cleaned from earthy matter, sorted, and tied up into small bundles, and then they are closely packed in a hamper. We have been told that a man will occasionally carry from ten to fourteen shillings' worth at a time. This class of men do make something like a living; but the labour is exceedingly hard, and as the business depends upon the weather and the seasons, it is very precarious. Many of the most suitable mosses are found in woody dells and shady glens, and as the people who gather them are botanical poachers, they are continually making themselves liable to be prosecuted for trespass.

The common, every-day street dealers in London are a very numerous class. In a walk from Chelsea to the Victoria Dock, the same sort of itinerant merchants will be met with over the whole distance; and the like would be found in whatever direction we might go in this great conglomerate of towns. The juvenile street match-dealers are perhaps the most numerous in the present day. Their business is, however, not confined to the young; there are numbers of adults in it, and many old and infirm persons manage to drag out a living by it. Boot laces, leather purses, toothpicks, hat guards, combs, dolls, song books, finger rings, rush bags, and microscopes are articles which have all the retail value of one penny; and few of the hawkers deal in more than one class of goods. A small amount of capital will, therefore, set a person up in trade, and as the wholesale market is on the spot, the stock can be renewed without trouble.

The button-hole flower-girls of late years have become a very numerous class of street dealers, and daily frequent all the leading thoroughfares in the city. Although theirs is not a laborious business, there is no class of street dealers who ply their trade with more industry; and, as may be supposed, the more tidy in dress, and the more good-looking the girls are, the better chance they will have in doing business. The flowers are purchased in Covent Garden market, in small bundles. Each class of flowers in season is sold by itself; and out of a collection of these the girls make up their nosegays. There is another set of flower-girls who deal in bouquets, ranging in price from a penny up to sixpence. This business, however, is not so profitable as the other.

The next class of female street dealers are the basket girls, and they are more numerous than the other two put together.

Their business is a very laborious one, inasmuch as the girls are every now and then obliged to change their beat at the command of the police. The business of these girls is generally confined to the sale of home and foreign fruit in their seasons; there are some, however, who live by hawking hot-house plants, which can be purchased in Covent Garden market all the year round. To those who know what a pride London people of all grades take in their window flower-gardens, it will not seem surprising that this business should be a very important one. There are a few women who make a living by hawking vegetables, but as those are both bulky and heavy, this business, as a general rule, is confined to the costermongers who have donkey carts.

The street-stall dealers are a very numerous body, and certainly there is no other class among all the industrial poor of London who are subjected to such an amount of suffering. They are exposed to all sorts of weather, and as their bodies are without sufficient exercise in winter to keep the blood in circulation, their condition is truly pitiable. Many a time we have felt heart-sore when passing the end of Newgate in the cold, frosty days, as we have looked upon the poor blind man who sat shivering in the cold, with his blood evidently almost congealed in his body. This man's stock-in-trade consisted of a few brass dog-collars, wire chains, and other trifling articles. Many a time as we passed him we thought we should see him no more; and at last the iron rails, on which his merchandise was wont to be suspended, were bare, and his seat by their side was gone. We knew, then, that God had called him home, and we were thankful that it was so. There must have been an amazing vitality in that poor man's constitution, for we are certain he must have suffered as much as would have killed half-a-dozen ordinary men. We often see fresh faces at old stalls, and we know that the former occupants have passed away. It is only the hardy, human plants that can bear for any considerable length of time the blighting influence of cold and want on the streets of London.

The market-stall people in London number many thousands. These people, too, are exposed to a continual round of suffering and privation. In many instances a week of stormy weather involves them in ruin for the time being. Nothing can be a more pitiable sight to a person of right feeling than the condition of this class of people when overtaken by a rainy Saturday. Such an occasion paralyses them with disappointment and blights their hopes, it may be for weeks together. This is not to be wondered at when it is known that their whole worldly wealth consists of a few shillings'

worth of small articles, and these, probably, of a perishable nature. It is quite a common thing for the stall fish-dealers to have their whole stock-in-trade perish during the occurrence of weather in which it cannot be exposed for sale. Some little time ago we were passing along Leather Lane, one of the most active and bustling markets for the poor in London, when we heard a woman, with a hand-cart covered with fruit, telling her neighbours that unless the weather should clear up (it was then raining smartly), she would be ruined, as the fruit she had would not keep till Monday. When it is known that large quantities of the eatable articles which form the stock-in-trade of this class of people, are of such a character that they will not be sold by respectable dealers, and that in many instances they are in a condition in which they are really not fit for human food, it will be plain that unless a ready sale can be effected, the dealers will suffer loss. Much of the fish which is exposed in such markets as Leather Lane is in an active state of decomposition, and ought not be allowed to be sold. It .would be a difficult matter to enumerate all the different kinds of goods exposed for sale in the London markets for the poor, but we are not far wrong in saying that a poor person, whether married or single, cannot fail to find everything he may require for food, clothing, or domestic use. And, what is of no small consequence, he can get a greater bulk for a small sum of money than can be had elsewhere. Some of our philosophers might learn useful lessons in the common humanities by an occasional visit to Leather Lane or Golden Lane on a Saturday night, between the hours of eight and twelve o'clock.

There is one poor man's market which is unique in London, and may be said to be the most extraordinary emporium of traffic in the world. Petticoat Lane is pretty well known by name, but there are hundreds of thousands of people in the metropolis who really know no more about it than if it were a bartering locality in Jeddo. Houndsditch and the congeries of narrow, dirty, dark lanes, courts, and slums bounding it on the north, is the Jews' quarter, and as these people are solely a trading community, the whole of this region is a wonderful place for all sorts of traffic. Petticoat Lane market is held once a week, but instead of being on the seventh day, it is held on the morning of the first. The principal open business is done in the lane, Gravel Lane, and the various covered-in markets bordering on Houndsditch.

From ten to twelve o'clock on a Sunday morning this market presents a series of scenes which defy description. In each the battle of life is going on under all the phases of

chicanery, meanness, and deceit, hope, fear, and anxiety. There is really nothing that saint, savage, or civilised man can require for either use, ornament, or amusement but may be purchased in this market. There is scarcely a square foot of space in the whole region that is not occupied by some dealer. Men, women, and children compete with one another for elbow-room. Hundreds of people, old or young, stand in the lanes with their little stocks of merchandise in their hands, and numbers make shop counters of the ground in the thoroughfares. Large quantities of the goods exhibited by the dealers are manufactured by themselves or families. The mind of a thoughtful person, while watching the struggle for existence in this market, must naturally pass from the small manufacturers to their miserable homes, where work is being done under great privations and suffering of mind and body. Thousands of these people can scarcely be said to live. The majority of them do little more than creep over the short distance of space that divides their entrance into the world from their exit. The character of society in this human hive is well calculated to sharpen the wits of its members. A large number of the dealers are without anything inside them that can enable them to draw the distinction between right and wrong. Conscience is a thing of education, and education, in any good sense of the word, they never received. In passing along any of the thoroughfares in the market, a stranger will be caught hold of every few steps he moves onward by vigilant shop-touters, and he will have all sorts of things held up to his sight by the street dealers, while his sense of hearing will be outraged with a confusion of sounds more intolerable than those of a lunatic asylum let loose. The aroma of this lane is, as far as our experience goes, peculiar to itself. We have had our olfactory organs excited by the odour of Chatham and Water Streets in the empire city, but we never met with any perfume of the kind equal in pungency to that which sheds its fragrance over this lane. The dirty Jews, more particularly those who are natives of Germany, are, we believe, first among all the civilised families of men in the exuberance of their filth. This market has a polyglot character about it which no other centre of trade in Great Britain possesses. Germans, Prussians, Poles, Hungarians, Austrians, Russians, Swedes, Norwegians, Laps, Italians, French, Spaniards, Greeks, and natives of Turkey from both sides of the Bosphorus may all buy and sell in Petticoat Lane, each in his own language. The natives of the Western Highlands, the Cymrians, and the boys from Connaught, can barter for what they may want in this modern Jewry, each in his own peculiar ancient

dialect. A great variety of articles can be purchased in the lane at a cheaper rate than they can be had for elsewhere. This arises from two causes. In the first place, the price paid for the labour of manufacture is often very small, or, not unfrequently, necessity obliges the dealers to dispose of their goods at a sacrifice. In the second place, large quantities of various articles of commerce find their way into the market without the consent of their legitimate owners. Of course these goods can be sold at a good profit at less than half their wholesale price. There are a goodly number of people, young or middle-aged, who do business in this market without the trouble and anxiety consequent upon buying and selling, and there is no class of people in that busy region who ply their trade with greater industry. These gentlemen have a wonderful faculty in discerning the proper objects of their attention. They know the daisies from the tulips, and they seldom make a mistake. If a stranger in the lane should detect an artist relieving him of any of his property, twenty to one the discovery will not tell in his favour. Every case of robbery is well covered, and if the person being victimised will not allow his property to be taken from him quietly, he runs a fair chance of being maltreated for his imprudence. Generally speaking, men do not like to be divested of their property against their will without a protest in some shape, but unless the person who is being operated upon in this manner in a crowd in the lane, or elsewhere in London, can see a policeman within easy distance, it will be best for him to bear his loss with stoical indifference and pass on. The humbler class of street dealers in Petticoat Lane labour under the same liabilities to loss through change of weather as their fellows do in all the other markets for the poor in London. A wet or stormy Sunday involves thousands of them in serious difficulties for the time being. It is curious how the business character of localities in a town like London is liable to change with the shifting events of the times. Nearly sixty years ago the Petticoat Lane of that date was Rosemary Lane, off the Minories, and the 'Fells Market' of the present day was then represented by Rag Fair, which was then held in the open space on Tower Hill. Since those days many new markets have sprung into existence, and numbers of old rookeries have been swept away;—among the latter both Saint Giles's and Saint Catherine's have been blotted from the map of London.

The costermongers are by far the most numerous class of street dealers in London. They haunt every street, lane, court, square, crescent, and alley over a radius of at least

sixteen miles, and their unmelodious voices are heard amid the noise and bustle of the busy thoroughfares in the city, and startling the echoes in the quiet streets in the suburbs. We know of no class of people, either in London or elsewhere, who ply their business with such indefatigable industry. They are at their work late and early, and are out in all weathers. No life can really be more laboriously slavish than that of the costermonger, who often drags a heavy-laden hand-cart about the great city from early morn to late at night. As a general rule, the business of the costermongers may be divided into four different branches; according as the articles dealt in are vegetables, fruit, hot-house plants, or fish, whether shell or otherwise. These people seldom deal in more than one class of goods at a time, and there is a policy in doing so, inasmuch as they have a better chance of laying their money out to advantage in purchasing large than small quantities of such goods as they require. When the costermonger is successful in disposing of his stock, he is obliged to attend the wholesale market daily, and this of itself is attended with no little labour. In the East End of London he finds in Bethnal Green a market in which he can purchase vegetables and home-grown fruits in their season. The Borough market supplies the transpontine dealers; and Farringdon and Covent Garden those of the great centre and West End of London. As Billingsgate is the only wholesale fish market, the dealers, in many cases, have to come a long distance; and as the business of this market commences early, time must be taken by the forelock by customers who wish to have a choice of such goods as they may wish to purchase. A large quantity of the fish disposed of in this market is sold in boxes and hampers, and it is a condition of the sale that neither quantity nor quality is guaranteed by the seller. The price of fish each morning is regulated by the simple principle of supply and demand. It may be observed that the fish which is brought to the market in the holds of sailing vessels from the North Sea does not fetch as good prices as that which comes by steamboats or by rail. The best fish of all descriptions are bought up early in the mornings by the fishmongers, many of whom come from a distance of thirty miles. When the supply is large, fish may be bought good and fresh for considerably less than the original cost, and the same may be said of all classes of food of a perishable nature.

The people who have not seen and mingled in the motly mob of which Billingsgate is composed, can form no conception of its true character. Lower Thames-street over its whole length is full of all sorts of vehicles, from the hand-

cart of the costermonger to the light spring-van of the fashionable fishmonger of the West End. The market itself is bustling with humanity in all possible stages of excitement. Men, women, and children are pushing, crushing, bawling, brawling, laughing, chaffing, cursing, swearing, moaning, and groaning. Human nature shows itself here under all its various characteristics, and, as in the battle of life elsewhere, the weak and the timid are sure to go to the wall. The lowest class of dealers are those who speculate in periwinkles and other mollusks. These are bought in the under-ground cellars of the market. From sixpence to a shilling's worth of this class of goods frequently makes up the stock-in-trade of one of these poor struggling fish-retailers. The genius who presides over this piscatorial Babel is Mr. Deering, the market-keeper. This gentleman keeps a record of all the fish brought into the market, and his duty is to see that none is exposed for sale if unfit for human food. Since the advent of steam, the increase of fish in this market has been almost beyond conception. Instead of the London market being supplied merely from the coasts on the east and west of England, as was formerly the case, fish is now brought from the north of Scotland, from Norway, France, and the west of Ireland. Although the London market has been well supplied with salmon of late years, the demand for this fish has increased at so great a rate among the middle classes that the costermongers seldom or never are able to do anything with it. The fact is, this fish can scarcely ever be bought in the market under fourteenpence a pound, and at that price it is out of the reach of the poor people. Salmon, therefore, although much more plentiful than it was a few years ago, may be looked upon as a luxury only within the reach of the well-to-do members of society.

The costermongers of London are a class of men who are characterised by social peculiarities of their own. Their mode of living, amusements, and social arrangements are all special to themselves. In a place like London, the Costermongers' institution may be looked upon as a great public advantage. Through them the humbler members of society are served at a cheaper rate with many of the articles in daily use than they could be in shops, and that, too, without moving from their own doors.

Many of the itinerant dealers are well-to-do in a worldly point of view. All the more thrifty members of the class have pony or donkey carts, and not a few of them in the course of time settle down in shops as green-grocers. Take them as a whole, they are a sober and an industrious set of

men. If they spend their money imprudently, it is in their amusements, and these they will have, come what may. Those among them who have ponies or donkeys rarely miss a fine Sunday's drive into the country. On such a day we have seen hundreds of them driving home, joyous and light-hearted, but seldom the worse for drink.

From what we have said of the people who live at the tail of commerce in London, it will be seen that they present many social features of a highly interesting character; and when we think of the hard struggle many of them have to keep soul and body together, we cannot but respect them for their industry and determined perseverance under great and trying difficulties. If what we have said in this Paper shall help to induce the public to think kindly and speak charitably of these humble human bees, we shall obtain our chief end in writing it.

HOW ENOCH STYLES CHANGED HIS MIND.

THE village of P., in ——shire, is a quiet, far-away place. Set on one hill, and surrounded by others, troublesome enough to climb, but very lovely to look upon, with their fringing beechwoods, and hollow combs, and winding mill-crowned water-courses, that peep out here and there from among clumps of alders and birches, and appear and disappear like children playing at hide and seek, among the curves of the valleys. By the side of one of these water-courses or rivulets, for they are never large enough to be called by a grander title, was, not long ago, a pleasant old mill-house, built of stone, whose grey walls diapered with moss and gold and silver lichens, stood beside a broad mill-dam, and were reflected morning, noon, and night in its sleepy waters. A high pitched roof, four gables, mullioned windows, stacks of lozenge chimneys, and a wide porch, gave the house a look of dignity, though it was old and time-worn, and its best days had long been over. The mill had ceased to weave cloth, its first and honourable employment, when cloth-weaving brought wealth and pride to the little village perched on the hill above, and was now, in its humbler days, content to turn raw beechwood into rounded walkingsticks, or ornamental bedposts; and the mill-house no longer sheltered the family of a man of wealth and standing, but crumbled away silently and slowly over the belongings of a hard-working carpenter, who had never been

able to gather together much of this world's money. On one side of the house was a garden, quite as ancient and respectable-looking as the house, with long, straight walks, bordered by high overgrown box, and a great yew-tree arbour, thick and dense, at its further end. In this arbour two young people were sitting one summer's evening, far too busy in talk to notice the setting sun, though he made the western sky glorious with colour, and threw long golden beams into the arbour to their very feet, as though to give them a parting embrace. The two people were a young man and a young woman, at that period of life when love and a light heart generally go together. Just now, however, they were both looking grave enough, and the young man was saying, in a very earnest tone, 'But you *will* go with me, Mary?'

'Yes,' replied Mary, thoughtfully. 'I've promised I would, but it's a very serious thing, and so soon, too!'

'Of course it's a serious thing, and the sooner it's over the better. I can't see why we shouldn't be married next month, and sail in a fortnight or so after. And yet, I don't half like taking you so far away from those you love. Sometimes I think I'm very selfish; but then, you see, it can't be helped; can it? There's my uncle says, "Come, and I'll make a man of you!" He's no children of his own, and I should be his next of kin; he has a large farm, plenty of cattle, and land that the railway is passing through, rising in value every day. There'll be quite a city there very soon, and it's a regular healthy place, couldn't be better, he says. We're to have a nice new frame-house that I'll get put up in the spring; and in the winter we're to stay at uncle's. It really is a chance that I can't let slip, no how; and I am sure you wouldn't wish me to slip it, would you, Mary? Here, I may work and work all my life and never get beyond journeyman's wages;—there, I shall be a master man at once. I've always been fond of farming, and it's just the life for me, just the life for *us*, for you will like it as well as I shall, I know. Aunt will be a second mother to you. She's a nice, motherly body. I used to like her well when I was a lad. I've told her all about you in my last letter, and I'm sure she'll make you welcome as flowers in May!'

'What a queer name the place has,' remarked Mary, after a short silence. Her heart was too full of thoughts of the old friends to talk much of the new ones.

'Well, it has a rather. But then you see it's an Indian name, called after an Indian girl, *Milwaukee*, a wild woman of the woods, I suppose; I don't know what else it means. There are a many queer names in the States, but they're no worse

for that. Ah! it's a fine country, is America; there's no country like it for an active young man to go to, so uncle says, and I'm sure he's right. There's no taxes, like we have in England, to pull you down, and people can afford to be independent there. They haven't to cringe and bow to get work from their betters. Yes, we'll be rich people some day, and come back to the old place and the old folk, just to show 'em what's what, and take them home with us again, if they like. You'd like that, Mary?' And as he said this, he pressed her hand affectionately.

In this way Samuel Halliday was coaxing his intended bride to leave her father and mother in their old age, and to go away with him to another country. Twelve months before he had wished to go, but on naming his desire to Mary's father, Enoch Styles, he had been told peremptorily that Mary must not and should not accompany him, and Mary had said *no* also. Very reluctantly he had given up the thought for awhile, but his uncle had became more urgent, and had made more tempting proposals to induce him to settle for life at Milwaukee, and Samuel had been unable to resist. This time he employed himself in winning over Mary to his side so decidedly, that she was now willing to wander with him over the whole world. Father and mother were dear and kind, but Samuel was dearer still, and what he wished became her wish also. It was painful to be parted from the friends of her youth, but it would be much more painful to lose her lover in a foreign land. Her decision was made; for better for worse, in England or in America, she was prepared to spend her life with him. There was many a pang to be gone through, however, and Mary, much as she was pleased at the prospect, could not speak with all the enthusiasm of her lover about future prosperous days and coming wealth. Her heart felt sorely the anticipatory rending of the old home ties. 'Let us go and tell mother,' she said, at last, 'now you've decided when you'll go. She ought to know all about it. *She* will tell father; I can't!'

'I'll tell your father, if you like.'

'No, no, best not. Let mother do it. He'll take it more kindly from her. She knows his ways best. Oh, I am—I wish it were over!'

'So do I, dear; but wishing won't make it so. Don't fret. You'll see your father will take it quite quiet after the first brush. When he knows it is to be, it'll all come easy.'

Mary could only wish it might, but she shrank from the trial. It was fortunate, she thought, that her father was out, and would not be home till a late supper. She would go to

bed before he returned, and then he and her mother might have the secret out together.

While Mary and Samuel were talking in this way in the arbour, two men were seated in a small room overlooking the village churchyard on the hill above, in conversation also. The room was the reading-room of the Temperance House, lately opened, and though small and plainly furnished, was very light and cheerful, and suggestive of quiet study and rest, with plenty of books and papers, and pens and ink for those inclined to make use of them. A few pictures were on the walls, comfortable chairs were not wanting to draw up to the long table in the centre, and the great sun that forgot none in his blessing, entered the room with warm farewell rays, as he did in the yew-tree below, and lit up the careworn face of Enoch Styles, while he argued with his friend the secretary of the Temperance Society. The two friends were not much alike in person or in mind. Enoch Styles was tall, and thin, and pale, with iron grey hair smoothly brushed over his head in thin swathes, with well wrinkled forehead and cheeks, and with a face that, when at rest, expressed nothing so much as a stern sort of melancholy, uninviting to disturb. Strangers would have passed him by as an undesirable acquaintance, but they would have done wrong if they had believed that sternness formed any part of his character. That stern look was only the result of long years of contest with the hard world, that had furrowed and moulded the outer skin, but had not been able to touch the heart with any hardening process. None of his walkingsticks, when completed, could well be smoother than his temper, and perhaps it was on this account that he was chosen as librarian to the little society, his patience and kindliness assisting very much towards the demand for books, a desirable end to be attained where a love for reading needed to be cultivated amongst men and boys whose only amusements had been hitherto of a sensuous kind. Mark Greythorn, the secretary, was a much younger man, short of stature, and strongly built, with rough wiry hair that had been suffered to have its own way so long in his boyhood, that now it refused all persuasion of comb and brush, and grew stiff and wild, here in sloping tufts like shocks of corn blown about by the wind, and there in prostrate layers like corn under the flail. There was much strength and endurance about him, both of body and mind. He had made his way through heaps of difficulties, to use his own phrase, having had to fight his way upwards from the most absolute poverty, as the son of a drunken father, to the position he held now—the keeper of the largest

grocer's shop in the village. He could speak well in public, kept the books of the society with great accuracy, and was perhaps the most active man in it. But he was looked upon as one that was apt to go too fast in his notions, and he and Enoch Styles had many a friendly controversy on this head. Moral suasion was Enoch Styles's stronghold; prohibition was the goal to which Mark Greythorn tended. They were talking on the relative merits of these two, at the time we are speaking of.

'Prevention is better than cure,' Mark Greythorn was saying, as the two were waiting for other members of the committee to join them, at the usual fortnightly meeting of the society.

'Prevention?' returned Enoch. 'Does not our Temperance Society prevent as well as cure? Does not moral suasion speak to the young and sober as well as to the old and drunken, and prevent much future evil? What is the meaning of our Band of Hope, if it is not prevention?'

'Yes; but, as I've said fifty times before, you might prevent much more than you do at present, if you shut up the temptation to drink that is perpetually standing open. Think of more than a dozen such temptations in our little village. How are John England and Matthew Roper to resist such temptations long? They've signed the pledge, and are teetotalers now, but what will they be in a year from this time? Tell me that, Enoch?'

'As good temperance men then, as they are now, I hope and expect. Why, man, you and I would never go into a public-house to drink, if there were a hundred of them in P——.'

'No, for we've a pleasanter fireside at home than the public-house can give us, and our wills are stronger towards good than those of many poor fellows who haven't had our teaching. The temptation isn't half as strong for us as for them, who have often to be out in the wet and cold when they're far from home, and don't know where to shelter, or when they're near home, and expect to find nothing better there than a dirty house, and a tribe of noisy children. I'm sure I don't wonder when I hear of this person and that going back to the drink and the public-house; nobody knows what a strong draw they have towards the bad, who haven't lived as they live! *I* know, for I remember old days, and my father's miserable cottage, and I say that man's a hero that can keep his feet out of the public-house, when it stands before him so bright and cosy, and his own poor bit of a place is most likely just the opposite. Do you know how many of our members we have lost this last year?'

'No, not exactly; but we must always expect backsliders. If there were no public-houses you would have those.'

'Not so many of them, no, not by one-half.'

'The good seed will get among the thorns, sometimes.'

'But what if there were no thorns? If they were stubbed up, and the ground dug over and made ready for the seed? If the drink-houses were all shut up, done away with; and, instead, we were to have temperance-houses, where men could get what they wanted without the poison? There wouldn't need to be so many of them, I hope; for I would rather a man should try to improve his own fireside, than sit away from home every night in the week at the best temperance reading and refreshment-house that could be. He'd have a pleasanter fireside when he'd more money to spend there, and so the benefit would act and re-act. Only let us get Parliament to allow us to put those nuisances down!'

'That will never be done. It's a fine theory, but it wouldn't answer.'

'It will be tried some day, mark my words.'

'Your words are always *marked*,' said another individual who had just entered the room. 'How can they be anything else, Mr. Secretary?' and with a smile at his own pun, the new comer held out his hand for his friend to shake. More hand-shaking had to be done presently; one member after another of the committee dropped in, and soon there was a quorum, and the night's proceedings began. The chief business to be done was to make arrangements for a public meeting to be held the next week, at which a well-known lecturer was to give what was expected to be a telling address, and it was hoped that a number of new converts would be gained by his efforts. There had been a number of such meetings, and the names signed in the secretary's pledge-book made a long list, a list to rejoice over, to exult about, were it not for the sad reflection, that already, within a year, more than one-half of these names were worthless, the signers having gone back to their old evil habits, some silently, some with public shame exhibiting their want of faith to all the world, and throwing open discredit upon the band of temperance reformers, who were attempting to do good to the neighbourhood. Mark Greythorn was no desponding man, he was sanguine rather than desponding; but when he crossed out one after another of the names of persons he had been so hopeful about a few months or weeks ago, he became more and more thoughtful, and said louder and stronger things against the drink-tempters, the public-houses. Could he but get these done away with, he might have more hope of his

new converts. It was disheartening to think of the losses that were taking place every week. Now a young lad from the Band of Hope, who had been tempted with a cup or two of cider at the Falcon, and now a grey-headed man, who had been unable to resist the allurements of a pipe and a gossip at the Golden Heart, to be followed by ale, as his wont had been in former days of unpledged licence. Everywhere the public-house, like a ravenous wolf, was tearing and devouring the carefully-gathered sheep and lambs of the fold. Moral suasion had done much, but it had not done enough. With moral suasion must go prevention, as far as prevention was possible. He proposed on this particular night to add a few words to the end of the lecturer's address, on the imperative necessity for the abolition of all drink-houses.

But the rest of the committee were comparatively timid men. The population of P—— was small, trade was small also, and no man could afford to lose one customer. If they proclaimed war upon their neighbours the publicans, the publicans would in return proclaim war upon them; publicans' wives, and daughters, and sons would go somewhere else for their goods, than to tradesmen who talked of prohibiting their traffic, and not only these, but the friends of the publicans would go elsewhere too. A strong feeling of animosity would be raised against the Temperance Society, and especially against its officers, the committee, and who could tell where such an inconvenient and dangerous fire would stop?

'Better not, friend Mark,' said Enoch, after the daring proposal had been made and succeeded by a short silence. 'We should have the publicans about our ears.'

'So much the better,' replied Mark, boldly. 'That's exactly what we want, we want to make them feel that their trade is in danger. Till they feel that, our labour is labour in vain.'

'Better not,' again iterated Enoch Styles. 'On any other subject we should only be too glad to hear you. Cannot you be content with moral suasion?'

'No, I cannot be content while there is so much immoral suasion that manages to preach louder than we do.'

'We should lose much more than we should gain,' said another member. 'Remember, that three out of our fifteen public-houses belong to the squire, three of the largest, too. The squire is friendly to us now, and subscribes to our funds, but we should never see another penny of his money, and, what is more, we should lose his countenance altogether, if we talked of closing all the alehouses.'

'The whole town would be against us,' said another, de-

spondingly. 'And then consider the harm that would be done by raising a feeling of ill-will. We have now five publicans' children in the Band of Hope; publicans know that temperance is best for their children, as well as we do. Of course, we should lose them, and lose all hopes of ever getting a permanent hold on the parish. We should go out very soon like the snuff of a candle.'

'You mean that we should shine brighter than ever,' said Mark, rising in courage and in strength of voice as the opposition increased. 'Do you like sin so much, my friends, that you would fain have it about you all your lives? Are you such poor friends to temperance that you are afraid of what intemperance will do if you oppose it? Do you think you can walk well with both God and mammon? That isn't possible, let me tell you. The publicans don't oppose us openly just now, because they see it is to their interest to be quiet, it wouldn't be reckoned respectable not to help on temperance in appearance, but total abstinence they don't like, as you all know, and while we are trying to save drunkards, they are busy making them. And they're not much afraid of us, as long as they see we don't go to the root of the evil. It's just like saving at the spigot and letting out at the bung-hole to try to make people temperate by moral suasion alone, while the public-houses are enticing young and old every day to evil habits and destruction. Show your colours, don't be afraid! Let our temperance cause be thorough, not a half-and-half sort of thing. Only yesterday, Daniel Webb was carried home shamefully drunk, and he was the member over whom we were all holding such a jubilee three months ago, looking upon him as a brand plucked out of the fire. I called in at his house this morning, and he wouldn't see me, he was so sham'd; but his wife cried when I spoke to her, she knew the old bad days were coming again, when Dan would beat and starve her to get his beer. Now, I say, shut up the public-houses, or, rather, prohibit the drink, and you won't have to complain of such snarls in your work as this; we shall keep our members when we've got them.'

Everybody's eyes turned towards Enoch Styles to answer this speech. He was 'in the chair' at this meeting, and looked quite a man of importance and authority, as he said, gravely, 'I remember in the old fable of the sun and the wind, that the sun had the best of it. The wind of total prohibition will never remove the drunkard's cloak, but the sun of moral suasion may. Smoothly and softly wins the day. Don't you see that we are gradually making way?'

'One step forwards, and more than half a step backwards,' interrupted Mark.

'That the whole place will soon be thoroughly with us. When everybody has given up drinking, the publicans will be obliged to shut up their doors.'

'That's as much as to say, when the river has passed by we may walk over dry-shod.' Mark said again, 'How can you ever expect to get your work done, when it comes unravelling like Penelope's web that I've read about?' But there was a call of 'order,' and 'listen to the chair,' and Enoch Styles went on. 'We shall always be losing a few; human nature is human nature, and when I've said *that*, you know what I mean; it's a poor weak thing, always ready to fall away. Let us go on in our peaceful endeavours to do good, and we shall win the day at last, without stirring up needless opposition.'

'That's it—that's just it,' exclaimed the greater number of those present, well pleased to get this dangerous, unneighbourly subject put on one side. It would not do for Mark to have his way, certainly, for if such war to the knife were proclaimed, no end of trouble would arise.

'I wish it, nevertheless, to be put to the vote,' said Mark, sturdily.

But the votes were against him; only one member of the committee thought as he did, all the rest were for moral suasion only.

This public meeting was well attended. The lecturer's subject was the 'Battle of Life,' and showed the necessity of fighting against bad habits and weaknesses, if we would succeed in anything that is noble and good. Especially against the evil habits of drink it was necessary to fight, and he gave a witty account of one particular battle fought against this habit, by a poor dyspeptic moderate drinker, who had half-ruined his constitution, but who had at last resolution enough to make a firm stand, and fight a fierce battle with the enemy, coming off victorious after many wounds and bruises. Six new converts were the result of this lecture, and as Mark went home with his book of pledged names in his pocket, Enoch came up to him, and said, smilingly, 'Where's your faith now? Don't you think in this way we shall conquer?'

'If I were only to use my left hand when I was at work,' was the answer, 'I know what my master would say, or at least what he would think, that I was a poor creature. Now, to-night, we've done a deal for the left hand, but then it's only the left, and you pat me on the shoulder and want me to say it's *all* we can do; but I can't say that. It's good as far as it goes, that's all!'

Enoch made a little grimace, as much as to say, 'That's

what I get for asking a grumbler!' and, after a friendly 'good night,' went on his way. He met Daniel Webb coming home with his little cart from G——, where he had been selling fast and spending fast, so that he was little better in pocket, and much worse in mind and body, for his day's work; he was quite tipsy. A few weeks ago, he would have been at the lecture, pleased to hear, and to show his washed and sober face, and ready to testify that he was quite another man from the unshaved, unwashed drunkard of times gone by; but now he would rather avoid all temperance lectures, they were a reproach and trouble to him. He was singing, in a thick voice, a song that expressed a wish to be with some one of the name of Dinah. But as he passed Enoch Styles he ceased singing, and stared at the well-known figure of the man who had persuaded him to sign the pledge only three months ago. It was twilight, but he knew him perfectly well, and, with the familiarity of the drunkard, put out his hand, and said in what he meant to be a hearty voice, 'How be you, Mr. Styles? Won't you shake hands with 'un? Come, now, I shan't poison you! I be a pledged tee-tota-ler, I be!'

'And a fine one you are! Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Dan?'

Daniel steadied himself a moment, and stared fixedly at the reproving friend; he was trying to collect his confused thoughts, and he did it in some measure. He looked conscience-stricken for a moment, and his eyes sank.

'How is it you've broken your pledge?' Enoch asked in a severe voice. 'Call yourself a man! Why, you're worse than a child to break your word in this way! What do you think's to become of you?'

Again Daniel made a great effort to steady himself, but he was not now abashed. A bold, saucy light had come into his eyes, as he replied, 'It's all the publics, sir! You should go to them first, they be bound to sell the drink, and I be bound to take it!' And giving his donkey a blow with a thick stick, he passed on, and was soon singing again his drunken wish to 'be with Dinah.' Enoch Styles felt disheartened. Those new converts, might they not also return to their bad habits and become six stumblingblocks, instead of six helps to the temperance cause? Daniel had seemed very sincere in his reformation. Very thankful to be saved, as he expressed it. And yet, there he was! He did not meet his wife at the supper-table with quite such a glow of satisfaction as he had felt upon leaving the lecture-room, and he talked more moderately of the success of the meeting than he would have done. Mrs. Styles listened to his account with a serious face.

She, too, had a trouble upon her mind, and rather too hastily she proceeded to unburthen it.

'And who do you think's going to America, father?' she asked abruptly in the first pause.

'Nay, how can I tell?' was his reply. But his heart misgave him as he spoke.

'Mary's Samuel!'

Enoch put down the knife suddenly with which he was eating, and, turning pale, exclaimed, 'Don't tell me that. I won't hear it, wife!'

'But I must tell you. It's all settled, and Mary's bent upon going quite as much as Samuel is, so who's to hinder them?'

'Who, indeed?' Enoch felt that he could not exert fatherly authority enough to give a positive *no* to Mary's going this time. He had allowed her to become engaged to Samuel Halliday, and this was to be the end of it. Why couldn't young men be content in their own country? How could daughters leave fathers and mothers for a foreign shore, to go with a young man they had known perhaps only a twelvemonth? It seemed unnatural, till he remembered his own youth, and the complacency with which he had taken his wife from her kith and kin in Scotland, as great a separation in those days as was this one proposed for Mary. But it was all very painful! So painful, that he ate no more supper that night, but retired to rest with a heavy heart.

A few days afterwards, Enoch and his daughter were sitting talking together in the little sitting-room that had been made to look so ornamental and pretty by Mary's taste and industry. Curtains, chair covers, even the very table-cloth had been put together by her skill. Here was the glass of flowers she had just gathered from the garden; there the hand-screens she had manufactured from curious feathers that she had been collecting for years. The whole room seemed full of Mary, and her face, as it looked up earnestly to her father, seemed to belong to and to form part of the inalienable furniture of the room. It ought never to go away; never! never! Enoch sighed as he thought of the vacancy there would be when that face was far away.

'One thing you won't have to be afraid of, father, dear,' Mary said presently, with eyes that glistened with half-suppressed tears, 'neither Sam nor I shall ever be drunkards, *that* you know! We shall keep our pledge-cards, and hang them up in our parlour when we get one, and talk of you whenever we see them; and we shall try to make all that belong to us teetotalers too.'

'That's a good girl,' said Enoch, huskily.

'You should say, That's good children!' replied Mary, smiling. 'Don't leave poor Sam out of your love, father, though he *is* carrying me away. I'm sure he's fond of *you*.'

'Perhaps so,' said Enoch, rather unwilling to confess anything but his grudge at Samuel's obstinacy in preferring Milwaukee to England.

'And you must love him, if you love me, father!'

'*If you love me, father!*' Enoch repeated the words to himself. How could she put an if to such a speech at all? Had not he loved her morning, noon, and night, every day and every hour of the day for twenty years, as a father could love, and now she could say, '*If you love me!*' But Mary did not mean to cast the least doubt upon his love; it was only her way of pleading for Samuel's share of love, and her father knew this the next moment. 'Well, well, dear!' he said, putting his hand on her head and stroking her hair.

'Yes; but it won't be well, well, if you don't love *him!* Remember what I say. And you must love him as you love me while we're away, and some day, in a dozen years or so, perhaps, we shall come over again rich folk, and take you and mother back with us. And Sam's a rare temperance man, father, and will be preaching it up; and we shall have quite a gathering of teetotalers round us for you to see and to visit, mind if we haven't.'

And thus Mary Styles strove to draw the tendrils of her father's love and hope round the future in the foreign land that she thought was in store for herself and her Samuel. Enoch smiled faintly at the idea of the teetotalers at Milwaukee, but some way the hope of such a very distant future did not gather brightness with him. He broke down suddenly, and murmured in a hoarse voice, 'I shall be in my grave before then, my lass!'

Mary rose up and put her arms round his neck. 'No, no, there is to be no talk of the grave; I can't bear that! No grave for any of us for a long, long while. We're temperance people, we are; and temperance folk live long, they say. You will live long, and I shall live to see you again. If I didn't think so, I'd never go away; I wouldn't, indeed! Kiss me, father, and promise me not to think and talk of the grave.'

He kissed her, but it was sorrowfully. Sad thoughts would return now they had risen up, though he strove to put them away.

In three months Mary and Samuel Halliday were married, and set sail soon afterwards for America. Enoch accompanied them to the port from which they were to sail, and saw them

on board. He had to say good-bye at the same time to his friend Mark Greythorn, who was visiting New York to gain information about machinery for his master's firm, and who sailed in the same ship, the George Washington. Many heart-breaking farewells were being said around him, but Enoch was too much engrossed with his own sorrow to take more than a slight notice of that of others. There were many parents in the same position as himself, taking leave with tear-blinded eyes of children they could scarcely hope to see again; friends grasping hands for the last time in mute anguish; lovers parting in despair, while inconceivable hurry and bustle were everywhere. His heart felt like one great sore, as from the little boat in which he returned to shore he took his last look at Mary standing by the vessel's side, between her husband and Mark Greythorn, waving her handkerchief in farewell, and it seemed to him that the sun would never shine for him any more.

'We shall see her again, happen, father,' said Mrs. Styles, with a brave attempt at cheering her husband when he reached home. 'The ocean isn't so wide but she may cross it again some day.' It was their great hope, that, and the prospect of many letters from the beloved one, when she should have reached her second home. In the meantime they must wait, and pray that no wild tempests might meet the onward-bounding vessel. They scarcely dreamt of any other evil.

But before the surging waves of the Atlantic touched the vessel's prow, before it was well away from our English coast, an accident happened that was fatal to the George Washington. Another steamer came across her path, a collision took place, and in a very short time she went down with the greater part of those on board. A few escaped in the boats, only ten out of four hundred emigrants were saved, and it became a time of agonising suspense to friends and relatives till the names of the saved were published in the public papers, only to overwhelm the greater part of them with grief. Enoch Styles read over the list with eyes all but blinded with the intensity of seeing, but there were no names of Mary and Samuel Halliday. The terrible truth almost broke his heart, and he was only saved from madness at first by that beneficent incredulity that comes to relieve mourners suddenly bereaved. He felt an utter incapability to believe the extent of the catastrophe. Mary was alive, had escaped unknown to others, on some rock or little known coast, and she would come again to him some day; or her name had been omitted, or changed in the list. She *must* be alive! It was utterly impossible that he should have lost her so soon! But as the days went

on, and no further tidings came, his hope became fainter and his heart sadder. At last came a letter from his friend Mark Greythorn; he had been among the saved, and though ill for some time after the catastrophe, was now well enough to write some particulars of the death of Mary and her husband. We cannot give it all, but we will give some extracts from it. 'After you left us,' it said, 'the pilot came on board to take us safely out of the channel, and all went right till the evening came on. I was standing on the deck, not far from your daughter and son-in-law, for I had just been talking to them, when we saw the light of another steamer coming towards us. We watched it very calmly, for we knew the pilot was at his post, and we did not doubt that all would be right. But presently it came so near as to alarm some of the sailors, and there was a noise and hubbub, and a great shouting. Some one said that the pilot was drunk and did not know what he was about, but before we could well look round, the collision took place. It was an awful crash, and when we got clear of the other vessel, I heard the captain say that the vessel must sink, water was pouring in below in torrents. Two boats were got out, and I tried to reach one of them. There was no time to spare, so shouting to Samuel and Mary to follow my example, I threw myself into the sea, towards one of the boats that was just being cleared away, and was fortunate enough to reach it. Your daughter was too terrified to leap overboard, and Samuel would not go without her. We had but just time to get clear away before the vessel went down, and all on board of her were drowned. I besought the men in the boat to row a little way back, in hopes of picking up some poor creature or other, but they said we were too full already. * * * How shall I comfort you, my dear friend? These are sad tidings for a father's heart; but God will comfort you. * * * If there had been no drink-house in S——, the seaport, the pilot would, no doubt, have been sober, and we should have been saved. They say he had been drinking at a public-house, close by the water-side, for the best part of the day, and I have no doubt that this was true. At the inquest, it was proved that he was confused and not himself; indeed, it was proved that he was far from sober. Now, what safety is there for human life, when a pilot has a public-house set open for him, close by the water-side, to entice him to drink and lose his faculties?'

There was much more in the letter, stating, amongst other things, that Mark was sailing for America by another steamer, which, it was to be hoped, would have a sober pilot on board; but Enoch, when he read and re-read the letter, in the days

after the first great shock, attended most to the remark about the open public-house. A new light dawned upon him with his great sorrow, and he saw that if the drunkenness of England is ever to be seriously checked or reformed, it must be by stern prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks, as well as by moral suasion. Hand in hand the two may change the moral aspect of our country, and that before this generation has passed away; singly, they can only meet with defection and discouragement.

When Mark returned from his American visit, he found a warm helper in Enoch Styles; and the two worked with a will at the task of enlightening the villagers of P——, and the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, on the necessity of removing temptations to drink, as well as persuading them to self-denial. Enoch Styles is not now ashamed or afraid to be called a prohibitionist.

SELECTIONS.

IN GAOL.

The late Mr. Samuel Hall, of nefarious memory, is supposed to have passed through every phase and stage of prison experience before surrendering his life on the halter of his country. We propose to select such passages of his eventful biography as will fit well together, and, when so fitted, form a representation or picture of gaol life in England. Some interest cannot fail to be awakened in connection with such a theme, if it is considered how large a portion of the vital energy and working strength of the nation is at all times under penal restraint; how indispensable as safety-valves in these high-pressure times our Houses of Correction have become; how costly, and yet how unsatisfactory in result to society at large, our system of punitive discipline is; or, finally, if with due humility of mind we reflect how easily and how soon in this world of temptation and suspicion and falsehood the great iron doors may separate ourselves from the sunshine, sweet air, and free life of the virtuous and the fortunate.

Improvidence (as some called it) or misfortune (as he persisted in styling it) brought Mr. Hall acquainted with the Sheriff very early in life, or rather with the officers of the Sheriff, for the original Mr. Hall's personal interviews with that distinguished functionary were postponed to the day when he was tried at the assizes, and the early misty morning, when he paid his last great debt—the Sheriff being there present *in propriâ personâ* to give him a quittance. Arrested by the authority of her Majesty's immediate servant and representative, Samuel found himself suddenly, and for a lengthened season, deprived of that liberty which he had already begun to turn into licentiousness. He became an inmate of the debtor's ward of the county prison, with nothing in the world to do, and precious little to eat. Time hung heavily on his hands, and his little soul, ill supplied from without, devoured its scanty store of virtue as the fevered body devours its own fat. He had a few friends who remembered him in his retirement, but it would have fared better with him in the long run if they had forgotten him.

Their small kindnesses to a brother in adversity had the effect of making that brother a slave to vice for life. Once free of the debtor's ward, he appears to have entered forthwith on a career which was to be interrupted only by intervals of retirement within the same prison, but in other wards. We will follow him through one or two courses of imprisonment; but as the Sam Hall of fiction is vastly more amenable to the beneficial effects of discipline than most of the hundred thousand Sam Halls who continually do crowd our gaols, we shall present him to our readers, as we should wish all real criminals to become — penitent, reformed, and even thankful.

Sam has been to sea. Sam has come home to his black-eyed Susan, and has given her a black eye which Nature never gave and none but womanly nature would endure without revenge. He has spent all his money in frolic and folly. He finishes up by running his ship and breaking his articles. Hunted out in pretty quick sticks, he is hauled before the bench and sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment in the House of Correction. He does not much like it; he thinks the county gaol is preferable. When free he takes to an amphibious trade—say that of a rigger. Riggers appear to require many, very many more 'goes' of rum than men in other occupations; at any rate, Sam finds it necessary to spend all his wages in that one article of consumption; and the upshot is, that he loses at one and the same time his appetite for food and the means of supplying that appetite if he had one. The craving for drink rages within his poor wasted body, and destroys his soul. He becomes sly as well as cruel. He sells everything he can lay his hands on in the shape of furniture; then his own clothes, then his wife's, then he robs the little ones of theirs, stealing the Sunday jacket, cape, boots, cap, gloves, prayer-books and Testaments, with which little Sam and Susy were wont to figure as choristers and Sunday scholars. When he has 'spent all,' his wife and children leave him. Dismal delirium seizes him. He resolves to tie himself to a stake in the tideway, and await his doom. But a chum hails him, tells him he is a glass too low, forbids him ever to say 'Die,' and stands a large quantity of the favourite beverage. Emboldened thus, Samuel resolves to exert his conjugal authority. He ferrets out his wife's biding-place, surprises her in the diligent pursuit of her new calling as a washerwoman, snatches up a flat iron, and lays her head open. Now, any man is at liberty in this glorious country to break his wife's heart. Policemen themselves, and even magistrates, have been known to do it. The head of a poor woman belongs to the parish, though her heart is her own or her husband's, and the consequences to the head-breaker are highly inconvenient. Next morning, while doing his best to hoist a main-yard into its place, a gentleman in blue (B 4, in fact) comes behind him, and in serious tones informs him that he his 'wanted.' Remonstrance is in vain, resistance is not to be thought of. He is conducted to the cells of the police station, to ruminate on the romance of wedlock, and to frame special pleas of defence ready for the next morning. At ten o'clock on the following day he is ushered into the court, and gainsays the eloquent testimony of the gory bandages on Susan's brow by allegations that she has a tongue of her own and knows how to use it. When he finds the Bench obdurate he begins to bubble, and Susan melts and pleads, and believes as on their bridal day in the sincerity of her husband. But justice is blind, except to gory bandages, and deaf to all promises of amendment. The offender must be imprisoned for two months in the County Gaol. His commitment is speedily made out by the clerk, and signed by the presiding magistrate. Sam goes back to his cell until the business of the court is concluded, and then, with others in the like case, he is handcuffed and marched off to the station. A huge rabble of woman-folk follow hooting. He winces under their bitter taunts, and his manacled wrists ache from the spasmodic twitches of his clenched fists. He would willingly take another month in exchange for five minutes' immediate liberty of hands and feet amongst the gabbling, chattering crowd. The more willingly because he knows that an extra month or so would entitle him to a better dietary scale. Arrived at the castle gate, his application for admission is promptly responded to. He is introduced into the office, where his name, description of personal appearance, nature of offence, and terms of punishment according to the sentence

are accurately set down. Here, too, he is questioned as to loose cash, trinkets, watch, or other personal property of which poor Sam has long ago dispossessed himself, as we have seen. Then a bell is rung and a turnkey appears, to whom the prisoner is handed over. The policeman in attendance heaves a sigh of relief as he pockets the receipt for the body of Samuel Hall, misdemeanant, and adjourns for beer and tobacco till next train. Samuel is conducted to the bath-room, where he undergoes compulsory ablution; much needed, no doubt, and typical, we trust, of the thorough cleansing he is about to experience in his moral nature. He exchanges his ragged wrap-rascal, his villanously unclean under-linen, his brimless old beaver, and clouted shoes, for the prison livery of melancholy grey, with an Aberdeen bonnet for a head-piece. His own apparel is ticketed and stored ready against the day of his release. He is known no more as the Christian Samuel Hall, but as No. 260, in the sad rank and file of evil-doers, and when he has traversed the whole range of the corridor, he mounts a winding iron stair to a gallery, which runs outside the doors to a higher storey of cells. When about to mount the staircase he casts one swift glance from the central hall, along the sides of which, and above, the various ventilating and smoke flues are collected into a common shaft. Is there a chance of escape? Four long corridors branch off from this centre, and a watchman stationed there can command a sweeping view of all the corridors, which are glistening with cleanliness and light, so that if a mouse were to cross the line of vision it would be seen in an instant, and an alarm with a rattle or bell would bring a score of warders, brave and strong, to capture the sly runaway. There is no hope, then. Here is No. 260. There is an iron door secured from without by bolt and lock; in this door there is a little trap which cannot be opened from the inside, but readily enough, though not quite noiselessly, from without. Formerly meals were furnished through this aperture, and espionage was maintained. In the trap-door itself is an eyehole, which is covered with a sliding button, and through this chink the warder on duty can peep, and often does peep, without the inmate knowing anything about it. Several times in the course of each day, and oftener in cases of suspicion, the prying eye of the turnkey takes cognisance of the state of matters in the cell.

Next morning, at half-past five, the bell rings long and loud, and Mr. Samuel remembers the rule of his new abode, leaps from his cool and narrow couch, draws water from his little wooden keg on the shelf into his tin hand-basin, and washes away the small modicum of dirt that has accumulated since his initiatory bath the night before. He then addresses himself to his task, if he arrived in time to have his work allotted to him, or he waits, lugubrious, till the breakfast bell is heard. Then he is all alive. He stands beside the door ready and hungry. In a few minutes after eight his door is flung open, and he pounces on his breakfast, which is placed at the threshold. A little allowance is made at first, perhaps, but he soon finds that it is altogether a touch-and-go manœuvre, for the second turnkey is close behind the first, and he loses very little time in closing the door. Breakfast consists of a mess of oatmeal porridge and a small quantity of milk, served in a tin with two compartments. This portion of his daily duty is by no means onerous, but it is a new sensation for poor drunken Sam to be uncommonly hungry—it is the first sign of recovered tone and rudimentary stage of sobriety—the full belly is a reward that is reserved for steady perseverance in virtue. He of course acts as his own chambermaid, and besides making his bed and hooking it up against the wall, that it may offer no temptation to indolent indulgence in the course of the day, he has to perform all the minute operations which are necessary, including, we are glad to know, the obvious one of opening his well-barred window for a volume of fresh air. After breakfast his cell door is thrown open, and he is taken to the yard for a spell of walking exercise. Here he sees his brethren in bonds, but is allowed to speak to none. When he has moulted a few times as a gaol-bird, which will never be Sam's case, and become expert in the wiles of the devil, he will be able to ventriloquise a few observations for the edification of those nearest him. Turnkeys are trained lynxes, and if so much as a lip is moved the offence is noted down, and if often repeated will end in the refractory one spending a day and a night in the dark cells on bread and water. In some prisons the exercise

was, and perhaps still is, almost a part of the punishment. The men were stationed at intervals round the yard, and they had to play at 'keppy-ball' with a twenty-four pound cannon shot. This was play to the stalwart rogue, but it was terrible task-work for the feeble. Here, however, there is nothing but the regular walk round and round till the bell rings for chapel, at about twenty minutes past nine. Elsewhere, the separate system is carried even into the chapel, and the auditorium has a comical appearance, something like a honey-comb with grey worms in every cell. Here the only separation is between the sexes. The good behaviour of a congregation of criminals is proverbial, and the silent, fixed attention to the service might be studied as an example by many fashionable audiences that we wot of, with palpable advantage. After chapel, they march back to the yard. During their first visit to the yard, the governor, probably accompanied by the chaplain, has inspected their vacant cells, but now he meets his whole family and asks if any of them wish to speak to him. If anyone has a request or complaint to make he steps forth from the rank. Every man brings with him into the yard his breakfast panakin, and holds it bottom up for inspection, and as he marches round drops it on an appointed tray. Each man also produces from his inner-breast pocket (his only one) his spoon, his small-tooth comb, and ridding comb, displayed on his pocket-handkerchief.

The next stage is the calling out of those who, being under sentence of hard labour, are to take their turn on the mill. They will have two hours of it, with a rest of twenty minutes in each hour. The crank system was intended to supersede the treadmill. By this method each cell was provided with a crank and a tell-tale, and the prisoner had to pump three thousand or more strokes a day; originally all this power was collected by connecting machinery with the prison water-raising apparatus, but in some cases this power was wholly wasted. The exertion was considerable; indeed, where it has been tried and abandoned, it has been found to be cruelly injurious to health, besides being absurd as part of a discipline which is to fit men for useful, honest toil. Shams are immensely demoralising, but nowhere are they so deleterious as in the society of the already degraded. Those who are not sentenced to hard labour have, nevertheless, their daily tasks assigned, which must be done, or the governor will endeavour to know the reason. Tailors and shoemakers may often be set to work patching and cobbling. Cocoa-nut matting is woven in a proper loom by some. The majority, however, are employed in making ship fenders or in teasing oakum. There is oakum and oakum—wet and dry. The former has been steeped and beaten with mallets, and now eight pounds of it is given to each to take with him to his cell; only four pounds of dry tarry rope, cut in short lengths, is given out. Men do say they would rather do eight wet than four dry. Away back to the cell with the bundle of task work under his arm, and thenceforth, from about ten to twelve, he teases his rope-ends into oakum. At twelve the welcome bell peals forth the dinner-time. Three times a week he gets a dry dinner, that is a mouthful or two of good meat, ox cheek for the most part, with bread and potatoes. Three days he gets soup, which in some prisons is better than in some workhouses. On Saturday there is a change, generally boiled rice with treacle. At one o'clock the bell rings to work again, and the busy fingers untwist and pick till half-past five, when supper is served, consisting of porridge and milk. From six to seven work again, or even later if the tale is incomplete. At seven there is a general knock-off till bed-time at nine. This must be a dull time for some. If they do not go to school, and have no taste for reading, they walk up and down their narrow habitation till they weary for bed. Each cell has a gas-light. The turnkey comes round at dusk, turns on the gas outside, and hands a light in through the trap. Books are provided, especially the Book which it most becomes the convicted criminal to consult. But it is a weary time for many. When the nine o'clock bell begins to toll the hour of rest, down comes the bed from the hook in the wall, out goes the gas, and Samuel pops under the counterpane with almost indecent hurry, to dream that Susan had flung a flat-iron at him, and that she, poor soul, was serving her time for the same, while he was boozing in all jolly good-fellowship with his mates and friends.

So on, day by day, unless a fit of the cholic brings him under the doctor, or

a fit of the spleen brings him to the dark cells, the dreary regularity of prison life drags on. Every morning the turnkey makes a pioneering round, calling out 'Anybody wants the doctor?' and if Samuel is really bad, or wants to try the game of old soldiering or malingering, he must promptly make known his wants. The doctor visits him, and, as a rule, orders him to have a daily dose from the cure-all mixture, known, *par excellence*, as the Doctor's Bottle. If he is taken ill in the night, his voice, in the deep silence, will easily reach the warder on night-duty. Each ward has one such watchman; and to ensure his vigilance or to record his negligence, he has to visit a tell-tale clock of curious construction once every hour. There is not much chance of fire in a stone-jug, but there are abundant appliances in the shape of engines, buckets, and hose in case of danger. But very insignificant as a rule, are the interruptions to the dull routine of the gaol. On Saturdays there is a weekly change of linen, and a fortnightly change of flannels. On Sundays there is chapel twice; and upon the whole, the worship is an acceptable holiday to most, if nothing more. To our Samuel, however, it proved something more. It made him a praying Samuel. The kindly chaplain never wearies, never faints, though much discouraged. He knows that he is speaking to the offscouring of the earth, to the chief of sinners, to the hardest-hearted of men, the most shameless and profligate of women, but he has too often witnessed the mighty victories of truth and love to furl the banner of the Cross and lay aside the golden trumpet of the sanctuary before any form of evil, however dire and deadly. Samuel listens, as one making the best of compulsion, trying to persuade himself that he is at church because he likes it, and the very contrast between the gentle remonstrance or pathetic pleading of the pulpit and the harsh tones of command or rebuke in which his task-masters and gaolers address him, bends his mind favourably to the 'ways of pleasantness and peace.' He secretly resolves that he will amend his ways when once he gets out. He will come there no more, by God's good help, but he will never regret coming once. Poor Samuel! he has not been accustomed to the manufacture of good resolutions, and he has yet to learn how frail they are; but a good resolution in a wicked heart is like a draught of sweet air in a loathsome den. There is a window or door that will open, and it is a door of hope, and there is good pure air somewhere about. Good resolves are the first steps in the right direction. Samuel nursed his young purposes of good by reading, reflection, and prayer, and when a thoughtless turnkey asked him how soon he would be back again, he even wept to think that such a thing was possible. On the last day of his term, when the governor called on those who had anything to say to him to stand out, Samuel stretched himself to his full height, and with the manliness of a man all but free, he gave the governor to understand that he too had a tell-tale clock inside his brain, and could check the prison calendar on occasion. His request was that he might be allowed to leave as early as possible. A natural wish, in any case, but a sensible one in Samuel's, as he had a long walk before him. There is a slight tendency towards giving the screw an extra turn on the last day, as regards work, or it may be only the fancy of the impatient prisoner. Bright and early, and with the first kindly smile seen in the gloomy building, the turnkey unlocks the cell-door for the last time, and conducts S. No. 260 to the office, where after getting, as best he can, into his old rags, which he prizes more highly than the comfortable woollens of his house of bondage, he is formally dismissed with a gratuity of sixpence, into the wide, wide world, free to fling flat irons once more at his wife, if so minded, unless bound over to keep the peace for a term; free, also, to starve, or beg, or steal, or perchance work, if he can persuade anyone to employ him.

As our friend Sam has thoroughly made up his mind that the next time he goes to prison it shall be in the capacity of a visiting justice, he has no complaint to make on the score of severity. On the contrary, he is busied just now with some crude speculations about a proper classification of crimes and criminals, a pre-established harmony between offences and punishments. He thinks, moreover, that gaols should be nearly self-sustaining. He would have it understood that a man should work longer hours in prison than out of it; that he should work for his ordinary wages at his ordinary trade (when practicable), that he should pay for his board, lodging, and washing, and the balance should be equally divided into a weekly fine for the main-

tenance of the prison staff, and a weekly instalment towards a fund for setting him up in an honest way when he comes out. Very crude, of course, but we may some day show from the experience of a most excellent society for giving aid to discharged prisoners that there is room for reform in this direction, and we have only to appeal to the frightful increase of habitual criminality to support our Samuel's notion that crimes must have punishment weighed and measured to meet them, instead of criminals being incarcerated for a longer or shorter period, under penal conditions which are exactly the same for all. There is, indeed, a classification of felons and non-felonious criminals, but that is far from sufficient, and we shall never get a comfortable garotting grip on crime till we have more consideration paid to the proportion, in kind, between crime and its penalty. We pooh-poohed friend Sam's suggestion, of course, for fear of making him proud; but if he comes to be a visiting justice or member of Parliament, he will prove a second Sir Joshua Jebb. *Experientia docet.—Newcastle Weekly Chronicle.*

THE EMPLOYMENT OF CLIMBING BOYS.

The master chimney-sweepers of Bradford have formed themselves into a kind of vigilance committee to put down the practice of employing boys to sweep chimneys by some of their number, contrary to the provisions of the Act of Parliament, which specially interdicts boys being employed for this purpose. Section 6 of the Act enacts that no child under the age of 10 shall be employed about the premises of any person following the business of a chimney-sweeper, the penalty in this instance being imprisonment. Section 7 specifies that a master sweep shall not allow a boy under the age of 16 to enter a house with him when he is going to sweep a chimney; an infringement of this section rendering him liable to a penalty not exceeding £10. Section 10 throws the onus of proving the age of a boy employed on the person accused of committing the offence. Mr. Henry Hibbert, chimney-sweeper, of Abbey-street, Bradford, wrote to the Earl of Shaftesbury on the subject, and his lordship, in reply, dated November 25, 1868, alludes to the two Acts he had got passed on the subject, the last Act being the result of the report of the Children's Employment Commission, 1863. He continues, 'The provisions, I regret to say, have been much evaded. There is a difficulty in obtaining adequate evidence, and the evidence, when obtained, is frequently rendered of no avail by the strange decisions of the magistrates before whom it is brought. I will take care that a copy of the Act shall be sent you, and you may rely on my giving you all the aid in my power. I am happy to say, for the honour of the country, that Parliament has interdicted the practice with heavy penalties. It is sad and disgraceful in the extreme that people of good condition in life should be found in good numbers, wantonly, knowingly, and wilfully to break the law, and to perpetrate, perhaps, the lowest and most degrading form of cruelty among all the devices for torturing mankind. Bradford, I regret to say, is not the only town guilty of this offensive conduct, it having been seen at Nottingham and many other places, while London, with its three millions of inhabitants, is free from the stain. I would recommend the presentation of petitions to both Houses of Parliament.'

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S ADVICE TO WOMEN.

[The subjoined letter has been addressed by Miss Nightingale to an American gentleman :—]

London, September 13, 1866.

To Lemuel Moss.

My dear Sir,—I could not do what you asked me to do in your kind letter of July 12, viz.: give you information about my own life: though if I could it would be to show you how a woman of very ordinary ability has been led by God—by strange and unaccustomed paths—to do in His service what He did in her's. And if I could tell you all, you would see how God has done all, and I nothing I have worked hard

very hard—that is all—and I have never refused God anything; though, being naturally a very shy person, most of my life has been distasteful to me. I have no peculiar gifts. And I can honestly assure any young lady, if she will but try to walk, she will soon be able to run the 'appointed course.' But then she must first learn to walk, and so when she runs she must run with patience. (Most people don't even try to walk.)

1. But I would also say to all young ladies who are called to any particular vocation, qualify yourselves for it as a man does for his work. Don't think you can undertake it otherwise. No one should attempt to teach the Greek language until he is master of the language; and this he can become only by hard study. And

2. If you are called to man's work, do not exact a woman's privileges—the privilege of inaccuracy, of weakness, ye muddleheads. Submit yourselves to the rules of business, as men do, by which alone you can make God's business succeed; for He has never said that He will give His success and His blessing to inefficiency, to sketching and unfinished work.

3. It has happened to me more than once to be told by women (your countrywomen), 'Yes, but you had personal freedom?' Nothing can be well further from the truth. I question whether God has ever brought anyone through more difficulties and contradictions than I have had. But I imagine these exist less among you than among us, so I will say no more.

4. But to all women, I would say, look upon your work, whether it be an accustomed or an unaccustomed work, as upon a trust confided to you. This will keep you alike from discouragement and presumption, from idleness and from overtaxing yourself. Where God leads the way He has bound Himself to help you to go the way. I have been nine years confined a prisoner to my room from illness, and overwhelmed with business. (Had I more faith—more of the faith which I profess—I should not say 'overwhelmed,' for it is all business sent me by God. And I am really thankful to Him, though my sorrows have been deep and many, that He still makes me to do His business.) This must be my excuse for not having answered your questions before. Nothing with the approval of my own judgment has been made public, or I would send it. I have a strong objection to sending my own likeness for the same reason. Some of the most valuable works the world has ever seen, we know not who is the author of; we only know that God is the author of all. I do not urge this example upon others; but it is a deep-seated religious scruple in myself. I do not wish my name to remain, nor my likeness. That God alone should be remembered, I wish. If I could really give the lessons of my life to my countrywomen and yours—(indeed, I fain look upon us as all one nation)—the lessons of my mistakes as well as of the rest—I would; but for this there is no time. I would only say work—work in silence at first, in silence for years—it will not be time wasted. Perhaps in all your life it will be the time you will afterwards find to have been best spent; and it is very certain that without it you will be no worker. You will not produce one 'perfect work,' but only a botch in the service of God.—Pray believe me, my dear sir, with great truth, ever your faithful servant, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Have you read Baker's 'Sources of the Nile,' where he says he was more like a donkey than an explorer? That is much my case, and I believe is that of all who have to do any unusual work. And I would especially guard young ladies from fancying themselves like lady superiors, with an obsequious following of disciples, if they undertake any great work.

SCENES IN A NIGHT ASYLUM.

[A correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* gives an interesting account of the Night Asylum in that town.]

It was Saturday evening, between six and seven o'clock, when I made my way to the main door of the institution. On gaining admittance, I found myself in a wide lobby or entrance hall, where thirty or forty men, women, and children were seated in rows on wooden benches, waiting for the preliminary examination. They were of all ages, from

infancy to threescore years and ten; and of all sorts, from the inveterate tramp to the respectable tradesman out of employment, and without the means of paying for a night's lodging. Some of them were clad in decent working clothes, some were half-naked, and not remarkable for cleanliness, while a few looked for all the world like galvanised bundles of rags! All the children, most of the women, and three or four of the men, were barefooted; and as the day had been cold and wet, the poor creatures were 'drookit,' and apparently thankful to have a roof over their heads. Seven o'clock struck, and then the order was given to begin. The door opened, and in came a middle-aged woman with a dirty face, bare arms, and a mutch on her head the colour of saffron. She was accompanied by three children from six to ten years of age, and the poor things were wet, dirty, ragged, and shivering with cold. The mother lived and supported her progeny by washing stairs and odd jobs of that description, but sometimes the work failed, and she sought shelter and a supper of porridge in the Night Asylum. She was admitted, and then came several single women poorly clad, and of various ages from 25 to 40. One of them had been in the Infirmary, and was out of employment; a second had newly arrived in Glasgow in search of a situation; a third had an infant in her arms about three weeks old, and its face was not much larger than the dial of an ordinary watch. A family party came next, consisting of the father, mother, and two girls aged five and seven years. The father was a decent-looking English mechanic, from Cumberland; the mother was a Dundee woman; and the little girls had faces that would have adorned any fireside in the West End. There they stood, wet and weary, cold and hungry, that family party of four; but they were not without hope. The man had succeeded in finding work, and he only wanted shelter and a little support till Monday morning, which was granted. They passed in, and were followed by a pale, attenuated woman and three small children. She had lost her husband about six weeks before, and now she had neither a bread-winner nor a home, and yet she could not bear the idea of entering a poorhouse. She was very thinly clad, while the children were literally half-naked. They had some kind of 'orra duddies' round the middle, but head, feet, legs, and arms were bare, and fully exposed to the bitter blast. The mother had a melancholy, careworn expression of countenance; the two youngest children were crying, and altogether the group formed a picture of poverty and destitution which might have melted the heart of a whinstone. Pass in the poor widow and her three fatherless children; and whom have we next? A burly Englishman, from Lancashire, in search of a job as a miller of malleable iron. He was stout, black as a negro, and nearly fifty years of age. He had worked for a long time in Lanarkshire, when the iron trade was roaring, and had earned three or four pounds a week as easy as winking. 'Them was the times,' when beef and beer were going in 'rounds' and buckets, and when he could afford to swallow his two bottles of whisky per day. But now, alas! he was left without a morsel to eat or a drop to drink, or a hand's turn to do, and his suit of seedy black was so dilapidated by age and ill-usage that it scarcely served to cover the nakedness of the wearer. It was a sad change, indeed, and yet the heart of the iron-miller was proof against fate. He was evidently a 'happy-go-lucky' fellow—one of the careless, improvident tribe who make the day and the way alike long, and who comfort themselves by singing, 'Then let the world jog along as it will, I'll be free and easy still,' and so on till the end of the chapter. Wet though he was, he could not restrain his jocularity; and as his pockets were innocent of her Majesty's image, either in silver or bronze, he was handed a ticket, and passed in. Next came a 'character,' in the shape of an elderly maiden, covered with a coal-scuttle bonnet, a shabby-looking shawl, and a gown of a dingy colour, considerably the worse for wear. Her face was bronzed by exposure to the weather, and rather long, wrinkled, and hatchet-shaped to be considered homely. She carried in her hand a battered tin box, about the size of a family Bible, in which she had hawked, ribbons, lace, and 'gum-flowers' in her better days. She was now a confirmed 'tramp,' however, and had lately travelled to London and back again on foot, lodging and feeding by the way in the casual wards of workhouses, and knocking out life in a strange species of freedom, beggary, and independence. The old lady had lived a fortnight in London, free-gratis, by shift-

ing her quarters to a different workhouse every night. She expatiated on the treatment she had received in the various houses on the route, and gave the palm to Birmingham Union for its 'broth and its breed.' I got so interested in the old lady's adventures that I quite forgot myself and asked her what business took her to London, and she shut me up in a moment by saying—'Aweel, sir, ye're there, and ye'll no find oot the secrets o' my business!' She passed muster. After the London traveller came a sailor—a fine young man about five-and-twenty, with a face the very picture of simplicity and good-nature. He had landed at Leith from New Orleans with £17 in his pocket, got upon the 'spree,' and was cleared out in three or four days. Then he sold his 'kit,' and set off on the tramp to South Shields to look for a ship. On reaching North Berwick he changed his mind and made his way to Glasgow, where he arrived on Saturday night, without a penny in his purse and nothing in the shape of property except the clothes in which he stood, and a sheath-knife. Poor Jack saw and admitted his folly with a blush, which was half a smile, and then he got his ticket. A grey-haired grandmother came next, and her daughter, a young good-looking girl of seventeen, at her side. The girl was the mother of the infant, and she, I am sorry to say, had been first betrayed and then deserted. The old woman had seen better days as a wealthy farmer's daughter in Galloway, and even now, in wretchedness and tattered clothing, she had the undeniable look of honesty in her face. When questioned upon her early history, the poor woman fairly broke down and cried like a child, and I am candid enough to confess that I was also getting soft in the head by such an accumulation of misery. "Twere long to tell and sad to trace' the various bits of broken history that were narrated in the Night Asylum on Saturday evening. In the space of three hours, 139 persons—men, women, and children—passed before me and were admitted; and all, except the very young in charge of adults, had to give an account of themselves. They came from different parts of the three kingdoms, save one seaman—a hearty little black-a-viced fellow, who hailed from the island of St. Helena. There was a heart-broken weaver from Ayrshire, in search of a web; and an engine-fitter, who had travelled on foot all the way from Preston, in Lancashire. There were two colliers from Newcastle, who had walked barefooted from Sanquhar in one day, and their feet were so swollen and lacerated that the poor fellows could scarcely stand. There was an old woman of seventy, with a pair of specs across her nose, and a young girl of thirteen, with the face of a fairy, left to battle with the world alone. There was a grey-haired man, between seventy and eighty, from Edinburgh, and a tousie-headed young fellow, a labourer, from the city of York. I was much struck by the appearance of a young woman, who had travelled that day from Dumbarton, through dub and mire, in a pair of thin slippers which were almost worn out. She was extremely good-looking, well-bred, and tastefully dressed, and yet she was following the occupation of a street singer. I was still more struck by the appearance of a powerful-looking Irishwoman, with a bare head and tatter-demalion clothes, who had crossed the Channel from Belfast in search of her runaway husband. She had scoured every lodging-house in Greenock without getting her eyes upon him, and I can assure the reader that there was mischief in those eyes. She meant to continue the chase through Glasgow, and if the culprit happens to be caught, he may look out for something more than squalls, or I am no judge of feminine 'human natur.' It was altogether a sad and sorrowful sight; and I could not help feeling thankful that such an institution was open in Glasgow to mitigate, in some measure, the sufferings of the houseless poor in winter. No doubt the reckless, the depraved, and the undeserving are sometimes fed and sheltered as well as the deserving poor, but even in the former case, when the applicants are really destitute, it is surely better to give them the shelter of a roof and a supper of oatmeal porridge, than to have them sleeping on common stairs, and perishing with cold and hunger. In this manner 41,400 persons were relieved during the year ending on the 12th September last, and since the opening of the institution, thirty-one years ago, it has given occasional food and shelter to 887,682 men, women, and children, while the meals supplied can now be numbered by the million. What an army of miserable mortals!

What an amount of destitution do these figures disclose! What a blessing that such an institution is open in Glasgow to mitigate, even in the smallest measure, such a burden of human misery!

WHAT TO DO FOR THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.

As winter advances risk of drowning increases; no time, therefore, could be more appropriate than the present for drawing attention to recent modifications of the late Dr. Marshall Hall's well-known directions for restoring the apparently drowned. In 1863-64, the Royal National Lifeboat Institution instituted extensive inquiries among medical men, medical bodies, and coroners throughout the United Kingdom, resulting in the adoption of certain directions in cases of drowning, founded on the principles of the Marshall Hall and Sylvester methods. These directions were plainly given, but very long, and hence not likely to be remembered by any but professional persons. Some correspondence in two or three late numbers of the *Lancet* has, however, resulted in the production of a short set of simple rules, purposely expressed in the language of the imperfectly educated, and hence calculated to be of universal service. They are as follows:

1. Lay the drowned man at once flat on his stomach with his face to the ground, and a folded coat or bundle under his chest.

2. Place your hands flat between his shoulder-blades and make firm pressure, so as to squeeze the air out of his chest; then turn the body slowly on to one side and a little beyond. Replace him quickly on his face. Count four, to mark four seconds of time, and then repeat the process, commencing by squeezing the air out of the chest again.

3. Wet clothes should be removed and dry ones substituted, each bystander contributing. The body to be rubbed dry briskly, and the face kept from contact with the ground by an assistant.

4. Do not squeeze the air out of the patient's chest if he is breathing, but wait and watch, merely drying the body and changing the clothing.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Life in a Lunatic Asylum: An Autobiographical Sketch. By John Weston, Author of a small Treatise on the Treatment of Insane Persons in Pauper Lunatic Asylums.—Second Edition, Enlarged and Illustrated.—London: Houlston and Wright, Paternoster Row.

Mr. Weston tells us that having a wife who unfortunately acquired habits of intemperance, he placed her in a lunatic asylum, in the hope of curing her. Soon after her admittance she, naturally enough, began to recover; and, ere long, appeared to be so far restored to health that Mr. Weston resolved to have her back again to his house. But an unexpected obstacle presented itself. The asylum doctor,—dread power!—peremptorily refused to let the patient go, and would not give any definite hope of ever relaxing the terrible inhibition. Mr. Weston saw that he had put his wife into a trap, and that he was not to be allowed to get her out again. Grief at this discovery deprived him at length of power to work, to eat, or to sleep. He was, in short, himself driven mad by the inexorable decree of the mad-doctor; and soon came under the custody and control of the very man by whom his lunacy had been occasioned. He gives, in the book in our hand, rude, inartistic, but evidently faithful pictures, without any malice in them, of the wretched things that he saw and passively took part in, after his admission to the asylum, and describes the slow and harassing steps by which the freedom of himself and his wife was at length recovered.

The following extracts will serve as sufficient samples of the faults he finds with asylum management, and his remedial suggestions:—

'I had the good fortune to sit at the top corner of the lower table; on my

left hand, at the lower corner of the adjoining table, sat the unfortunate tobacconist, before mentioned, whose death will be hereafter noticed. On my immediate right was a chemist and druggist, who through intemperance and indiscretion had lost both his business and his head; but after a course of abstinence he found the latter, and was sent in search of the former!'

'Immediately on my left, at the head of the table, presided a worthy contractor, who had contracted some very severe notions, and who rejoiced in the possession of a good appetite, especially for pudding. He was so religious in his own way, that his grace after meat invariably consisted in parodying with the wickedest leer, the poor Irishman's devotions, and such was his horror at, and detestation of Catholicism and Catholics, that in the frenzy of his hate, he would reiterate to the poor man's face, that he should "see him in hell, hissing and blistering like a sole in a frying-pan!"

'He also very ardently entertained the notion that the quiet, unobtrusive draper and my unfortunate self, were detectives, and bitter and incessant were his persecutions of me on that account. These increased as I ventured to defend the poor Catholic from his onslaughts, and so violent was he sometimes, that I feared he would so far commit himself, as to get put under restraint, but such was the forbearance of the attendants towards those who could defend themselves, that no mere words would provoke them to acts of coercion! (With the *helpless* the reverse was the case.)

'One day we were put to work together in the field by ourselves, and I really quailed at the prospect, but it appears that somehow he had altered his opinion, for I found him on that occasion particularly communicative and entertaining. It would appear that he had been soured in early life, by *ill treatment*. His mother he thought a paragon of goodness, and to her he was indebted for all the good he ever possessed, but his good opinion of the fair sex in general was in a declining state. His master's wife was, to him, the very personification of the devil's better half, for in addition to her *other* ill treatment she starved him as well as made him a slave.

'On one occasion she made two large puddings, of which she and the family ate up one, never giving him a taste, the other she put by, and going out herself, left him to do the cleaning up, and also a mother's duty to the children. The pudding haunted him like a "passion!" Go where he would or do what he would, the pudding was after him; at last, risking all consequences, he took a slice, and it ate so good he could not possibly resist taking another, which only served to whet his appetite for more; so he took a third, when lo! the pudding was half gone! I suppose he thought, never mind, "in for a penny, in for a pound, as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," for he never left the pudding until he had eaten the last bit.

'All he could do now was to reflect upon the consequences. The mistress came home, and missing the pudding, screamed, "Where's the pudding?" He being naturally of tough material and now otherwise fortified with good inside lining, coolly answered, "I've eaten it."

'His recital of this was so droll, that, delighted with his good humour, pleased with the idea that he had had a good meal for once, and so gratified at the just retribution for the woman's starving propensities, I laughed out for the first time since I had been in the place, and right merrily too, and from that day if anything gave me pleasure, it was slipping half my portion of pudding on to his plate.

'On leaving the hall I thought it exceedingly unfeeling and cruel not to be allowed, even for one moment, to speak to my wife, which, with the fear of our inextricable captivity, transfixed me with horror and filled me with dread.

'One among many instances of dastardly cruelty was exhibited towards an unfortunate fellow who had recently been brought there. He had stopped a man with a horse and cart and claimed them as his property, for which he was given in charge to the police and sent to this asylum. He was a nice, honest-looking countryman, but somehow or other had taken it into his head that such and such things belonged to him, and that such and such persons owed him money. So he was brought here, and in the Airing Court the boobies got round him and persuaded him that one of the attendants had not paid him for some pigs bought of him some time ago, the attendants joining in the game. The poor fellow believed it, and proceeded to pester the man for the money; and as they continued to hound him on, the game was carried on so long that the

attendant seized hold of the poor fellow, and dashed him with great violence to the ground two or three times, and knelt upon him as if he had been dough. He looked dreadfully ill afterwards; but the treatment cured him of his fancies. The imaginary debt was paid, and I never heard that he made any further claim; neither do I recollect ever seeing him again. Very soon I heard that he was dead!

'I had tried to stop the game by persuading him that they were playing upon his weakness and credulity in order to laugh at him, and had partially succeeded in calming him; but it was very unsafe to interfere where attendants were concerned, the interference only inciting them to greater harshness. I was obliged to forbear.

'Were these facts brought to the knowledge of the jury, if inquest there were?

'Did the doctor know what was the matter with him?

'Was there a *post mortem* examination?

'I cannot answer these questions; but his death was so sudden that he was never even brought into the Infirmary.

'This is what is called attendance!'

'Being in the Infirmary as an invalid, I was debarred from going into the hall to meals; consequently I was condemned to the use of the iron spoon, the only implement here allowed to assist in the operation of taking or giving food.

'Here also I was favoured with a sight of the manner in which food was frequently placed on the table, which was by dexterously *throwing it*, so that the hunches of bread and butter came plump down like bricks, and potatoes like tennis balls; this feat being performed by "Mr. Bumble" or his officious scrubbing assistant standing at one end of the table, and the patient who required the extra dole at the other,—reminding me of throwing a bone to a dog or of feeding pigs; and the manner in which the patients frequently grabbed at the proffered morsel did not tend to lessen that impression.

'Why by treating them as pigs make them become as pigs?

'The manner of feeding the patients, the language used, the filthy allusions, the disgusting and obscene retorts—attendants vying with patients in exciting the loudest laugh; the attendant's coarse bawl, the obstreperous shove, the stamping on toes; the pitching about the ill, the unruly, and the helpless patients, heedless of the result: these shameful scenes tended *then* to strengthen my preconceived impressions that I was accursed of God; *now* they fill me with grief, that they should occur in the *Infirmary* of all places.

'Surely such attendants are unfit for their post.

'The night attendant just named, clever though he was, and kind, as above stated, *could*, I grieve to say, be very cruel. On one occasion I saw him, at the instigation of the scrubber, take a little harmless muttering preacher by the arm, twist him out of bed, and punch and kick him, for a slight delinquency.

'A poor man was now brought here as a patient who had been a stone cutter. His manners were very quiet; but he was childishly opinionated of his abilities, and rather assiduous in trying to show them off. Having much talent, he had taught himself to carve the human figure; and the admiration he had already gained seemed to give promise of future eminence. This success turned his brain. He called himself the greatest sculptor in the world. His childish conceit cost him many an ugly cuff, and his resistance brought down upon him the most cruel handling from the scrubber. I have seen that fellow hoot him out of the room; and, because he resisted, catch hold of him and throw him heavily to the ground, and after repeating the cowardly operation two or three times, stamp upon him—a proceeding in which he dearly delighted to engage.

'The sole cause of this treatment was that the poor fellow had strayed into our day room from the adjoining corridor. The scrubber commenced his operations by throwing up his right hand and bawling out in a most discordant voice, "Be off-f," which of course would be resisted with a corresponding reply, when without more ado he would lay hold of the intruder; and the result would be the discomfiture and torture of the poor demented object of his spite.

'His deceit and treachery were equal to his dastardly tricks. He would take a leaf from any book, wherewith to light his pipe, and when the master came would bring the very book he had himself torn, and show it as the way

in which the books were served; which would cause the books to be locked up, and the patients to be deprived of their use. He was an apt scholar of his master, the "Bumble" attendant.

'I ask, Are such men fit for their post?

'Would not some of the money expended upon these much vaunted beautiful palaces be much better laid out in securing a better class of attendants, and a more efficient supervision? And when I think of the amount of misery that must have been caused by such hands during the long space of *twenty-seven years*, is it any wonder that I make this attempt to expose the truth, hoping that a remedy may be found?

'The doctor never saw these things—how could he? He was never there, but when like the hands of a clock the appointed hour was come, or when sent for; and *then* all things were straight, the rooms were still, and the speech as soft as any silk.

'*His* rule was regularity; his guide punctuality. To see everything clean and beautiful and trim was his hobby—to make them *appear* so, the attendant's aim.

'If the poor sculptor had been gently taken by the hand, and led away to some interesting object, or been permitted to use his pencil, or chalk, or even a drawer of sand, with which he could have traced, or obliterated, his fancies at pleasure, how different might have been his fate! but, at last, he was not allowed an atom of anything that would make a mark. The cruel attendants would rudely and roughly rifle his pockets, and take away everything calculated to give him pleasure.

'It was very touching to see with what assiduity he would hunt over the Airing Court in search of something to amuse himself with; and how clever he was in constructing in the palm of his hand the most beautiful devices, with bits of stone, wood, leaves, fibre,—anything, in fact, that came in his way—like ornamental clumps of stone and flowers, garden-grotto fashion.

'These he would form as assiduously as a bird would construct its beautiful nest; then show them about, with as much delight as a child would show its toys; and they, as ruthlessly as they would destroy a nest and break the beautiful eggs, would strike from his hand the fragile building which his talented fancy had so tastefully reared. He became for some time thinner and weaker, and then died.'

'In the name of all that is good, let jealous care be taken that while the doors are ever open to receive such inmates, attempts be not made to close the avenues by which they may emerge again into the glorious liberty of self-reliant self-control. Do not scare the mind into madness by the terrible idea of inextricable captivity.

'It is no argument that because some are so weak that they relapse, they should be debarred from making the trial, even though they fail again and again. And this applies also to many a nervous desponding patient, to whom a short residence at these asylums would be life and safety, whilst a long and hopeless one would only confirm the insanity of which they may have scarcely reached the brink.

'For the incurably demented, the idiot, and the helpless maniac, they would indeed be a blessing, if all were carried out consistently with the fair outside, and the professed principles of treatment. That this is not always the case my narrative will, I think, show. They are beautiful buildings, the construction and arrangement all but perfect; but there are canker worms within, which undo much of the intended good; and the chief of all is *unfit attendants*.

'I know that there is much difficulty in this matter. Men of the lowest grade are employed for lack of better; but for other positions of trust and skill—for teachers, servants, sick-nurses—there are systems of *training;* how much more is such needed in the management of the insane!

'If Charles Dickens, with his wonderful powers and philanthropic spirit, could only gain admission as an unknown pauper lunatic for one week, without the risk of his never getting out again, what a tale he could unfold, especially if he could render himself refractory and require the tender mercies of an Infirmary "Bumble!" And Sisters of Mercy, too, if they could gain admission without the risk of detention, what congenial morning and evening exercises for *their* Christian labours!

'The situation of these places may be beautiful, the order and arrangement first-class, the provisions ample, and the cleanliness and appearance delightful; but what is appearance if manners and attendance are wanting? A kind word

and a smile are better than a curse and ill-treatment, forbearance than roughness.

'The asylum alluded to was highly favoured in one respect, in having a master, or what is termed "head attendant," of sterling worth. His order, precision, and promptitude were admirable; and although apparently hard in some respects, he was of a kind and genial disposition. His respectful attention to the doctor was of the first order, devoid of servility and obsequiousness. To him I am indebted for encouraging me to hope; and my admiration of him is enhanced when I call to mind his calm demeanour, never raising his voice nor using any impure or improper word.

'The doctor was a man of excellent parts. His attentions were unremitting, and he certainly was an excellent superintendent, although he sometimes made mistakes. He took his rounds like the hands of a clock, making daily queries of over two hundred patients, prescribing and dispensing for all according to the varying demands made upon his judgment. His dial-like supervision of the whole establishment, his attention to visitors, and the multifarious calls upon his attention, left him little time and less chance of observing what was going on behind the scenes; and the master, with all his praiseworthy assiduity, could not be here, there, and everywhere at the same time.

'It is all very well for the doctor once a day to pace the beautiful corridors, the spacious dormitories, the ample day rooms, the splendid dining hall, the handsome stone balustraded staircase, etc., of this really beautiful building, and to see that everything is in apple-pie order; also for the committee of visitors to come over once in two or three weeks, thinking, too, everything beautiful, no doubt. But there is *behind the scenes!*

'I write not to disparage individuals. I wish not to injure anyone; but I do desire heartily to mitigate the miseries and to mollify, if I cannot heal, the wounds of those unfortunates who can neither help nor defend themselves. For the furtherance of this object I most strenuously advocate, so far as my humble powers will permit, a few modifications in the present arrangement of these otherwise orderly and beautiful establishments.

'First, and of primary importance, the appointment of respectable, well-informed, and, if possible, religious persons, as *supervising attendants* in the refractory and infirmary wards of every asylum, whose duty it should be to overlook all the proceedings and to be responsible for the due and proper performance of all duties appertaining to the ordinary attendants, especially in the dressing, undressing, bathing, and feeding of patients; to conduct the reading of prayers and singing; to check all improper language, and to read to, instruct, and amuse the patients.

'Secondly, that every reasonable facility be given to patients in all the wards, to follow their harmless bents in amusing themselves *in their own way*. It is better to see the artist draw, the writer write, the calculator make figures, than to sour them into sullen indifference or mischievous spite, merely for the sake of seeing the place perfectly free from every speck or spot or scratch, which a little paint or whitewash or soap and water would entirely obliterate.

'Thirdly, greater facilities for discharging patients that are not dangerous (if only on parole) on their own petition. Let them try. Hopeless captivity is terrible.

'My own trying circumstances make me suggest in addition that surely it may be *possible* to make such exceptions to standing rules as shall enable a husband and wife (if such sad cases arise) to see one another oftener; and to be more comfort to each other. I know there *must* be rules; but rules to which no exception can be made, cannot but be mischievous.

'My motive is to call sympathy and healing to those who need both. May many hearts and hands help in this work, and unmistakably prove that "the law of kindness is the cheapest law, and the most powerful for good!"'

Brothers-in-Law. In three volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett, 13, Great Marlborough-street.

Commencing to read this new novel, as in duty bound, we at first felt sorry for ourselves, having the impression that we were getting into the society of a set of very disagreeable people. Never, for instance, were we in real life amongst sisters who appeared to be so needlessly and provokingly lying on the catch for, and snapping at, each other. But matters improved as we went on. The

persons of the drama, so cleverly discriminated, and so vividly presented, began to be acquaintances in whom we were compelled to take an interest, and this continued to grow as we got farther into the tale. Villanous though one or two, sharp-tongued and ill-governed though several of them are, hopes and fears for them, and many pleasant sympathies and profitable reflections, are awakened as their story progresses; and we close the third volume recognising that we have not only been amused by character-painting of no mean skill, but also instructed by teaching of no ordinary wisdom.

The first volume mainly occupies itself with the necessary introductions to the personages of the story, and with the development and culmination in marriage of the love of Horace Vane and Mildred Curtis, who, on the whole, are the hero and heroine. This preliminary narrative is beautifully told, and the interest it elicits is due chiefly, as is that of the whole of the work, to the presentment of mental character in its œstivation and growth. We consider this to be high praise, because it not only is the most rare quality in novels, it is also the only really valuable one for any purpose ancillary to the reader's actual instruction in the art of life. The book that exists only to beguile the flying hours is worthless, however clever, and however exciting. If it avails to leave the reader's mind on a higher plane of thought and feeling than he occupied on commencing it, and gives him, besides, for his help in life, some precious droppings from the ripe grapes of the vine of spiritual wisdom, it is, like the 'Brothers-in-Law,' a noble work, for which readers of true discernment will heartily thank the author.

Horace and Mildred being at length married, they might 'live happy ever after,' for aught the reader sees, were it not that they have a brother-in-law, who is the evil demon of the play. Highly gifted with outward personal advantages, Walter Harewood is shallow-hearted, showy, luxurious, and extravagant. Large spending necessitates large getting, '*si rectius*' all the better, of course, but if not, then otherwise. And so ensue peculation of cash, and falsification of the books of the firm in which Walter and Horace are partners with Mr. Curtis, their father-in-law. Which peculation and falsification are discovered by Horace, who thereupon insists on the retirement of the villain from the firm, and having thus stopped the growing mischief, works hard thereafter to restore the damaged interests, while he collaterally does all he can to induce in the culprit penitence and reformation and final recovery of some position of honour.

This is what ought to have occurred; and had it done so, there would have been a strong embankment well maintained against the inrush of a terrible flood of misery upon almost everybody in the book. But Horace took another course. Moved by the entreaties and reformatory promises of his peccant brother-in-law, Horace promised to make no exposure of the discovered guilt; yet feeling conscientiously bound not to remain connected with the firm, after having become thus an accessory after the fact, he abruptly retires from the concern, to the great disgust and mortal offence of Mr. Curtis, his wife's father, and enables the villain Walter not only to continue his abstractions of money, but also to charge them upon Horace, whose sudden migration from affluence to poverty is, indeed, explicable to the world, on no other theory than that of guilt,—from whose stain he cannot vindicate his fame except by violating his promise to his brother-in-law.

On this odd dilemma, almost all the rest of the tale is poised. What misery ensues to Horace, to Mildred, and to the whole family of the Curtises, not omitting, by the necessary Nemesis, the rascally brother-in-law himself, and how matters at length come right, although life can never be to any of the actors in the drama what it was before the inrush of the misery, the author ably proceeds to develope.

Besides all this, she deserts none of the persons to whom she introduced us in the outset, but carries them all equally along with the rest, allowing us to see, in the progress and ultimation of their different destinies, the necessary dependence of these on their character and conduct, and thus she instructs whilst she deeply interests her readers, not with any moral to her tale obstrusively presented, but by leaving the simple rhetoric of facts to do its own natural suasion.

Altogether, then, this effort of creative art has our cordial commendation.

Poems and Ballads. By Janet Hamilton. Authoress of 'Poems and Essays,' and 'Poems and Sketches.' With Introductory Papers by the Rev. George Gilfillan and the Rev. Alexander Wallace, D.D. Glasgow: James Macklehose, 61, St. Vincent-street.

Observing that we have here a volume of poems by a peasant woman now in her seventy-fourth year and blind, we take up the book with very moderate expectations indeed, and are disappointed. But the disappointment is on the pleasant side. Here is the vivacity of movement and freshness of feeling of a girl in her teens, rather than of an aged pilgrim on the edge of the grave; in addition, here is the wisdom that comes only with 'years that bring the philosophic mind.' Janet Hamilton is one of those natural queens who live in dignity and honour, let their training and advantages be what they may. Opportunities of mental culture, few and limited, produce results surpassing those achieved by average persons with the run of all the academies; as healthy, hardy bodies, fed on salt, potatoes, and buttermilk, sometimes develope into perfection of grace or magnificence of proportion, putting to shame the average results of the most various and ample dietaries. We do not mean to say that Janet Hamilton is one of the few great poets of her sex, but she sometimes rises well above mediocrity, whilst the wonder is that in her rank of life and with her aids, she should not always lie far below it. Her ballads especially are simple, natural, and effective.

Report of the Free Labour Registration Society, July, 1868. London: Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square. Head Offices of the Society: 43, Parliament-street, Westminster. Liverpool Branch: 3, Cable-street, Liverpool.

We reprint with pleasure the circular of this excellent society:—

Free Labour Registration Society, a Chamber of Conciliation and Arbitration. Formed June 1867. It is the belief of the majority of all classes of the community that the present practice of Trades' Unions is working injuriously for the interests of both workmen and employers, and for the productive prosperity of the country. That they form a barrier between employed and employers, and prevent the association of interests which should be identical. That they needlessly protract trade disputes, and make the operative class discontented and suspicious; while the employment of capital is rendered hazardous and uncertain. That they deny the undoubted right of employers and employed to make their own terms. That they tend to prevent a man raising himself in the social scale, by trying to reduce all workmen to a low standard of mediocrity. That they make contracts, and all prospective calculations of cost and profit, impossible, and thus tend to drive capital and trade out of the country. That in many instances their accounts have been improperly kept, and their funds wasted and misapplied; the benefit element reduced to a minimum or altogether ignored. That even in those cases in which their accounts are properly kept, they promise benefits to their members which their rates of contribution do not warrant. That, by the severity of the laws by which they restrict the number of apprentices, a large proportion of British youths is prevented from learning a trade, and thus the numbers of the idle and criminal class are largely increased.

This society has been formed to check those evils, by affording a rallying point for non-unionist workmen and employers, and by giving increased facilities for the calm and kindly discussion of the questions affecting capital and labour; by uniting the interests of employed and employers; by arranging by arbitration the disputes that will occasionally arise in all trades; by removing the suspicions of workmen; by re-assuring capital, and encouraging its outlay in the various industries of the country; by freeing employers and employed from coercion and terrorism; by asserting the sacred right of every man to make the best use he can of the talents he has, and of putting his own price upon his industry in the free market of labour. This society secures to its members the most economic and advantageous distribution of the funds for the benefit of the sick, &c. With this latter object, the highest authorities in the kingdom have assisted with their counsel and experience. Noblemen and gentlemen of undoubted probity have consented to serve upon a committee with the members themselves. The 'Benefit Society, composed of a union of all trades, pos-

sesses thereby considerable advantages.'* Each of the insurances is separate and optional; each of them will be guaranteed by Government, except the sick fund, which is managed by committees composed jointly of working men and employers. The appeal made to the better feelings of the working class has been nobly responded to by them, and an organisation of non-union labour has been perfected in London. The rules which they have drawn up will repay careful scrutiny, and prove alike the intelligence and moderation of their framers. During the first twelve months more than thirteen thousand workmen were enrolled, and more than one thousand members provided with permanent employment. A branch, supported by all the leading firms, has been opened in Liverpool, and, as funds admit, will be formed in other great towns. Very many strikes have been arranged, and others averted, through the operations of the society.

Noblemen and gentlemen are entreated to allow their names to be placed upon this little Parliament of Free Labour. Working men are registered gratis; a fee of half a day's wages is charged only when a situation is obtained through the society's means; subscription for members 1d. per month. The scale of subscription for employers becoming members is fixed at £1 per annum, for each fifty persons usually employed by them. Employers are particularly requested to employ as many of the society's members as possible. The objects of the society may be briefly stated thus:—1. To obtain employment for those who want it, and hands for employers. 2. The free discussion of all questions affecting capital and labour. 3. The peaceful settlement of such questions by arbitration. 4. The protection of the interests of members by strictly constitutional means. The committee are convinced that when the operations of the society are understood by all classes of this country, the pecuniary assistance so much needed will not be withheld.—F. C. Maude, Honorary Secretary.

Form of declaration required from members:—I , will not at any time, while I remain a member of this society, aid or assist, by word or deed, in preventing any person from making his own terms with his employer, or from peaceably following his employment under such terms or contract.

Topics for Teachers. A New Work for Ministers, Sunday-school Teachers, and others, on an Entirely Original Plan. By James Cowper Gray, Halifax. Author of 'The Class and the Desk.' Illustrated with over 200 Engravings and eight First-class Maps. Section I, Nature. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The author states that the very favourable reception of 'The Class and the Desk' has induced him to prepare for the use of Sunday-school teachers and others, a work in which all the matters of interest in the Word of God relating to biblical science, history, geography, biography, morals, and religion, will be systematically arranged and presented in 288 condensed summaries, illustrated by over 200 well-executed engravings, and a series of eight first-class coloured maps. Each of these topics will consist of some biblical subject, around which will be grouped the whole of the most important Scripture references, scientific facts, historical incidents, and other things therewith connected, and followed by suitable moral and religious suggestions as hints for practical use; so that a teacher taking up any subject for class preparation will here find all the information that he needs upon it, whether from the Word of God or from secular writings. A copious index will be appended, and will, the author thinks, render the complete work more serviceable than most biblical dictionaries and concordances combined.

In the number before us, the new work opens well and promisingly.

Letter to the Right Honourable William Chambers, of Glenormiston, Lord Provost of the City of Edinburgh, on the Aims and Practical Working of the Association, More Especially in Reference to the Employment of the Poor. By David Curror, Convenor of the Employment Committee.

Mr. Curror's aim in this pamphlet is to commend to general consideration and approval the organisation, objects, and operations of the Edinburgh Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. In 'considering the poor,' he distinguishes between three classes:—

* See Report of Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone's Answers to the Trade Union Delegates, in Papers, February 19, 1868.]

first the 'Bible poor,' as he calls them,—those whose poverty is genuine, unavoidable, and permanent, including the maimed, the sick, and the weak, whether in body or mind, from age or from any other irremovable cause; second, the poor who are such from temporary accident or loss of work; third, the sturdy beggars, who are so by choice. In preserving the second class from the pauper-roll, the benevolent are saving the sufferers, the ratepayers, and the nation; whilst they are securing the non-occurrence of conflicts or cross-purposes between the legal poor-law administration and the action of the hand of Christian charity. The third class of poor Mr. Curror would hand over bodily to the tender mercies of the Apostolic law, that he that will not work neither shall he eat; work is to be found for them in manner pointed out in this pamphlet, and they must be compelled to do it by methods which he also takes care to indicate. Objections to this very sensible scheme are duly met by Mr. Curror as he goes on; and his pamphlet, on the whole, is one which we can heartily commend to the consideration of all who take an interest in the great question of pauperism. The present poor-law deals with these three classes together, generally under one roof, with one *régimen*, and one employment, if employed at all. But enlightened humanity must recognise that each of the three classes requires a treatment of its own. The first, being worthy, should receive all the care and attention which can be shown to them by Christian philanthropy. 'They are God's legacy committed and commended to their more prosperous brethren.' They, and they only, Mr. Curror thinks, are the proper objects of in-door parochial relief, and for their sakes the existing workhouses should be converted from pauper keeps into imbeciles' homes, where they may have such ministration as in family circles is bestowed on an imbecile relation. The second class are, he says, the proper objects of the care of societies like the one he represents; so that in their temporary incapacity, through illness, accident, or other cause, they may be provided with whatever is necessary to secure their recovery, preserve their homes, and prevent them from becoming permanent paupers.

Scriptural Testimony against Intoxicating Wine. By the Rev. William Ritchie, Dunse. A New Edition, much enlarged. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League.

The first edition of Mr. Ritchie's work having won an extensive circulation, it has been thought worth while to give 'a broader and more complete treatment' to the subject of the wines of Scripture, so as to enlarge the work to about double its former bulk. 'The Scriptures under the lists of different words are now printed in full, brief notes are inserted on the leading texts, for the elucidation of the topic on hand, and a new chapter of considerable length is added, on Scripture side-lights for abstinence. Every important passage in the Bible, where wine or strong drink is mentioned, is, in the course of the treatise, considered and explained, so as to furnish a commentary on each, in its bearing on the question at issue.' The book consists of eleven chapters, in the course of which the different wines of Scripture, Tirosh or vine-fruit, Yayin or wine, Shechar or sweet drink, and all minor words for wine in the Old Testament, and all words of like meaning in the New, are carefully examined. 'Scripture Side-lights for Abstinence' are also looked at, and 'The Scripture Testimony to Abstinence' is expounded. To those who have no time to read the larger and fuller Bible Temperance Commentary of Dr. Lees and Mr. Burns, or who desire something at a lower price and of a more popular character, Mr. Ritchie's volume will be found acceptable and serviceable, as it is written in plain and simple style, printed in large type, and sold at a small charge.

The Philosophy of the Bath; or Air and Water in Health and Disease; containing a History of Hydro-therapeutics, and of the Hot-air Bath from the Earliest Ages, with an Introductory Chapter illustrative of the Present Condition of the Medical Profession. By Durham Dunlop, M.R.I.A. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court.

A series of papers contributed by Mr. Dunlop to a public journal with which he was connected were so much approved of, that their separate publication was suggested. The work of revision gradually drew him on, until he had not only re-cast the old matter, but expanded the papers into a goodly volume. Accordingly we have here, in 465 pages, if not all that can be, yet certainly all that

needs be said about the therapeutic use of hot air;—in short, the Turkish or Roman bath finds here its most elaborate exposition and advocacy. An introductory chapter treats of the value of health, the ignorance of the 'educated classes' concerning the science of life, the opposition of the medical profession to new discoveries, the present condition of that profession as borne witness to by medical authorities, the value of medical opinion, and other kindred matters, all tending to discount the value of the healing science and art in as far as it holds itself apart from hydro- and thermo-therapeutics. In subsequent chapters are given histories of Hydropathy and Warm Bathing, accounts of the Hot-air Baths of Greece and Rome, descriptions of those of Russia, Finland, Egypt, Africa, China, Japan, North American India, Europe during the middle ages, &c., &c. After this we have a series of chapters on the physiology of life, followed by others on the Bath as a curative agent; and then the author returns to the medical profession and its opposition to the Bath, and concludes with a copious variety of considerations and statements calculated to create a perfect *furore* for hot-air bathing in all and sundry. We feel ourselves longing for a Roman Bath as we read, and only sorry that our birth was not held back and ourselves reserved for the next century, when, according to Mr. Dunlop, every respectable house will have its hot-air chamber. In default of the hot-air bath, a copy of Mr. Dunlop's learned and well-written volume may, in the meanwhile, find its way into every household; and although its allegations against the doctors might well throw the whole faculty into a violent perspiration and so render the bath unnecessary in their case, yet amongst the general public, we are persuaded, the book will be acceptable in proportion to the intelligence and good sense of the reader. It is dedicated to Mr. Richard Baxter, the great reviver of the hot-air bath amongst the western nations.

Ways and Means: A Story of Life's Struggles. By Clara Lucas Balfour. Authoress of 'Morning Dewdrops,' 'Women of Scripture,' &c. London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

The name of this new tale by Mrs. Balfour has nothing to recommend it; for the tale itself a good word may be said. It introduces us to Job Tufton in the outset;—a cripple, a cobbler, a man that hath had losses, and a philanthropist. Also to Martin, a boy whom Job has picked out of the mire, and who becomes, by honesty, industry, and other good qualities, master of other men, and husband of the heroine. This last we see at first under very pathetic circumstances, as a child, the sole guard and nurse of a bankrupt, sick, and suicidal medical man, who, however, in the end, after some narrow escapes, recovers health, and retrieves his character. There are sundry other personages in the tale, who conduce to the working of the plot, and in whom the reader learns to take an interest. The great object of Mrs. Balfour in this, as in most of her previous productions, is to guard her readers against the seductive properties of intoxicating drinks.

John Oriel's Start in Life. By Mary Howitt. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet-street; and S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

A pleasing story of a poor boy's struggles, inculcating incidentally the value of truth and honesty, and trust in God. It is told in Mrs. Howitt's well-known charming manner, and is sent forth in a neat and becoming attire.

Luda: A Lay of the Druids. Hymns, Tales, Essays, and Legends. By John Harris. Author of 'Shakspere's Shrine,' &c. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Mr. Harris, who tells us that from his thirteenth until his thirty-seventh year he toiled for his daily bread as a miner, has strong poetic instincts, and has evidently done his best to acquire in his very limited leisure the art of expressing them. For this he deserves praise. 'Luda, a Lay of the Druids,' is a metrical tale in the style of Sir Walter Scott, and is the most pretentious and least valuable part of the collection. 'Caleb Cliff, a dramatic fragment,' has the merit of telling a true tale, and enforcing a temperance moral. The minor poems are the best,—especially those that are expressive of the domestic affections. There are a score or more of hymns of good average merit, and some Cornish legends, and other pieces, which, we hope, will be found more readable in the county of their origin than we find them to be here.

Jack the Conqueror; or, Difficulties Overcome. By C. E. Bowen. Author of 'Dick and his Donkey.' London: S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

A CAPITAL tale, well planned, and no less well told. The Conqueror is a boy devoid, at first, of almost all aids and appliances to culture, except such as are not withheld from the children of barbarous tribes. In spite of extraordinary disadvantages, he bravely works and clears his way; step by step he advances to cleanliness of person and neatness of attire, to a handicraft, to means of education, and finally places himself in a position far above that from which he sprung. How he effects all this, and more, is narrated in detail, in a manner well adapted to interest and please young boys. The book is got up in superior style.

Clever Dogs, Horses, &c., with Anecdotes of other Animals. By Shirley Hibberd. London: S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

MR. PARTRIDGE for several years past has contributed to cultivate in youthful minds feelings of admiration and kindliness towards the animal creation, by publishing in handsome bindings, on superior paper, in noble type, and adorned with many admirable productions of the art of the graver, books having that good end in view. He does not fail in the present season to keep up the custom. He has obtained from the facile and vigorous pen of Mr. Shirley Hibberd a capital collection of anecdotes of animals, put together with taste and skill; and many of these are made to speak to the eye still more expressively, by beautifully designed and finely executed engravings. A better present for a boy or girl needs not be looked for.

Sure of Heaven: A Book for the Doubting and Anxious. By Thomas Mills. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THIS little book is addressed to 'The Doubting and Anxious Christian,' and is intended to convince him that a full assurance of salvation is not only desirable, but attainable, and not only attainable, but necessary. After introductory matter, follows the body of the work, in three parts; the first having to do with the question, 'Can I Be Sure of Heaven?' the second, with 'What is Full Assurance?' and the third with 'How can I Be Sure of Heaven?' The theology of Mr. Mills is of the evangelical school. The book is written in a plain, earnest style.

Italian Church Reformation. An Occasional Paper. Dublin: George Herbert, 117, Grafton-street.

THIS paper is written from an Anglican and American Episcopal Church-standpoint. It gives some interesting details of the progress of the Reformation in Italy.

A Few Words on 'Life and Death, as Taught in Scripture.' By A. D. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Wreck Chart of the British Isles for 1867, Compiled from the Board of Trade Register, showing also the Present Lifeboat Stations.

The Lifeboat. A monthly magazine. Royal National Lifeboat Institution, 14, John-street, Adelphi, London.

Old Jonathan, the District and Parish Helper. A penny monthly. London: W. H. Collingridge, 117, Aldersgate-street.

The Hive: A Storehouse of Material for Working Sunday-school Teachers. Monthly. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Church: A Monthly Penny Magazine. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Scattered Nation. Monthly. Edited by C. Schwartz, D.D.

The Appeal. A (Halfpenny) Magazine for the People. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Church of England Temperance Magazine. A Monthly Journal of Intelligence. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, and S. W. Partridge.